

THE
Merry MEDLEY;
OR, A
CHRISTMAS-BOX,

FOR
Gay Gallants, and Good Companions.

CONTAINING
Diverting STORIES and choice JOKES, dex-
trous TRICKS, pleasant POEMS, and exqui-
site EPIGRAMS, &c.

ROLL DIALOGUES, | LUDICROUS LETTERS,
FACETIOUS FABLES, | RARE RIDDLES,
HUMOUROUS SPEECHES, | ARCH SAYINGS.

Ryſible REFLECTIONS, Celebrated new and Jovial
SONGS fit for the Voice or Violin, and modiſh
COUNTRY DANCES;

And, alſo

The Travels of Father CHRISTMAS, and the moſt
moving Memoirs of JONATHAN WILD the Great.

The whole deſign'd to prevent and expel Spleen and Melan-
choly, and drive the cold Winter away with MIRTH and
MUSICK. Uſeful to all, eſpecially TRAVELLERS
and thoſe that take PHYSICK.

BEING A

Complete SYSTEM of *Chriſtmas* GAMBOLS.

*Dedicated to the Lovers of Fun and Good Fellow-
ſhip, By C. F. Preſident of the Comical Club in
Covent-Garden, and a true HICOBITE.*

VOL. II.

Come let's be merry,

Let us be airy, 'tis a Folly to be ſad;

For ſince the World's run mad, mad, mad,

Why ſhould we alone be wiſe;

*And like dull Fools, and like dull Fools, and like dull
Fools,*

Gaze on other Mens Joys.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. FREEMAN in FLEET-STREET. 1748.

[Price Three Shillings.]



Unto the World I at this Time,
Shall dedicate this Work of mine.

Most high and potent World,



Seeing there are so many People in the World, and so many of those many, that love only the World, yet how few of them have dedicated any Thing of writing to the World; I therefore, being one in the World, to shew my Gratitude for drawing my Breath in the World, do dedicate this my Work to the World. I must confess it hath been to me a bad World, to Prisoners and pennylesse Persons it is a sad World, to the two Colleges of Old and New Bedlam a Mad World, to those who are in Health and Prosperity a glad World, with the Lawyer it is a contentious World; with Fiddlers, Pipers, Players, Morris-dancers, and Ballad-singers it is a merry World; with the Divine it is a wicked World, and with the Courtier a slippery World: Now (as I told you) since the World never favoured me, I have no Reason to flatter that; and therefore in plain Terms I tell ye, there is no Trust in the World, though I (like a Fool) put the World in trust with my Book. And now, Reader, let me crave one

B

Thing

Thing at thy Hands, that amongst all my Predictions, this one Prediction of mine may prove true, viz. thy kind Acceptance of this Annual Volume; and yet now I think on't, I shall not crave the same neither; for why,

The Stars foretell,
That it will sell,
And so farewell.

To the READER.

GOOD Wine, they say, doth need no Bush, and yet I have often drank good Wine in a Tavern that hath had a Bush; and although Epistles, like Prologues in Plays, are oftentimes past over without taking Notice of, yet to a judicious Reader it is of great Use, for the better Understanding the Scope and Drift of the Matter which the Author aims at. Now the Scope and Drift which I had in the Writing of this (to tell you the Truth) was only to get Money by it, which is such a Commodity, that (as the World goes) a Man knows not well how to live without it; I know I shall have many Carpers and Detractors, but the more the better; for they must buy it, whereby to pick something out of it at which to carp. However, I know by the Stars that assuredly it will sell, for my Friends and Acquaintance (of which I have many) will buy it for my sake, the pleasant Man will buy it for Mirths Sake;

DEDICATIONS.

iii

Sake ; the disconsolate Man to drive away his Melancholy ; my honest Country-man will buy it for his Use, and Gentlemen and Scholars for their Divertisement. Now as one Wedding commonly begets another, and as the Marriage of young People procureth Children, so your kind Acceptance of this Years Book may procure another of the like Nature next Year, and another such like the Year after that, in the mean Time, for this Year I bid ye farewell.

TO THE Understanding READERS.

Gentlemen,

***T**HE Book, if you will believe the Book-sellers, hath been written well, whose Maxim is,*

*That Author above all the rest,
Whose Book sells most, doth write the best.*

Which made old Sparks the Bookseller, to say, when he was cited into the High-Commission Court; for printing a Book which reflected on the Bishop, My Lord (says he) it is a very good Book, a very good Book, it sells well. Now though I do not desire to have my Book sell upon any such Account, which should reflect either upon Church or State, yet may we well think there is something

thing in it which gives the People such Content, that they covet it as an hungry Child doth Bread and Butter, it being indeed the Harbinger of Mirth, and Dispeller of Melancholy; which being read by Dick in a Winters Evening, with an understanding Pair of Spectacles,

*The old Wife laughs, and the Children stare,
And up Starts an End the Plough-man's Hair;
Jug close creeps to Joan, and to bed she'l not go,
For fear of the Fairies, and Robin-Goodfellow.*

To any Reader, let them be
Kind or unkind, all's one to me,

BE of what Age, Profession, Sex, Degree
or Calling whatsoever; be your Opinion
what it will, Episcoparian, Presbyterian, In-
dependant, Anabaptist, Ranter, or Quaker, I
value not a Rush; yet something I must say to
you to fill up my Epistle, but what to say, verily
I am herein at as great a Loss as a Holder-forth at
a silent Meeting. Shall I tell ye what is contained
in this Book? No, but read it over, and you will
know then as well as myself, and save me the La-
bour of declaring it. Or shall I tell you, it was
written to gain Thanks of my Friends and Ac-
quaintance; No neither, for Thanks will not
fill the Belly; and besides, perhaps some of my
Acquaintance will not thank me for it, thinking
themselves

D E D I C A T I O N S.

*themselves concerned therein, as (you know) gall'd
Fades will soon winch: What then? shall I
tell you it was written to get Money by it; Ay
marry Sir, there you have hit the Nail on the
Head, for Money it is a precious Commodity, it
fills the hungry Belly with good Vi&etuals, it quench-
eth their Thirst with good Drink, it cloaths the
Body with good Raiment; It makes them ride on
Horseback, that otherwise might walk on Foot;
It makes the Lawyers to talk for thee, the Foot-
men to walk for thee; It makes Servants to work
for thee, which without it thou must work thyself;
And lastly, it made me to write this Book, which
otherwise should not have written it. And so
having told ye the Truth, the whole Truth, and
nothing else but the Truth, I bid ye (as poor Men do
at Christmas, and Rich Men all the Year long)
Farewel.*

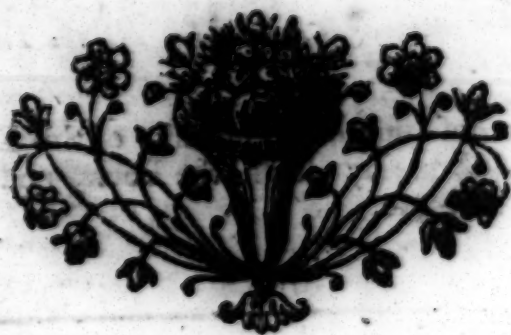
All those that do no not like of this Epistle,
Let them lay down the Book, and go and
whistle.

To any Reader, good or bad :
For of both Sorts is to be had.

NOW I protest by my Granums Dun Cow,
it is all one to me who buys my Book, whe-
ther Knave or Fool, true Man or Thief, Whore
or honest Woman; for put their Moneys together,
and one will pass as well as the other. This is

now the second Time I have attempted to entertain you, and if I had not met with some snarling critical Reader, I shou'd've judg'd my Book not worth a Louse. However, besides lighting your Pipes, it will serve for some other necessary Use.

Farewel.





STORIES.



Nobleman, as remarkable for his great Pride as Quality, was walking one Morning before his House, which was a Foot-way between two Towns, and being a Market-Day at one of 'em, a Country-fellow was driving a Pig thither, and observing the Lord, who was adorn'd with a Ribbon and a Star, he was so struck with the Peculiarity of his Dress, he was not able to take his Eyes off of him; which the Peer observing, he was not a little mortify'd at, and bid him go on; but the Clown still persisted in gazing on him; this provok'd the great Man so much, he grew quite outrageous, and told him, if he would not be gone, he would call his Servants who should break his Bones; this did not avail, he might as well have said nothing.

Propt on his Staff, his Wonder witness'd with an Idiot's Laugh, which so enraged the Lord, that he lost all Patience; he stamp'd, he swore, he did every Thing that border'd upon Madness; all which mov'd the Peasant to take the Pig up in his Arms, and putting its Nose almost in the Peer's Face, he

told him that he would stare at him, and his Pig should stare at him too.

A Gentleman visiting a Man of Quality, after a very chearful Conversation fell into a sudden Fit of the Spleen, which his Friend perceiving, ask'd him the Cause of, the Gentleman answer'd, alas ! Sir, I am the most miserable of all the Sons of Men: I am very sorry with all my Heart, reply'd the other, to hear you say so, but you are the last Man in the World I should suspect to be that Wretch you describe yourself. Ah ! Sir, rejoins the afflicted Gentleman, no Body knows what I endure. I say again, and again, that I am the unhappiest of the unhappy. Why, Sir, replies the Friend, I am greatly deceived in you, you see I thought you the very Reverse ; nor can I imagine how a Gentleman of so noble a Fortune, manag'd with Prudence, as it is, with so charming a Woman for your Wife, so accomplish'd and belov'd, so wondrous fair and beautiful : He wou'd have proceeded, but was stopp'd short by the Gentleman : I allow what you say to be true, Dear Sir, and that is the Misery I complain of, my Wife is fair, and has a white ———, and I love a black one; at uttering which Words he burst into Tears, and the other into a loud Laugh.

AN honest Bacchanalian, who belong'd to a Club at the *Horns-Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*, was chid by the Chairman, one Night, for staying so long beyond his usual Time. He begg'd Pardon for his Transgression, and said he had been

been about an Affair of Moment, and which that worthy Company was interested in, in short he had been making his Will, and as he had left twenty Pounds to be expended by them the Day of his Interment, he should be glad to know where they would spend it; he told 'em that he had order'd to be buried at *Epsom*. The Chairman said they would breakfast then at *Mitcham*, which was half Way thither, and then go on and see him buried. Pray, Gentlemen, says he, if I may presume to ask such a Favour, I wish you'd oblige me so far as to let it be all drank at *Mitcham*. Your Reason, Sir, replied the Chairman. Because, says the Gentleman, I shall then have my Humour to the End, for you know I always lov'd to be at the last Bottle.

NOT many Years since a Woman of Distinction, that lov'd Smugling as much as cheating at Cards, and upon Account of her great Quality always came off with Success, happen'd once to meet with an Officer, who would search her before she went out of the Ship; 'twas in vain to resist, so she had all her contraband Commodity seiz'd, which, as it was very rich, she vow'd Revenge; and when she got Home sent instantly for one of the Commissioners of the Customs, to whom she complain'd of the Officer's Rudeness and Robbery, as she term'd it. Madam, says the Gentleman, as to his taking the Goods, he executed his Business only, but for to oblige your Grace, I'll break him on Account of his Impudence to you; at which he was going out of the Room, but she call'd him back, Sir, says she, you are an old Bawdy

Batchelor, and I am sure he is an errant Whoremaster by his Manner of Groping, and so I desire to hear no more of him.

SOME Gentlemen that had the Misfortune of being injur'd by the Women which were recommended to them as very sound by an old Bawd, they resolv'd to make her remember them, and use her Customers better for the future: For which Purpose they sent for her to a Tavern, where they oblig'd her to strip quite naked, and after daubing her all over with Tar, they roll'd her in a Bed of Feathers, and then turn'd her out into the Street at Noon-Day, to the great Diversion and Surprize of the Mob, who hunted her all the Way Home from the *Change to Charing Cross*.

MOTHER St——t, who has been kept by as many Men as a Hackney-Horse, and us'd her Keepers as they do their Riders, by breaking their Necks; so she by ruining, jilting and betraying 'em as oft as she had Opportunity, had the Luck to attract the Regard of a young Beau *Irishman* at the Play-House, who tender'd her his Service to wait on her Home, which after a few Denials, she at last consented to, and in order to keep up the Figure of a Woman of Fortune, as she appear'd to be, as she always dress'd in the very Tip of the Mode, velveted and jewell'd or Bristol-ston'd out, she order'd her Side-board of Second-hand *French* Plate to be marshall'd to the best Advantage, and every Thing else was manag'd with the Air of Expence and Figure. The Youth was not
a little

a little pleas'd with what he saw, and promis'd himself great Joy with his Mistress, who was making a thousand stupid Apologies for the poor Fare she was then going to set before him for Supper, which was quite indeed in Taste, that is, in such Wretches Taste, prodigal and profuse ; however he was too gay and complaisant to condemn, but rather applauded all he saw. When just after the Cloth was remov'd, and he with great Raptures was too precipitately flinging himself at her Feet, she fell Back in a Hurry in the Chair, which unfortunately overturn'd, at which Instant the Close-stool-pan that was under her was over-set with her, that she and the Beau required more Perfume to make them sweet than all *Arabia* could supply, and made him so sick of her Bestiality, as cur'd his Love-fit effectually.

ANOTHER Time she met with her Reward (as 'twou'd be a thousand Pities she should not always) a young Gentleman, who had been so deluded by her Artifices, as to be entirely undone by her, was oblig'd (by being abandon'd by all his Friends for following her so long) to sue to her for Subsistence, which she basely refus'd. 'Twas to no Purpose that he remonstrated he had expended his whole Fortune upon her. She bid him be gone and trouble her no more, if he did, she'd order her Footman to kick him out of the Door ; upon this Menace he departed. He happen'd to meet presently after with a Friend, to whom he related all. This Gentleman took him into the Country, and supported him 'till a rich Relation of his died, who

who he was Heir too. On his Return to Town some Time after, he was going to the Playhouse, and accidentally cast his Eyes on her as she stood at her Door, which was a Coffee-house ; when he went up to her she presently remember'd him, and seem'd overjoy'd to see him, observing he was very finely dress'd ; but instead of returning her Compliment, he kick'd and can'd her about the Room, to the great Satisfaction of the Gentlemen then present, to whom he related his Story.

WHEN the Gate which join'd to *Whitehall* was order'd by the House of Commons to be pull'd down, to make the Coach-way more open and commodious, a Member made a Motion, that the other which was contiguous to it might be taken down at the same Time ; which was oppos'd by a Gentleman, who told the House, that he had a very high Veneration for that antient Fabrick, that he look'd upon it as a noble Piece of Antiquity, that he had the Honour to have liv'd by it many Years, and therefore humbly begg'd the House would continue the Honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Counsellor *Hungerford* seconded the Gentleman, and said, 'twould be a Thousand Pities but he should be indulg'd to live still by his Gate, for he would never live by his Style.

A rigid old Gentleman that declaimed with great Warmth against Masquerades, was, notwithstanding seduc'd thither by his Son, who had describ'd the Pleasures of it so well, and withal
so

so innocent, that he prevailed on him to go, as he had assured him he would never tell any Person of it, and that he would procure him a Habit which should sufficiently answer the Intention of Secrecy; and render it impossible to be discovered: But the Son, unperceived by his Father, pinn'd a Paper on his Back, on which he had wrote, Here is the Old Grave Justice come; which every Body read aloud as he pass'd 'em. How is this, says the Father, did not you undertake it should be a Secret, and yet every one knows me; I won't stay a Moment longer, and went out in a Hurry; the Son went out with him, and by his Arguments, and changing his Dress, influenc'd him to return; where he no sooner enter'd, but the Maskers surrounded him, reading what was fix'd on his Back in large Characters, here is the Justice come again; which threw him into such a Passion, that he dropt his Mask and run out in a Fury.

Sir *William Lad* met with an old Acquaintance at the *Royal Exchange*, who after telling him he was very glad to see him, added, and yet Sir *William* there is one shocking Reflection that comes a-cross me, which abates the Satisfaction I should otherwise have at seeing you: I am sorry, says the old Baronet, to give you any Uneasiness, but pray what occasions it? Why Sir *William*, replies the Gentleman, I never meet you, but it brings to Mind how old I grow; as for Instance, I really remember that very Wig five and twenty Years. At which Sir *William* shook his Head, and told him,

he was a Wag, he was a Wag, and so walked away.

Dr. *Holley*, travelling in the North of *Scotland*, could not see a House or Tree in riding a great many Miles, nothing but Desolation and Barrenness every where presenting to his View, not a Beast nor a Bird to be seen, till at last he cast his Eyes on a Crow that was perch'd on a stump of an old Tree, gnawing with great Violence as if famishing for want of Food; which the Doctor observing, could not help saying, *Kaw, Kaw, Kaw* and be damn'd, if you'll stay in such a Country as this when you have Wings to fly away.

Tom Durfey of merry Memory, was, (if not one of the best Poets) an excellent Lyrick and greater Oeconomy than any Son of *Pindar*: Honest *Tom* lov'd a little Equipage, but as his Possessions were not very large, a Management was necessary to support it; therefore, it was an establish'd Rule with him, that his Footman grew into Disgrace as his Livery lost its Beauty: And accordingly nothing was so great a Recommendation to his Service, as when the Candidate appear'd in a fresh and fine one; the second Day after he had received such a one into his Pay, he went to the Earl of *Dorset*, his Patron, when, just as he entered the Hall, he turns to his Man, *Jack*, you will live well here, this is the best House in *England* for Hospitality, and a good Table; you Rascal, you must eat for to Day and to Morrow, yes Sir, replies *Jack*, so I will, and for Yesterday, and to Day too.

SOME

SOME Chairmen that ply'd at *White's Chocolate-House* were swearing prodigiously, when the Earl of *W---* came out of the House, and hearing how they swore, can'd 'em very severely, telling 'em he wonder'd at their Impudence to make use of Gentlemens Oaths; that bobs nigs and ods bodlikins, might very well serve such Scoundrels, and not to make Use of by G--d and G--d d-- ye.

Fitzgerald, that kept the *Swan Ale-house* in the *Butcher-Row*, was formerly Servant to a Gentleman at *Brentford*, who being confin'd to his Chamber with the Gout, bid *Fitzgerald* take his Watch and set it by the Dial, which was in the Garden; *Teague* goes directly to the Dial, but as for knowing what to do, he was as much at a Loss as to fly; but, being unwilling to return to his Master without shewing he wou'd do him what Service he was able (best and worst and all he cou'd) he gets a Pick Axe, and digs up the Sun-Dial; which done, with great Labour he carries up to his Master, and told him; indeed he did not very well understand setting of Watches by Sun-Dials, and therefore had brought it up that he might set it himself.

AN honest *Jack Tar* being at a Quakers Meeting, heard the Friend that was holding forth speak with great Emotion against the ill Consequence of giving the Lye in Conversation, and therefore, he advis'd, when any Man was telling a Tale that was not consistent with

Truth, or Probability, to cry Twang, which cou'd not irritate People to Passion, as the Lye wou'd. Afterwards he digress'd into the Story of the great Miracle, of 5000 being fed with five Loaves of Bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such Loaves as were used now, but were as big as Mountains; at the hearing of which, the Tar utter'd with a loud Voice, Twang; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lye, Friend. No, says *Jack*, but I am thinking how big the Ovens were that bak'd 'em.

A Quack, who affected an unlucky Phrase, and at every Turn cry'd, *So much the better*. The Doctor visited a Patient of his almost in the Agony, and ask'd him, *How he slept that Night?* Not a Wink, Sir: *So much the better*, cries the Doctor. He then inquir'd, *How his Fev'r was?* O Lord! says the Patient, I burn as if I were on Fire: *So much the better*, quoth the Quack. *How does your Cough?* I spit up my very Lungs, reply'd the sick Man: *So much the better still*, answers the Quack. Ah! dear Doctor, quoth the Patient, what Pity 'tis a Man shou'd go out of the World with all these fine Symptoms about him! And a few Hours after he gave up the Ghost.

UPON an extraordinary Occasion, there was a Ball at *Wapping*: The Men concerned in it were made up of a Crew of Sailors and Colliers. The Colliers, who came in last, observing the Sailors, contrary to their Expectation, to be spruc'd up in their best Clothes, withdrew into another Room to wash their Faces and brush themselves;

themselves; when the Head of the Colliery, who was more cunning than the rest, said to them : *Look ye, Lads, it is all fruitless Pains; if you will be rul'd by me, let us go into the great Room, and juggle among the Sailors for their Places : And I'll engage, tho' we cannot make ourselves as clean as they are, we shall quickly make them as black as ourselves.*

A plain Country Fellow coming up to *London*, was requested to enquire after such a Gentleman, dwelling in such a Place, and to deliver him a Letter. The Countryman comes to the House according to Direction, and asks for such a Gentleman. Now it fortun'd, that the Gentleman himself came to the Door, and willing to have some Sport with the Fellow, told him that he had lost his Labour; for the Party after whom he did enquire, was hang'd the last Sessions at *Tyburn* for a Robbery. For a Robbery? quoth the Country Fellow : Now fie upon him for a wicked Man, *was he not content to be a notorious Cuckold*; (for so he was thought to be in the Country,) but must he prove a Thief also?

A young Gentleman walking along *Paul's Church-yard*, was taken so short that he must of Necessity exonerate either in the Street or his Breeches; he makes no more ado, but turns his Face to the Wall, and his t'other End directly down *Ludgate* : A modish young Citizen was handing along a squeamish young Lady, who surpriz'd to be so impudently star'd at backward, hides her Face, and would by

no Means be perswaded to stir one Step farther : An Affront of this Nature, makes the Lover draw near the Gentleman, and thus bespeak him : What Reason, thou nasty Devil, could tempt thee to do this ? If you must needs sh--- in the open Street, cou'd you not have turn'd your Face ? *Thank you for that, I faith, why that's the Way to be seen ; besides every Body knows my Face, and no Body knows my A---se ;* at which comical Reply, off walks he as much out of Countenance as his Mistress ; and upon the Matter, both of them staid till the Stop was over.

A Welch Vicar being to read the Curses (as the Custom is) upon *Ash-Wednesday*, and the People to say *Amen*, turning over the Leaf, and finding them to be many, said, Dearly beloved Brethren, I am to read here a great many Curses to you, but because I am loth to trouble myself and your Patience, I will end them all in one : *The Curse of God light upon you all.* Amen.

A Country Lass coming up to Town on a Pack-Horse to seek her Fortune, had the good Luck to be hired as a Servant to an old rich Mercer, who was a Batchelor, and pleas'd him so well, that at last he married her ; her Brother, and the Top of her own Kindred, who was a down-right honest Plough-man, hearing of his Sister's Promotion, threw by his Paddle-staff, put on his Holy-day Cloaths, took up his Quarter's Wages, and up to *London* he came ; and knowing the Street by the Direction
of

of a Letter, though not the House, enquir'd from Door to Door for his Sister *Joan*, who had lately married her Master, till at last he was so lucky to find the right, where he was highly welcom'd; and being at Dinner, the old Mercer said, Well, Brother-in-law, as I now must call you, I am glad to see you, or any of my Wife's Relations; she has been a good Servant to me, and I hope she'll make as good a Wife; we have a plentiful Estate, and all I wish is, a Child to inherit it, which yet we have no Hopes of. At this *Dick* looking wishfully upon Madam his Sister, bluntly said, How now *Joan*, what art thou turn'd a barren Sow in *London*? Thou wast not wont to be so in the Country: And though she frown'd, beckon'd, and made dumb Signs for him to hold his Peace, yet he went on: *And well, Brother*, (continued he) *as for an Heir, you need not trouble yourself, for she has a thumping Boy in the Country, got by Will. Dobs, her Master's Thrasher; and the Parish would be glad to be discharg'd of it.* At this, the old Man star'd, and Madam went blushing from the Table, that a Fool's Bolt so unwittingly shot, had ruin'd her Reputation.

AN *Oxford* Scholar coming to *London*, went to a House of Iniquity, in *Covent-Garden*, at the *Flower-de-luce*, and there got a Clap; whereupon, over the Door, at his going away, he writ this Verse:

All you that hither chance to come,

Mark well e're you go in:

For Frenchmen's Arms are Signs without,
And Frenchman's Harms within. AN

AN honest good-natur'd Husband, was quite at his Wit's end, for the Loss of his poor Wife, that had newly hang'd herself upon a Fig-tree in his Garden : A conceited Neighbour of his, instead of condoling with him for the Loss, made him a Visit, to joy him of his Deliverance ; the first Ceremony of the Greeting was no sooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widow, for a Graft or two of the same Plant ; *For who knows* (says he) *but it may bear the same Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours.*

A Gentleman that had a Month's Mind to enjoy a young Lady, and watching his Opportunity, comes into her Chamber as she was lying on the Bed, and coming up to her, cries, I barr crying out, Madam. She replies, *Bar the Door, ye Fool* ; Which he quickly does, and gains his End.

A topping Meal-man in *Smithfield*, who had a very handsome Wife, that was mightily giving to kissing in his Absence, one Day having taken his Leave of her to go to *St. Alban's* to buy Corn, he returned back (having forgot something) in an Hour or two after he set out ; an Apothecary of the Neighbourhood, who was a Bed with the Meal-man's Wife, hearing the Husband's Voice, whipt out of Bed, and hid himself, but left his Breeches behind him upon the Bed ; the Meal-man coming up, seized upon them, and found some Gold in one Fob, and a Watch in t'other, both which he took out, and went his Ways, but as he past thro' his

his own Shop, he was in a damn'd Fury, and swore and curst, but nam'd no Body; some Neighbours hearing him, ask'd him what was the Matter: Why, truly says he, *a damn'd Dog has pist in my Entry, and if I could catch him, I would beat him till he stunk again.*

A Gentleman being in Company with some Ladies, who talk'd very amorously, felt an odd Sort of Motion in his Breeches: So he whisper'd one of the Ladies in the Ear, and told her that his Fusée was cock'd. Is it so, says she, then you may Fire at me if you please; I'll stand ye, *I am not afraid of your Flints, altho' there be two of them.*

A Soldier, who had lost one Eye in the Wars, married a young and supposed Maid; but finding it otherwise, he seriously asked her, Why she had so served him? To which she replied, *Would you have me come intire to you, when you come defective to me?* Pray how lost ye your Eye? He said, *By my Foes in Mars's Wars.* Oh, (quoth she) *and I lost my Maiden-head by a Friend in Dame Venus's Wars.*

A Gentleman visiting a Lady, took up a Piece of Fuller's Earth, which lay in her Window: Sir, says she, you little think what that is good for. Yes, replies he, to get Spots out of Cloaths. Ay, but, says she, 'tis an excellent Thing for those that are gauled with Riding. I hope, Madam, says he, you are never gaul'd with Riding. No, Sir, replies she, *nor with being rid neither.*

A Ci-

A Citizen of *London* (by Trade an Apothecary) being married, sometime after his Wife came to him for ten Pound to buy her some Tackle ; which he immediately gave her, being an excellent Woman, a good Housewife, and they both living lovingly together ; in less than a Month after, she came again to him for ten Pounds more ; he went forthwith to his Bag and fetch'd it for her, and at putting it into her Hands, smilingly said, A Man I find must pay pretty dear for a little of that ---- To which she immediately made this Repartee, *Sir, you may have more for your Money, if you please.*

A Lady found fault with a Gentleman's Dancing, saying, That he straddled too much. To which he reply'd, *Madam, if you had that betwixt your Legs, that I have between mine, you would straddle much more and wider.*

A brisk mettled Lady, being indicted of High Treason, against the Person of the late King *James*, and being acquitted, there being nothing material against her : as she was going out of the Court, she mutter'd extreamly, and made some smart Reflections upon the Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies*, before whom she was tried. You Woman, says my Lord, what's that you say ? My Lord, says she, I have had hard Measure to be accused of such a horrid Crime, and exposed, when I was altogether innocent of the Matter. Go, go, says *Jefferies*, about your Business, and prate so to your Husband when you come home. *You are*

are mistaken, Sir, says she, I dare as little prate to my Husband, as you dare prate to your Wife.

A Fellow, comically dispos'd, having gotten a great many Horns in a Basket, cried, *New Furniture, rare Furniture*; whereupon a grave Citizen admiring what it should be, desir'd to see it; and thereupon said, *Why, you com-combly Fool, think you any one is so mad, to buy such Ware?* *Yes, marry, I do,* reply'd he, *for though you are furnish'd, there are many, as wise as yourself, that may have occasion for them.*

Two Persons at Law together for their Lands, the Trial being pleaded before the Chancellor, and the Council on both Sides setting forth their Limitations in Question by the Plat, says one Councillor, *My Lord, we lye on this Side*: And says the other, *My Lord, we lye on this Side*. *Nay,* cries his Lordship, *if you lye on both Sides, I'll believe none of you.*

A Woman having a cross-grain'd Husband, hard to please, she desir'd him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her Performance: This was done, and she well observ'd her Rules; when one Day going a Mile or two to visit a Friend, the good Man got light-headed, and on his return home, reel'd into a Ditch, calling to his Wife to help him out: *Indeed Husband,* said she, *I remember no such Article in my Orders, but I'll go home and see; and if there be, I'll come and help you, or else you must*
get

get out as well as you can, for I am resolv'd not to break them.

A Gentleman in a Town in *Hartfordshire*, being much in Debt, was oblig'd to keep House close ; a Bailiff, who had been promis'd a great Reward to take that Gentleman, having made several Attempts in vain to snap him, at last resolv'd upon one that he thought could not fail ; so pretending himself in Despair, came by the Gentleman's Parlour Window, (which was next the Street, and where he sat writing every Day) and pulling out of his Pocket a Halter, made a Nooze, and seem'd as if he intended to hang himself therewith, a Grindstone being before the Door, upon which he got up, and threw the Rope over a Bough of a Tree, and fastened it, and then put his Head in, concluding the Gentleman would whip out, and so he should arrest him ; but as the Devil would have it, the Grindstone, which stood firm like a Rock for him to get up, tumbled down as soon as ever the Halter was about his Neck : The innocent, unwary Gentleman seeing what pass, sally'd out, to cut the Rope and save the Man ; but the Bailiff's Follower lying in Ambuscade, snap'd the Gentleman as soon as ever he peep'd out, and carried him off, and let his Master hang, who carried the Jest too far ; and when the Gentleman told the Bailiff's Follower, that his Master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down ; *Let him be damn'd*, said he, *I have got my Prize, and I shall have the Reward, and my Master's Place too.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman lighting out of his Coach, at *Whitehall*, ask'd a Footman that stood there, What a Clock it was? *Sir*, says the Footman, *what will you give me?* *Why*, replies the Gentleman, *must I give you any Thing to tell me that?* *Yes*, *Sir*, says he, *for we Courtiers never do any Thing without a Bribe.*

SAYS a tall Gentleman, going along with a little Man, The People won't gaze so much at a Pigmy, because I am in your Company: *Yes*, says the little Man, *they will gaze the more, to see me have an Ass in my Company, and not ride.*

THE late Earl of *Rochester*, who liv'd in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, was very well known to be an ingenious Man, and his Poems sufficiently shew how ready he was at making of Verses: One Day the Earl happen'd to wait upon his Majesty, when there was in the Presence the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, and Dr. *Frasier*, who tho' the greatest Duncce perhaps in the whole College, had yet the Honour to be one of the King's Physicians. The King being in a merry Humour, upon the Earl of *Rochester's* coming in, says to him, *Rochester*, they say you can make good Verses extempore; prethee let's hear some of 'em now. Upon what Subject wou'd your Majesty have 'em? says *Rochester*. Subject, says the King, looking about him, let it be upon us that are here. I beg your Majesty's Pardon, reply'd *Rochester*;

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I dare

I dare not do it. Why so? says the King. For fear I should offend your Majesty, says he. No, no, says the King, you sha'n't offend me, say what you will; and therefore I command you to do it. If your Majesty commands, says *Rochester*, you must be obey'd; and so begins thus:

*Here's Monmouth the Witty, and Lauderdale the Pretty,
And Frasier, the learned Physician;
But above all the rest, here's the Duke for a Jest,
And the King for a great Politician.*

O' my Conscience, says the King, he has satyriz'd upon us all! No wonder indeed that you begg'd my Pardon, for you are resolved to stand in need of it.

At another Time the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo*, and the Word happening to be *Lisbon*, there was none cou'd Rhime to it; at last, says the King, Was *Rochester* but here, I'll engage he'd Rhime to it presently: Says one of the Lords, I saw him but a while ago, go into my Lord Chamberlain's: Whereupon one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber then in Waiting, was sent to tell him the King would speak with him presently: When come, says the King to him, My Lord, We're at *Crambo* here, and none can Rhime to *Lisbon*. No, says *Rochester*! That's very strange; and't please your Majesty. Why can you do't? says the King. Yes, Sir, says he, in a Stanza, if your Majesty will pardon me? You're thinking of some Mischief now, says

says the King : Well, I'll grant you my Pardon.
Upon which, *Rocheſter* taking a Glaſs of Wine
in his Hand, begins thus :

*Here's a Health to Kate, our Sovereign's
Mate*

*Of the Royal Houſe of Liſbon ;
But the Devil take Hyde, and the Biſhop
beſide,*

That made her Bone of his Bone.

At which his Maſteſty frown'd upon him, and
bid him be gone.

A Company of Goſſips that were met to
aſſiſt at a Woman's Labour, after the Buſi-
neſs was over, fell a chatting together, over a
Cup of good Liquor, which reliſh'd the better
by their eating a Slice of Gammon of Bacon,
and a Piece of Neat's Tongue. And it being
about the Middle of the Night, the Subject of
their Diſcourſe was the Walking of Spirits ;
which ſome affirm'd to have ſeen, and others
denied, or at leaſt doubted the Appearance of
any. At laſt, the Midwife (whoſe Judgment
bore a great Sway with the reſt of the Com-
pany) delivered her Opinion thus : For my
Part I have gone up and down all Hours of
the Night, and yet Thanks be prais'd, *I never
ſaw any Thing worſe than myſelf, tho' o' my Con-
ſcience I think I ſaw the Devil once.*

A Lady that had a great Veneration for Mi-
niſters, reſolv'd that if the Child ſhe was then
big of, prov'd a Boy, ſhe would make a Par-
ſon of it. When the Time of her Delivery

came, and she was safely brought a-bed, the first Question she ask'd the Midwife, was, *Whether it was a Parson or not?* When, alas! to the Lady's great Disappointment, it prov'd to be a Girl: Notwithstanding which, the Midwife being willing to make the best on't to the Lady, gave her this Answer to her Question, *No, Madam, 'tis not a Parson; but 'tis as well, for here's a Pulpit for a Parson to preach in;* which satisfy'd the Lying-in Lady almost as well.

KING *Charles* the Second having had a very fine Horse presented to him by one of his Courtiers, he bid *Tom Killecrew* see how old it was, whereupon *Killecrew* goes to the Horse and turns up his Tail, and looks there: Says the King, What d'ye look there for? You can't tell her Age by her Tail. I hope, says *Killecrew*, Your Majesty wou'd not have me break an old Proverb, *and look a Gift Horse in the Mouth.*

KING *Charles* the First being once going to Dinner, when the Chaplain in Waiting was out of the Way, commands *Archee* his Jester to say Grace; which he immediately performs thus: *All Glory be to God on high, and little Laud to the Devil.* At which all the Courtiers smiling, because it reflected upon *Laud* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who was a little Man, the King told *Archee* that he would give an Account of him to his Grace the Archbishop; And what will you do then? said the King. O, says *Archee*, I'll hide myself where he shall never find me. Where's that? says the
the

the King. *In the Pulpit, says Arbee, for I am sure he never comes there.*

A certain Country Squire in the Time of the long Parliament, being sent for before some Commissioners by them appointed, they told him that he was desired to lend the Parliament 250 Pounds. To which he gravely replies, *On my Word, Gentlemen, if I were but as willing as I am able, I would do it with all my Heart.* The Court laughed heartily, and told him, *Since he had satisfied them of his Ability, they'd make him willing;* and call'd a new Cause.

A Gamester having borrowed ten Pounds, and lost it, sent for ten more, *by the same Token that he had borrowed the like Sum before:* Nay, replied his Friend, unwilling to venture farther; *you come only by Word of Mouth, and may deceive me; therefore tell him, unless I see the Token, I shall not send him a Farthing.*

A drunken Blade reeling out of a Tavern, and on his way homeward, found his Heels scorning to carry him any farther, fairly tripped themselves up, and laid him in the Kennel, where he took a pleasant Nap, 'till the Watchmen coming their Rounds, found him snoring, and 'waking him, told him he must come before the Constable. *'Gad, tell the Constable, you Puppies you, said he, that he has nothing to do with me, for I belong to the Scavenger.*

ONE going in the Dark, put forth his Arms to prevent hitting of his Face, and running against the Door, hit his Nose ; Hey Day, says he, I never thought my Nose was longer than my Arms : *If ever I go in the Dark again, I'll carry a Candle in my Hand.*

A grave old Country Blade coming before a Judge, and taking his Oath on a Cause, he was bid to have a Care what he swore, lest he went to the Devil : I fear not that, replied he, by Way of Retort, for I have given him my eldest Son, and he ought to be contented with one out of a Family. How's that, says the Judge, pray explain yourself ? *Why truly, I have made him a Lawyer, and you know the Devil was a Lawyer from the Beginning.* A Lyar you mean, said the other. I know not, replied he, what Distinction there may be made at London, but I'm sure, by sad Experience, *we in the Country know no Difference between a Lawyer and a Lyar.*

A Sailor having been a three Years Yoyage, his Wife came to welcome him Home, with a Kinchin of about half a Year old in her Arms : At the Sight of which he grew crusty, saying, He thought she had been an honest Woman, than to have serv'd him such a Trick ; Why, replied she, did not you force me to do it, by staying longer than your Promise ? I could not help that, said he ; nor could I this, said she : For one Night leaving my Chamber-door open, between Sleep and Wake, I found myself boarded a-stern, and thought it had been thee,
my

my Dear, that came stealing in to surprize me ; but being more vigorously attack'd than usual, I something doubted, and softly said to myself, *I pray God it be John!* Well, said he, if it happen'd against thy Will, I freely forgive thee : Come, let's kiss and be Friends ; but be sure to be more cautious how you leave your Door open another Time, for this is a slippery World we live in, I must tell you that.

When *Dun* that kept the *Mermaid-Tavern* in *Cornhil*, being himself in a Room with some witty Gallants, one of them (which it seems knew his Wife) too boldly cry'd out in a Fantastick Humour, I'll lay five Pounds, there's a Cuckold in the Company ; 'tis *Dun*, says another.

A Shentleman of *Wales*, seeing one with a large Pomkin in his Hand, said, *Was beseech hur, tell hur what has hur got there?* Why, a Mare's Egg, you Fool, replied the other. *And was hur get a Colt out of it, was think hur?* Yes, replied the other. *Then hur was want one, if hur will sell hur one;* Yes, saith the other. *Then, Got, Got, hur will give hur a Groat for it?* Content, said the other. So the Money was laid down, and Pomkin deliver'd, and the *Welchman* trudg'd up a Hill with it : But the Stalk breaking, it fell, and rolling down, struck against a Bush, out of which started a Hare ; which the *Cambrio Britain* seeing, and thinking his Mare's Egg had brought forth, run after her, crying, *Stop hur Colt, stop hur Colt;* but Puss, not minding his Clamour, kept on her

C 4

Way,

Way, and the Pomkin rolling into a Thicket, lay undiscover'd ; so that to his great Fretting and Disappointment, he went Home discontented without either, to tell the strange Adventure.

A Country-Fellow, ditching by the Wayside, happened, as some Persons were riding along, to see a hundred Pound Bag drop out of a Portmantua ; which he carefully took up and carry'd to his Wife, without opening. She knowing him to be a soft-headed Fellow, and fearing he would discover it, threw it aside, saying, What d'ye bring this Pudding-bag of Dirt to me for ? You might as well have stopped a Gap with it. Truly, Sweetheart, says he, I found it, and thought it might have been worth something ; but if it ben't, it is but my Labour lost. Come, come, says she, you are simple, and must go to School, to learn to read and write, and then you may get into a better Employment. E'en what you will, Sweetheart, said he ; and so the old Blade was sent to learn his Horn-book ; 'till by the Childrens laughing at him, he grew weary of it, and returned to his former Business. The Parties who had lost the Money, upon their Return from *London*, enquired all along the Road, if any such Bag was taken up ; and remembering they had seen this Man at Work, asked him ; who answered, yes ; and his Wife had it at Home. So Home they went with him ; but the Woman stiffly denied it, saying, he was foolish and phrensic, and sometimes talk'd idly, and therefore they ought not to give Credit to
what

what he said: But, they insisting on it, she desir'd them to ask him when it was that he found it? Why, reply'd he, *among all the Days in the Year, I very well remember, it was the Day before I first went to School.* At this they fell a laughing, and thinking indeed he was crack-brain'd, departed, satisfied with what the Woman had told them.

A Usurer having lost an hundred Pounds, put out ten Pounds Rewards for any that should bring it him. A tender-conscienc'd Man finding it, brought it to him, demanding the ten Pounds. Then, to baffle him, he alledg'd, there was a hundred and ten Pounds in the Bag, when lost; but upon breaking open the Seal, there appeared no more than an hundred. The Man arrested him for his Promise; and it coming to be try'd before a Judge of *Nisi Prius*, it appearing the Seal had not been broken open, nor the Bag ripp'd, says the Judge to the Defendant, the Bag you lost had a hundred and ten Pounds in it, you say? Yes, my Lord, said he. Then, reply'd the Judge, according to the Evidence given in Court, this cannot be your Money, for here was but a hundred Pounds: *Therefore the Plaintiff must keep it 'till the true Owner comes, and you must look for your hundred and ten Pounds where you can find it.*

ONE following a Gentlewoman, and passing her, turn'd back to look in her Face, and said, Madam, you are exceeding handsome. *I wish,* Sir, said she, *without wronging my Judgment,*

I could return you the like Complement. A Pox take your Scruples, reply'd he; why can't you tell a Lie for me, as well as I've told one for you.

Sir Richard W——, of the County of York, had one only Son whose Name was Thomas, the Heir of his Estate, but not of his Wisdom, who would often be debauch'd and drunk with the meanest of the Town; for which his Father's Servants would often reprove him, saying, *Squire Thomas, we'll tell Sir Richard, your Father, if you do so any more.* To which he would reply, *You Rogues, my Father is sick now, and will die shortly, and then I shall be Sir Richard, then I'll be drunk in spite of your Teeth.*

In the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Reign there was a great Rumour of an Invasion, and mustering both Horse and Foot about London, infomuch that the Realm was terribly affrighted; but all coming to nothing, a Country Gentleman then in London ask'd a Friend of his, *To what End all that Mustering in London and Middlesex was?* *To what End,* quoth the other, *why to Mile-End, for there was the general Muster.* And *to what End were all the Barges and Lighters sent down to stop the Passage of the Thames?* *To what End,* quoth he, *to Gravesend.* Ay, but, says the Gentleman, *To what End was the Hurley Burley by Land and Water?* *To what End,* quoth the other, *marry, as far as I can understand, to no End.*

A Country

A Country-Fellow being at an Assizes, none were condemn'd: Puh, says he, these are strange Sizes indeed, *that so many Justices of Peace should sit upon the Bench, and none thought worthy to be hang'd.*

A Gentleman, after Harvest, invited all his Harvest-People to Dinner, there being good Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Fowl, and among the rest Pease and Artichoaks, all at once upon the Table; so he bid them all fall to what was before them; and one Fellow (who never had seen any at a Table before, and having a Artichoke before him) cut the Artichoke quite thro' the middle, and cut a Bit, being hungry, and hastily cramm'd it into his Mouth; but the Choke stuck in his Throat, that he could not get it either up or down, and fell a Kecking, 'till another, who sat against him, reprov'd him for want of Manners, and told him, *That is the last Dish that should be eaten. Truly, says he, I believe it is the last that ever I shall eat.*

A Fellow going to the Gallows, and his Wife going along with him, being half-way, he desir'd her to trouble herself no farther, but to go Home; and, says he, if I don't come Home before Eleven o'Clock, you need not expect me, but go to Bed. To which she answer'd, *Nay, dear Husband, now I have seen you thus far on your Way, faith I'll see you hang'd before I leave you.*

A merry

A merry Fellow going along the Streets, espied a Maid going before him, who with one Hand held up her Cloaths behind to keep them from the Dirt: He comes up to her, and says, Sister, will you let a Lease of your Tail, you have it in your own Hands? *Ay, Sir, says she, if your Nose will turn Tenant.*

A Country-Fellow that had married an idle Housewife, upon a Time coming from his Labour, and finding her lazily sitting by the Fire, as her Custom was, he took a Holly-Wand, and began to cudgel her soundly: The Woman cry'd out aloud, and said, Alas, Husband, what do you mean? you see I do nothing. Ah marry Wife, saith he, I know it very well, and *for that Reason I beat thee.*

A Country Farmer's young Daughter going into the Yard to milk the Cows, found they were gone out of the Yard into an adjoining dirty Lane; whereupon she cries out, Mother, Mother, our Cows are gone to the Devil, shall I go after 'em? *No Child, said the Mother, let your Father go, for he has got high Shoon.*

THE French Tyrant having in a vain-glorious Boast caused the following Verses to be inscrib'd on a Marble Pillar at *Versailles*, to tell the Greatness of his Actions to future Ages, viz.

*Una Dies Lotheros, Burgundus Hebdomas una,
Una Domat Batavos Luna; Quid Annum aget?*

In *English* thus:
Lorain a Day, a Week Burgundy won,
Flanders a Month; What wou'd a Year have
done ?

Which being seen by the Lord *Wilmot*, the late ingenious Earl of *Rocheſter*, he preſently writ underneath,

Lorain you ſtole ; by Fraud you got Burgundy ;
Flanders you bought ; and Gad you'll pay for't
one Day.

THE ſaid Earl meeting one Day with a very deformed Perſon, and one whoſe Conditions were as crooked as his Body ; was deſir'd by one of his Acquaintance to write a Lampoon upon him, ſaying, he was a very proper Subject for it. To whom the Earl preſently replied,

There needs no Calumny on him be thrown,
Nature hath done the Buſineſs of Lampoon :
And in his Face his Character hath ſhewn,
As clear as when the Sun ſhines forth at Noon.

A young Lady of ſingular Beauty, being deſirous to be painted at her full Proportion, ſent for an eminent Limner, who coming to wait upon her, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have had a Deſign for ſome Time ſince, to have my Picture drawn by your Hand, underſtanding how excellent you are in your Art ; but my Deſire is, that you would draw me for a Virgin at my full Proportion. Thereupon the Painter ſaid not to uſe the beſt of his Skill, and to make the Picture like. The Lady underſtanding the
Picture

Picture was finish'd, was curious to go and see it. But when she saw it, finding she could make no Exceptions against the Workmanship, only that the Artist had drawn her less in Proportion than she was, she began to be very angry with the Painter, and asked him why he had not observed the Directions she gave him to draw her every Way proportionable to the Life. To whom the Painter, to excuse himself, *Oh Madam, said he, at your Age I could not believe there was any Virgin to be found so lusty and so tall as you are.*

A Buffoon having displeased his Lord, he made after him to correct him, the Buffoon ran a pretty Way, but at last his Master caught him, and having never a Stick, gave him a Kick on the Breech; whereupon the Varlet let a great Fart: Come out, you stinking Rascal, said his Lord. Why, Sir, replied he, you are my Master, and *I must answer you at the same Door you knock at.*

On a Market-Day, comes an Archer by the Crowd, and necking an Arrow, as if he intended to shoot, said with a loud Voice, *Now have at a Cuckold*; a Woman (thinking he levelled that Way, and her Husband being by her) cries out, *Stand away Husband, stand away Husband*; Why, you silly Jade, quoth he, *I am no Cuckold, am I?* No, no, quoth she; but you don't know how a plaguy Arrow may glance.

John

John Cross and *Joan Cross* used to lead Hands to hit together, and being one Day hard at it, something fell from *Joan* with an unusual Noise; Quoth *John*, Do you piss Love; No, replied *Joan*, I spit Honey.

A *Frenchman* that had been for some Time at *Southampton*, went afterwards to the Isle of *Jersey*, and walking one Day upon the Pill or Key, it happen'd that a small Vessel from *Southampton* touch'd there; the *Frenchman* hailed the Ship with a *Ho!* Vence you Ship? One of the Crew answer'd from *Hampton*; quoth the *Frenchman*, you know my Cousin at Port *Hampton*? How can I know your Cousin, says the Seaman, unless you tell me his Name; Vell, said the Monsieur, count a moy be dat nib nab o'the Grass in your Countree, and ven you come dat me vill tell you? There is (replied the Seaman) a Cow, a Sheep, a Coney, and an Horse that eat Grass: Ay, quoth the *Frenchman*, vat call you de Mother of dat? A Mare, says the Seaman. Very good, reply'd he, de Mare! Aye de Mare of Hampton, be my Cousin, he was two, tree, four fine Daughter, make Water in my Mouth twenty Time.

In a certain Village of *Normandy*, a poor Country Man had kill'd a Hog, and it being the Custom there for the Neighbours on such Occasions to send some Parts of it to one another; this poor Man had received so many Obligations in that Kind, that if he had sent abroad all the Pieces of his Hog, he could not have

have presented half those to whom he was beholden; so he desir'd the Advice of a Friend what to do, who advis'd him to hang his Pig so at his Chamber-window, that it might seem to be easily taken by Thieves, and the next Morning to give out, that it was stol'n; which will certainly prevent their Expectation of any Present from him. The Man lik'd the Advice, and accordingly hung out his Hog where it might be easily taken: He that gave him the Advice, fail'd not to come in the Night and take it away. The next Morning missing his Pig, he could not forbear cursing the Invention of his Neighbour, which he had approv'd the Night before. The first he met was the same Neighbour, to whom he said presently, *Oh, Neighbour, my Pig is stol'n.* Good, says he, *so you ought to say.* Ah, but, said t'other, *I am in good earnest, it is really taken from me.* Very well, quoth his Neighbour, *maintain it always thus, and all the World will believe you.* Then he began passionately to swear and deny that he mocked, but the more he swore, the other told him, *he acted his Part the better*; and that was all he had for his Hog.

A Gentleman stammering much in his Speech, laid down a winning Card; and then said to his Partner, ho, sa-ay ye now, was not this Ca-ca-card pa-assing we-we-well la-a-aid? Yes, says t'other, 'twas well laid; but it *needs not half that cackling.*

A simple Fellow being arraign'd at the Bar, the Judge was so favourable to him,
as

as to give him his Book, and they bid him read: Read! truly, my Lord, says he, *I can read no more than the Pope of Rome.*

ANOTHER Fellow had the Favour of his Book also, and being illiterate, a Scholar in Oxford stood behind him to instruct him; and the Words were, *Lord have Mercy upon us.* So the Fellow held the Book, and the Scholar bid him say after him: *O Lord,* says the Scholar; *O Lord,* says the Fellow; and his Thumb being upon the other Part of it, the Scholar said, *Take away thy Thumb.* Then says the Fellow, *O Lord, take away thy Thumb.* Then says the Judge, *Legit aut non legit Clericus? Non legit,* says he, Then the Judge said, *Take him away Jaylor.*

AN old Man bringing his Son to be catechized at *Easter*, the Minister thought the old Man needed more Instruction than his Son, and ask'd him who made him? The old Man said he had forgot, 'twas so long since he was made. Says the Minister, *'Tis a shame for you at these Years to let your Child know more than yourself. I think not so indeed,* says he, *for he was but lately made, and 'tis above fourscore Years since I was made.* Well, says the Minister, *how many Commandments are there?* He said, he thought about five. *Fie,* says the Minister, *there's ten.* *Vaith,* says he, *I'd thought you'd bring 'em to ten, because you'd have the Tythe.* *Why,* old Man, says the Minister, *I tell thee again there's ten.* *Why then,* says he, *there's a goodly Company of them,* Well Friend,

Friend, says he, *how many Sacraments are there?* *Why*, says the old Man, *there's four.* *Which are they?* says the Minister, *Why*, says the old Man, *there's Christmas, Easter, Whitfontide, and our Wake:* And so went out adooors, as taking it for an Affront to be catechized at that Age; and well he might, for you see he understood well enough what he said.

A young Widow, who was not deformed, having lately buried a reverend old Husband, call'd old *Simon*, had been so used to a Bed-fellow, that she could not sleep without one, but could brook the Thoughts of none but her dead Husband; and for his Sake she order'd a Carver to make a Statue of Wood, as near his Figure as he could; which every Night, being well warm'd, had a Shirt and a Night-cap put on, and was laid by her Side in Remembrance of her dear Husband, that she might at least embrace him in Effigy. This Trade she had still drove ever since the Death of her Husband, and would by no means admit the Courtship of any Suitors. At length a young Gentleman that had a great Passion for her, had (by the Intercession of some Guineas) prevail'd with her Maid to lay him one Night in the Place of old *Simon*; and the Widow came to Bed to him; and casting her Hand over her dear Statue, she felt, she thought, a more agreeable Warmth than usual; nay, she fancied that it was alive, and had Motion; she was not affrighted at it, (which is wonderful) but by degrees came closer and closer to her Side-mate, till at length they came *very close together*; by which she perceiv'd

perceiv'd that it was not her wooden Bed-fellow : In the Morning the Maid call'd at the Chamber-door, as she was us'd to do, Madam, what will you please to have for Dinner? She reply'd, Roast the Turkey that was brought in Yesterday, boil a Leg of Mutton and Collyflowers, and get a good Dish of dried Fruit : Madam, says the Maid, I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick Fire? *You may burn Old Simon, quoth she, burn Old Simon.*

AN old Woman that had never seen a Jack-an-apes in her Life before, and coming to *Bedford* to the Market, saw one riding on a Dog's Back, and the Dog running away with him? Says she, *I am afraid that young Gentleman will fall by and by, he rides so fast;* and when she saw he did not, then she cried out, *Well rid, young Gentleman, well rid young Gentleman, in Truth he's good Horseman.*

ANOTHER Time a Thief was going to the Gallows out of the Town, near *Norwich*, and many Boys were running to see the Execution; which he seeing, call'd to them, saying, *Boys, you need not make such Haste, for there will be no Sport 'till I come.*

A condemn'd Thief being arraign'd before a Judge for Felony; after the Indictment was read, *Now, Sirrah,* says the Judge, *what say you to this? Say to it?* says the Thief, *why, my Lord, I say 'tis a very dirty Business; and if I might advise your Lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle in it; for I am sure if you do, I shall*
get:

get no good by it ; nor your Lordship neither ; for I shall go near to bind you over to the Peace. For what ? says the Judge. *For making me stand in Fear of my Life,* said the Thief. Well, says the Judge, all this won't save you, for if you ben't hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you : I thank your Lordship, said the Thief, *and I hope you won't be out of the Way, for I am sure I shall have Occasion for you before a Fortnight goes over my Head.* Sirrah, reply'd the Judge, you're an impudent Rogue. *Not such a Rogue as your Lordship—takes me to be,* said he. I'll make you join your Words closer together, said the Judge, before I have done with you ; and so order'd the Witneffes to be call'd.

A Gentleman, suspected to be a Roman Catholick, was conven'd before a Justice of Peace, who bid him call the Pope Knave : Sir, says he, should I call him Knave, whom I never saw ? But if I knew him *as well as I do your Worship,* I'd call him *so a thousand Times.*

A Soldier, in Time of War, found a Horse-shoe, and stuck it at his Girdle : A little after comes a Bullet, and hits just upon it : Well, says he, *I see a little Armour will serve, if it be well plac'd.*

A Wench coming to be confess'd, confess'd abundance of her Sins, but the chief was lying with Men : Well, says the Fryar, *Whoredom is a Thing doth much displease God. I am sorry for that,* said she, *for I am sure it pleas'd me.*

ONE wooing a Widow, told her he had three Qualities, which she must be acquainted with before he married her : The first, *That when he went abroad and came home, he should be angry without a Cause.* Secondly, *He must eat his Meat alone.* And the Third, *That he should lie with her but once a Month.* If this be all, says she, I care not ; and for the first, whereas you say you shall be angry without a Cause, *I will take care to give you Cause enough, fear not.* And for the second, in eating your Meat alone, *do and spare not, but it shall be after I have din'd.* And for your lying with me but once a Month, take your Course ; *For if you will not another shall, for in that Time I shall have a Month's Mind to another.*

CERTAIN Country Clowns being very familiar with their Minister, one of them, being an unmannerly Fellow, and illiterate, giving him no other Terms than *Good-man Parson*, without any additional Title, was reprehended by one of the most knowing amongst them, telling him, he ought to call him *Pastor* : Why so ? replies the Fellow. Because, says he, *Pastor* is as much as *Shepherd*, or the *Head of the Sheep*. The other thank'd him for his Counsel, and promised he would not commit the like Incivility again : But presently after, having the Cup in his Hand, drinks to him, and complements, *Master Sheep's Head, here's to you, Sir* ; thinking he had made Amends for his former Simplicity.

A Wench accusing a Fellow for a Rape, the Judge ask'd her, Whether he offer'd her any Violence, as to bind her, and the like ! Yes, says she, *he bound my Hands, and would have bound my Legs too, but he could not, I kept them far enough asunder.*

Mr. *Field* the Player, riding up *Fleet-street* a great Pace, a Gentleman call'd him, and ask'd him what Play was play'd that Day ; he being angry to be stay'd upon so frivolous a Demand, answer'd, that he might see what was to be play'd upon every Post. I cry your Mercy, said the Gentleman, *I took you for a Post, you rid so fast.*

Pride and *Hewson*, two Olivemian Colonels, the first a Dray-man, and t'other a Cobler, being met together, they must needs to Joking one with the other ; then *Pride* told him he saw a Piece of Cobler's Wax stick on his Scarlet Cloak. Puh, says *Hewson*, *a Handful of Grains will scour it off presently.*

A Cobler was sitting in his Shop a singing merrily ; his Song was this, *Tamberlain was, and he was ; and Tamberlain was, and he was ;* and continu'd so singing, and nothing else, many Times together ; which a Gentleman that pass'd by, took Notice of, and said to the Cobler, Prithee, Friend, what was he ? Why, says the Cobler, *as arrant a Fool as yourself, for ought I know.* Sirrah, says the Gentleman, *you are a Rascal ; come out, and I'll kick you.*
No,

No, Sir, says he, 'tis no Matter, I thank you for your Love as much as if I had it, for I don't want Kicking. Sirrah, says the Gentleman again, come out and I'll give you a Kick. No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, I won't come if you'll give me two.

A little Girl about twelve Years old, took her Sister, which was about two Years old, upon her Back a Pick-pack; and turning about the Room with it, said, *Who'll buy my Pack? who'll buy my Pack?* At last her Father seeing no Body else would take Notice of her, call'd to her, and said, Come, I'll buy your Pack. With that she took the Child off her Shoulders, and gave it to her Father, saying, *Here take it, 'tis a Pig of your own Sow.* Probatum est.

A quibbling Lady at a Pig-dinner ask'd a Gentleman, (whom she had often outwitted with many Jest and Retorts) whether he lov'd Pig, and if she should carve him some? Who answer'd, I thank you, Madam, *I love any thing that comes from a Sow.*

Ben Johnson being one Evening at a Tavern-Club seated at the Upper-end of the Table amongst his ingenious Sons, and talking eternal Poetry, was often interrupted by a Country Gentleman, who would permit no other Discourse to pass about but what tended to Tillage and Husbandry: What rich Pasture-ground was in his Country, the Price of Corn, and Cure of Cattle; which did so incense old Ben, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him

him in this Language: Thou Clod, why dost thou mingle thy dirty Discourse with our sublime Fancies? I tell thee, *for every Acre thou hast of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit.* Have ye so, Sir, replied the Gentleman, *I cry your Mercy, good Mr. Wise-Acres.* Ben Johnson was so highly taken with the Jest, that he swore *he was never so prickt by a Hobnail in all his Life-time.*

Two Persons, Male and Female, having at once met with three irresistable Temptations, Time, Place, and Consent, made use of the Occasion, and were very beastly busy; but the Wench (being more troubled about her Credit than her Conscience) cries to him, *If this should come out, I am utterly undone.* To which he answer'd, *If it do not, I am utterly undone.*

A Man and his Wife that formerly had liv'd well together, grew to be poor, and both of them lov'd the Pot well; and it happen'd that a Friend of hers met her and gave her Six-pence; so she came home with Joy to her Husband, saying to him, *What shall we have, my dear Husband, for we are rich now.* Wife, says he, 'tis your own, *do what you will with it.* Why then, says she, *let me see, we'll have, stay, we'll have, now I think on't, a Groat's worth of Bread and Two-pence Drink.* Do what you will, Sweet-heart, says he, 'tis your own. Then she goes out of Doors and comes back again, saying, *No, now I think on't, Husband, we'll have four Penny worth of Drink, and two Penny worth*

worth of Bread? Do what you please, says he, 'tis your own. Out she goes again, but comes in presently: O Husband, says she, now I think better on't, I am resolv'd to have five Penny worth of Drink, and a Penny in Bread. Do what you please, says he, my Dear, 'tis your own: Then out she goes, and comes immediately back again: I'm now fully resolv'd to have it all in Drink, and beg a Toast of them. O dear Wife, says he, now thou hast won my Heart for ever: Come, I'll give thee a Kiss; but be sure to let us have it, quick, quick, quick, you Rogue: Well, Sweetheart, says he, how happy it was that thou wentest out to Day.

AN unhappy Boy that kept his Father's Sheep in the Country, did use to carry a Pack of Cards in his Pocket, and meeting with Boys as good as himself, would fall to Cards at the Cambrian Game of Whip-her-ginny, or English One and Thirty; at which Sport he would some Days lose a Sheep or two: For which if his Father corrected him, he in Revenge would drive the Sheep home at Night over a narrow Bridge, where some of them falling beside the Bridge, were drowned in the swift Brook. The old Man being wearied with his ungracious Dealing, complained to a Justice, thinking to fright him from doing any more the like. In brief, before the Justice the Youth was brought, where (using small Reverence, and less Manners) the Justice said unto him, Sirrah, you are a notable Villain, you play at Cards, and lose your Father's Sheep at One and Thirty. The Boy replied, that it was a Lye. A Lye, D
quoth

quoth the Justice, you saucy Knave, dost thou give me the Lye? No, quoth the Boy, I gave not you the Lye, but you told me the Lye; for I never lost a Sheep at One and Thirty, for when my Game was One and Thirty I always won. Indeed, said the Justice, thou say'st true: But I have another Accusation against you, which is, that you drive your Father's Sheep over a narrow Bridge, where some of them are oftentimes drowned: That's a Lye too, quoth the Boy; for those that go over the Bridge are well enough, it is only those that fall beside which are drowned: Whereto the Justice said to the Boy's Father, Old Man, thou hast brought in two false Accusations against thy Son, for he never lost Sheep at One and Thirty, nor were there ever any drowned that went over the Bridge.

A Gentleman that bore a Splen to another, meets him in the Street, gives him a Box on the Ear; the other, not willing to strike again, puts it off with a Jest, asking him whether it was in Jest or in Earnest? the other answers, *It was in Earnest.* I am glad of that, said he, for if it had been in Jest I should have been very angry; for I do not like such Jestling; and so pass'd away from him.

A rich Lawyer that had got a great Estate by the Law, upon his Death-bed was desirous to give twenty Pounds *per Annum* to the House of Bedlam; being demanded why he would give it to that House, rather than another; he answer'd, *that he had got it of mad Men, and to them he would give it again.*

ONE ask'd why Men should think there was a World in the Moon. It was answer'd, *Because they were lunatick.*

ONE ask'd why Ladies called their Husband, Master such a one, and Master such a one, and Master such a one, and not by their Titles of Knighthood, as, *Sir Thomas, Sir Richard, Sir William, &c.* It was answer'd, That tho' others call'd 'em by their right Titles, as *Sir William, Sir Thomas, &c.* yet it was fit their *Wives should master 'em.*

ONE being ask'd what Country-man he was, he answer'd, *A Middlesex Man;* the other told him, *being he was neither of the Male Sex, nor of the Female Sex, but of a Middlesex, he must then be a Hermaphrodite.*

TAPSTERS, said one, should be Men of Esteem, because they are Men not only of a high Calling, but also of great Reckoning.

A Man walking the Street let a Fart, upon which he jestingly said, *Crack me that Nut;* it being heard of a waggish Wench that was in a Chamber over his Head, who being well provided at that Time with a perfum'd Chamber-pot, throws it out of the Window upon his Head, saying, *There's the Kernel of your Nut, Sir.*

ONE being at Supper at a Friend's House, it chanc'd there was Mutton and Capers for
D 2 Supper;

Supper ; he fell into a Discourse of Dancing, saying, That he lov'd it better than any other kind of Recreation ; by and by taking Notice of the Capers which he had never seen before, took one upon his Trencher, cut it in the Middle, and put half of it into his Mouth ; the Master of the House observing it, said, *Sir, it seems you love Dancing very well, when you cannot forbear cutting Capers at Supper.*

A Fellow had the Pictures of the five Senses stollen out of his House, whereupon he came to a Justice, and desir'd that the Thieves might be bound to the Peace ; For what, said the Justice, for stealing your Pictures ? Yes, saith he ; *I thought*, said the Justice, *you had lost your Senses you talk so idly.*

A Scholar that had his Study hung round with brown Paper, was us'd (when they came in to visit him in his Study) to say, *He did love sometimes to sit in a brown Study.*

ONE (whose Husband's Name was *Bean*) being deliver'd of two Children at a Burden, told the Midwife she had been so troubled with Wind all the Time she was with Child that she wonder'd at it. The Midwife said, *It was no Marvel in regard her Belly so long had been full of Beans.*

A Book-binder disappointing a Scholar of his Books which he had to bind for him, the Scholar being angry call'd him idle Knave ; the Binder not long after brought home his Books,

and having receiv'd his Money for them, desired to know of the Scholar why he call'd him Knave the other Day? To deal plainly with thee, said the Scholar, because I would not flatter thee. Why, Sir, do you think so? said the Binder. Yes, Faith, reply'd the Scholar. Then, I weigh not your Words much, quoth the Binder, *since Children and Fools say what they think.* Ay, but they are Knaves, said the Scholar, that speak against Knowledge: *Indeed, Sir, I took you for one of them,* and so went his Way.

A foolish melancholy Gentleman riding with his Man on the High-way, suddenly cry'd out his Foot, his Foot! His Man started, and desired him to light that he might see what 'twas that hurt him; Then pluck off this Boot, said he, which being done, the Man told him, Sir, here is nothing; *Then prithee,* says the Gentleman, *pluck off the other, for sure one of them pained me.*

A pretty Wench but lately come out of the Country in her Pouledavis and Linfi-woolsey Petticoats, living in the Strand, was seen not long after in her Silks and Sattins, and being by one of her Country-women demanded how such might be purchased? *Faith,* answered she, *only for the taking up.*

A Coward told his Friend that one gave him a Box on the Ear, and he did not strike him again, but turn'd the other also to him; to which his Friend answered, *Sure there was a*

*great Fight betwixt you, when Blows were given
on both Sides.*

A Gentleman invited to his Table many
Guests, and provided for them divers Dishes of
Meat, amongst the rest there being a Leg of
Mutton, one in the Company took it and
fell so homely to work with it, that he pared
off all the Flesh, and laying it in Scraps in the
Dish, called to a Servant to break the Bone
for him, which one perceiving that sat next
the Gentleman that invited them, jogged him,
and shewed him how uncivilly the Party be-
haved himself; whereupon the Gentleman a
little mov'd, yet unwilling to be too plain,
began a Tale to the whole Table, thus: I
was, quoth he, not long since with a Friend of
mine that much delighted in Hunting, and
after our Sport, coming home, he would needs
see his Dogs fed before he would eat any Thing
himself; which I laboured to dissuade him from,
in regard he was in a very fair new white Sat-
tin Suit, which amongst the Dogs receiv'd some
Hurt, but rather willed him for that Time to
suffer some of his Servants to do it; all would
not prevail, but into the Yard where the Dogs
were kept he went; whither he was no sooner
come, but one of the Dogs that was all Mire
and Dirt fell to ramping on him; and albeit,
the Dog spoiled his fair Suit, yet he rebuked
not the Dog, but on the contrary cherished
him; which I perceiving, said to my Friend,
Sir, what do you mean to suffer a scurvy Dog
to spoil such a Suit as that is? *Alas*, replied
my Friend, *what would you have me do to him,*
you

you see as well as I he is but a Puppy. Which he had no sooner spoken, but by all the Table was applied to him that had so spoiled the Mutton.

A foolish Woman seeing her Hen (having fat her full Time) did not hatch her Eggs, desir'd her next Neighbour to tell her the Reason of it, and withal, how she should get them hatch'd? who told her, that she must put them in a Cuckold's Cap; Whereupon she went to a Man she well knew to borrow his Hat, not sticking to tell him the Cause of her Request, whereat, (he being nettled) beat her soundly; notwithstanding this beating, she went to another of her Neighbours, by whom she was likewise well swaddled; with which being madded, she ran home in a Pet, and swore *she would have a Cuckold of her own before Night, and be beholden to no Body.*

A Country Maid riding to Market, her Mare stumbled in the Middle of the Market-place, and threw her topsy-turvy, shewing all for nothing; but she receiving no Harm by the Fall speedily gat up again, and turning herself to the laughing People, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before? Never but one once,* said a Country Fellow, *and that was a black one.*

ONE Captain Broughton (who liv'd by his Wits) visiting a Friend in the Tower, about Dinner-time his Friend being absent, in his Walk, he saw divers Dishes of Meat and Bottles of Wine carried up to a Lord's Lodging,

and immediately after follow'd the Guests, among which the Captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to Dinner, where he eat and drank freely ; but often the Lord had an Eye upon this Stranger, and seeing of him very familiar, after Dinner he enquir'd of his Guest, whose Relation he was ? Which the Captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these Words, My Lord, do you not know me ? No indeed, Sir, said the Lord. Quoth the Captain, Sure you do, my Lord ; for *you and I have been in all the Prisons in England.* How ? (said the Lord) I never was in any but this of the Tower in my Life. *True, my Lord* (answer'd the Captain) *and I have been in all the rest.* At which Jest the Lord and his Company laugh'd heartily, and told him he was welcome.

Two quibbling Scholars travelling towards London, overtook a Country Yeoman, who was going the same Journey, and kept Company with him ; and they all coming to their Inn at Night, the Scholars ask'd the Country-man what they should have for Supper ? But he (not curious) referr'd it to them, who (intending to put a Jest upon him) bespake a large Capon and two Pigeons. The Yeoman, who had fasted all Day, began to think long for Supper ; (the Cloth being spread) the Meat came up, (Grace being said) one Scholar took one Pigeon upon his Trencher, and the other the other. The Country-man seeing they carved him none, took the Capon upon his Trencher, and fell to cutting and slashing of it, and eat as fast as he could, which made the Scholars look

look somewhat angry ; but he took little Notice of it, saying, *Gentlemen, this Supper is very equally order'd, every one a Bird.*

Two Country Attorneys riding home from the Term, overtook a Carter, and began to jeer him, asking him, why his Fore-horse was so fat, and all the rest so lean ? The Carter (knowing them to be Lawyers) replied, *Know you not that ? I will tell you, My Fore-horse is a Lawyer, and the rest that follow him are his Clients.*

A Gentleman coming to his Friend's House at Breakfast-time, was saluted with the latter Fragment of a Cheese, which look'd as thin and crooked as the Moon in its last Quarter ; but the Householder encouraging him to accept it, told him, it was sent him for a very great Present, by a Lady from *Windsor* ; *I thought it came from Windsor* (quoth the Gentleman) *when I saw it so near Eaton.*

A Country Clown coming by, where a Fellow stood in the Pillory for Forgery, with his Fact fairly written before him, with hundreds of People about him ; The Clown ask'd for what Fault that Man stood in the Pillory ? And one answer'd, Look upon the Bill, and you may read it ; to which he made Answer, *That he could neither write nor read* ; and they told him, *then he was a Dunce that could neither read nor write at them Years* : But at last told him that the Malefactor was set in the Pillory for counterfeiting Mens Hands : To which the

Country-Fellow reply'd, A Plague on you for a Company of proud Knaves, you had need to brag so much of your Breeding; *you may see what your Writing and Reading brings ye to.*

A Gentleman meeting with one of the Fallow Deer, which had stray'd out of *Whetston's* Park, and so must needs be Fallow, because she follow'd him to a House, where there were several others in a large Room dancing Country Dances; and after some Dances, it was his Turn to lead up a Dance; she ask'd him what Dance he would call? He said, *Feeble Robin*, which is an old Country Dance. No, says she, *I hate that*. Then he told her he would call for *Mall Stanhope's Delight*. Yes, says she, *I like that*: Well, says she, name some more though: Why, says he, then what say you to Go to Bed in the Dark? Yes, says she, *that's well enough too*. Then, says he, what say you to Under and Over? Yes, says she, *that I think's best*. But first we'll begin with *Mall Stanhope's Delight*, and then, Go to Bed in the Dark, and at last Under and Over; and so dance them one after another.

ONE inviting some Neighbours to a Feast, by chance his Son reaching a Glas of Wine to a Gentleman, spilt some of it on his Band; for which his Father took him a Box on the Ear; he recovering himself, struck the next Man to him; and being ask'd the Reason, said, *Come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my Father anon, for I dare not strike him myself*.

AN arch Rogue hearing a Woman cry Kitchen-stuff, ask'd her what it was? *That which drops from Flesh,* says she. *Say you so,* says he, *call To-morrow and I'll help you to some.* The next Morning she came, and he had prepar'd a Pot half full of Sir-reverence; the Woman put her Arm into the Pot, and drawing it out, perceiv'd the Abuse, and began to be angry: *Nay, nay,* says he, *don't be angry, for this is that which drops from Flesh. It is very true,* said she, *and now your Flesh appears to me very dry.* (stroaking his Face with her Hand) *and wants a little greasing; and stands in need of basting too.* Which she accordingly gave him.

A Lump of ill Manners, sitting by the Fire-side, was very eager with his Father to gape or yawn, which he refused; whereupon the indulgent Mother cry'd, *Prithce yawn,* since the Child will have thee yawn; *Why then I will yawn,* says he; the Son seeing that cry'd, *Mother, Mother, look yonder, is not that a vine Oven to bake a Turd in?*

A little Boy being cutting some Bread and Butter, says his Brother to him, *Why did you not cut me some, when you were cutting some for yourself, you Bastard you?* *What,* says he, *d'ye call my Mother Whore, you Son of a Bitch.* If I am the Son of a Bitch, then you are a Whelp: And so are you, says t'other.

A Lawyer's Man ask'd him what was the strongest

strongest Point in Law? He told him *good and sufficient Witness*; for which Advice his Man was to pay for his Charges that Night: So he bespoke good Chear purposely that Night; and left his Man in the Morning to pay his Reckoning; but the Man left his Master's Cloak for the Reckoning; that Day it began to rain, and his Master call'd for his Cloak: Sir, says he, I left it behind for the Reckoning. Why, Sirrah, says he, were you not to pay it by your last Agreement? True, Sir, I do confess it between us two: *But where is your good and sufficient Witness to carry it?* So the Lawyer gave him Money to redeem his Cloak.

A brisk young Sempstress having outwitted many an airy Fop, and sparkish Gallant, was at last outwitted herself, in this Manner: A Town-shift, in very good Habit, coming into her Shop, cheapen'd and bargain'd for a considerable Parcel of Linnen; and then pausing—said, O! I had like to forgot one Thing, I want a Shirt of the largest Make; it is not for myself, but for one as big again. She shew'd him thereupon several; but he complain'd they were too strait: And then she shew'd him another; which he seem'd to like, saying, Pray, Madam, do me the Favour to let me see you strip it on over your Cloaths. The which, to please and humour so good a Customer, she did. Then he turned her about to see how it fate, fasten'd privately the hinder Lappets with two large Pins, thro' all her Cloaths, to the hinder Part of her Smock; then snatching the Linnen he had bargain'd for, off the Counter,
out

out he ran. She thereupon follow'd him, crying, *Stop him ! stop him !* and hastily going to pull the Shirt over her Ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a Garment, *she with it drew up all her Cloaths, and exposed her naked Posteriors to the Publick,* and so ran on, still pulling to get off the Shirt ; whilst some Matrons, who supposed her to be Mad, stopp'd her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind ; which gave the Sharper an Opportunity to rub cleverly off with his Booty.

Henry the Fourth of France, being (like some of our late Princes) given to the Love of other Women besides his Queen, was sharply reproved by a rich Abbot his Confessor ; which the King seem'd to take very well, and invited him that Day to dine with him, where the Abbot fed very heartily upon a Dish of roasted Partridges, which the King observing, ask'd him why he did not eat of some other Dishes, which he thought better : The Abbot told the King nothing could be better to him than roasted Partridges, for it was his beloved Dish above all others. The next Day the King caus'd the Abbot to be arrested for high Treason, and committed close Prisoner to the *Bastile* ; with a strict Command to the Keeper to let him have no Meat but Partridges ; which at first pleas'd the Abbot ; but having been fed with nothing but that Diet for a Week together, he began to nauseate it : At eight Days end, the King sent for him under a pretence of Examining him ; and having urged him to a Confession of the Treason he charg'd him with, the Abbot pleaded

pleaded his Innocence, and confess'd nothing : Well, said the King, since you are so obstinate, you must e'en to Prison again. To which the Abbot reply'd, I beseech your Majesty, if I must be still confin'd, that I may be order'd some other Diet. Why what Diet have you ? said the King. Nothing, said the Abbot, but Partridges. Why, said the King, you told me that was the Diet you lov'd above any thing in the World. 'Tis true, I do so, says the Abbot; but to be always fed with Partridge, that makes me loath it; and desire other Diet. Very well, reply'd the King; 'Tis just so with me, my Lord, I love my Queen above all Women in the World; but, my Lord, Always the Queen, always the Queen, this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire Change of Diet, as well as you do : And so laughing at the Abbot, set him again at Liberty.

SOME being merry together, among other Discourse, one said, A Bushel of *March Dust* is worth a King's Ransom ; but says another, *What is a Hogshhead of March Beer worth then ; For that comforts the Spirits, and t'other spoils the Eyes?*

NECESSITY hath been often the Mother of Ingenuity, and it will appear a very great Truth, if the following Story be considered : For *Dennis* had a long time been waiting and making *Petition* for a *Plaushe*, until his Fob grew so low, that he could not produce three-half-pence a Day for the *Irish Ordinary* : So that as he was t. king the Matter into serious
Con-

Consideration, an End of Gold and Silver Woman pass'd by with her usual Cry, *Any old Sattin, or Taffaty, or Velvet, or old Lace, take Money for it.* Now I predee, dear Joy (quoth Dennis to the Woman) *what ish the Prish dat dee wilt give for good Lace?* I have sho much at mee Lodginsh as cost about dree Poundsh, and I will go and fesh it for dee presently, if dee will give me some Money for it? The Woman replied, *That she never gave above 5s. an Ounce for the best, when it is burnt and clean'd:* Den I would beseech dee to call at my Lodginsh an Hour after thish time, and be Ghreesht I will burn my Laushe for dee now, and dee shalt have it indeed. Pray where is your Lodging? said the Woman. *Why, mee Lodginsh ish at the Bird and Baby. bee Sharing-Crosh indeed, the Devil tauke me if dee will call, dee shalt have mee besth Laushe, and it is very good indeed.* The Woman went her way, and Dennis repairs to his Lodging; where taking his best Lace Cravat and Ruffles, and setting them on the Fire, he preserv'd the Ashes carefully, and made them up in a piece of Paper. The Woman coming at the Time, and Dennis bringing her down the Paper of Ashes; What is this (says the Woman) that you have brought me? *Be mee Shoul, what dost thou tinke it ish? why it ish all my besth Laushe, and I have burnt it very carefully for dee indeed; and now I would have dee take Notishe what ish de Weight of it, and give me de Money for it.* Dost think me mad (replied the Woman) to give Money for a few Ashes? I tell thee I do not use to deal in such Ware. Now the Devil tauke me (said Dennis)

it ish me besht Lausb Cravat and Cuffs, and I had 'em of mee Captain de other Day, and now I have burnt 'em for dee, wilt de give me nothng for it? Devil tauke dee for a Bish, you Son of a Whore, I will mauke Swear upon dee before de Justice for putting de great Sheat upon me; bash Slut indeed; where ish de Money for de burnt Lasbe now, ha? Prethee get home, you Bog-trotting Owl, (quoth the Woman) and burn thy Mantle and Brogues, it may be they may yield thee some Money to buy a Place, you simple Scoundrel thou. Bee Chreesht (quoth Dennis) dee beest come to put Abushe upon me, Devil tauke me for a Shon of a Whore, but I will mauke Revenge upon dee for mee besht Laushe now, yesb indeed. The Scuffle continued a long time before Dennis could be convinc'd of his Error; until at length all that heard it, laughed heartily at his Ignorance, which made him go out of the House in great Indignation.

Teague running along hastily in the Pall-Mall, was met by a Gentleman's Footman which knew him; How now Teague (says he) whither so hastily? Bee Chreesht, dear Joy, I will tell dee, indeed; I am going to de Scrivener, to get him write a Letter upon a Pieshe of Pauper, to my own Broder that ish dead in Franshe.

ONE of the same Nation being unhappily brought to the Sessions of Peace for a high Misdemeanor, and in Prospekt of coming to Damage for the same, told the Court, *Dat he wasb one of hisb Majeshty's Offishers*: Then he
was

was ask'd for his Commission; who drew out of his Pocket a Paper, praying that it might be read; which well appear'd to be a Petition for a Place: The Court shew'd their Resentment, that he should tell them a Falsity; He replied, *Dat he had hish Petishion sho long in hish Pocket, dat he wasb in hopes it had grown to a Commission.*

A Lady of great Quality, sent her Footman Owen to a reverend Bishop with a Coller of Brawn; Owen met the Porter at the Door, and told him, *Dat hish Laudy's Graushe had shent shometing to hish Maushter, mee Lord Beshit; and I will pray dee be sho shivil to let me mauke speak upon him; for, bee Chreesht it have mauke mee Arms and mee Back very shore, indeed.* The Porter giving Notice, Owen was call'd into the Hall; where my Lord came to him, and enquir'd of his Lady's Health: *Bee Chreesht, dear Graushe (said Owen) I tink she be very well; for she drank two Disbes of Choak-a-cat disb Morning; and she put Membranshes of her Sharvishe upon dy Graushe, and have shent unto dee shometing: What is it? quoth my Lord. Why it ish shometing; bee de Mash, I have lost de Name of it: O, O! it ish of de Sow's Husband, indeed. What, a Coller of Brawn? quoth the Bishop. Yesh, bee Chreesht, dear Joy, it ish indeed, la!*

A Person just arriv'd from Teagueland, and walking the Streets, an unfortunate Accident happen'd by the fall of a Piece of Timber from a new building House, which kill'd a Gentleman

man passing by : The *Irish* Man being the only Person that saw the Disaster, was sent for, to give his Evidence to the Coroner's Inquest ; who, when he had related some of the Matter, said, *Bee Chreesht, I did tanke him by the Hand, and asked him if he was dead ; but he answer'd, and said noting.*

ONE of Galloway coming to *London* upon some Law-Affairs, call'd for a Coach, and ordered him to drive to the Temple ; who, when he was set down, would give the Coachman but Six-pence : But the Counsellor his Friend told him, That their Fare was a Shilling, though they went never so little Way ; and he should have paid no more, if he had carried him twice as far : *Den, bee Chreesht, although I am in haste for mee Business (says he) I will have a Pennyworth ;* and so made him drive to *St James's* to earn his Shilling, while he himself trotted home on Foot, and lost his Opportunity.

A great Debate arose among some of our dear Joys, upon the News of the Death of King *Charles* the Second, who should be *Charles* the Third ? *Why* (said one of them, whose Proportion of Brain was commensurate to the rest) now our Sovereign *Graushe Charles de Shecond* is dead (God bless him) who should be *Charles de Tird*, but his Royal Highness's *Graushe, James Duke of York* ? God bless him, indeed.

A Lady in *Covent-Garden* demanded of *Donnel* her Footman, which way the Wind fate ? He replied, *Bee Chreesht, Madam, I cannot*

not tell which way it shifts; for it has chang'd four or five times disb Day: When I went to White-hall in de Morning it wash in mee Fash, and when I came home it wash in mee Back; and when I went to de Pall-mall, it wash in mee Faushe; and when I went to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, it wash in mee Back again: Devil tauke me, I tink it shifts every way.

Two Natives seeing a Gentleman (newly come over from Frante) wearing a rich Mazarine Blue Cloth Coat, well trimmed and made; Quoth one to the other, Upon mee Life, and mee Shalvashion, ish not dat a very pretty Mantle? I would put a great Kindness upon any dear Love, dat shall be sho kind to be sho shivil, ash to put sush Kindness upon ne now. Ay, (quoth the other) if I could get a Scharlet one of de Colour, it wou'd very much help to get ash into Plaushes, dear Joy.

A dear Joy who had not much Wit to spare, seeing his Son play roguish Tricks, Dou arrant Scullogue dou, said he, didst dou ever seee me do sush tings when I wash a Boy ash dou beesht?

A Native of Teagueland passed by when several Gentlemen were looking on a new-built House, and saying, It was of the Italian Fashion: I predee tell me, dear Shoul now, (quoth he to one of them) and I pray dee, where wash it built? in England? No! no! (said one of the Gentlemen merrily) it was built in Venice, and the Cham of Tartary sent it over upon a Caravan, drawn by white Bears. Do
Devil

Devil tauke me now (quoth Teague) if disb be not so great a Miracle, asb Shaint Loretto.

Two *Irish* Soldiers, and two *Scots*, being together in an Ale-house, amongst other Discourse one of the *Scots* happen'd to admire, that one of his Officers should be turn'd Catholick; saying, He knew not any thing that could perswade a Man to leave the Protestant Religion for that: Whereupon one of the Dear Joys (after much Clamour and Hubbub) drew his Sword, and attempted the *Scot*; he in the mean time not only defended himself, but worsted the *Irish* Man, whilst the other two fairly stood Spectators: At length the Noise brought the Master of the House into the Room; whereupon Teague began to accuse his Brother *Irish* Man; Swearing upon hisb Shalvation, he wash an Enemy to Chreesht and Shaint Patrick; and dat he would put de Shwear upon de *Scots* Man for speaking Treason: Whereupon his Friend, and the other declared, there had not been one Word pass'd about the Government: But Teague return'd to rave and swear, *Bee de Masb* (and what else his Education suggested) he will put de Shwear upon all of dem; for, in Fait, if noting wash spoken againsb hisb King's Majesty's Graushe, yet wash dere very great Treasbion againsb de Papish.

MONEY falling short with a certain Dear Joy, he happen'd to see an Alkamy Spoon in the House where he lodg'd; and it being pretty fresh and new, he concluded it to be Silver, and privately put it in his Pocket, not without rendering

dering Thanks to St. *Patrick* for so seasonable a Booty : He was resolv'd not to be long without Money, having such a rich Prize about him, and strait repairs to a Goldsmith's Shop, where very formally he takes it out of his Pocket, and desires the Goldsmith to weigh it for him ; which accordingly he did : *Now, bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy, (quoth our fortunate Spark) and cansht dee not do me the Favour to give me sho musht Money for it ash it comes to ? and be Chreesht I will come to dy Shop anoder time, indeed.* The Goldsmith perceiving the profound Ignorance of the Animal, as formally lays him down three Pewter Half-pence, which Dear Joy took up in his Hand, saying, *Now, I predee shweet Lad, tell me, ish dish as musht ash it come to ?* To which he reply'd, It is. Dear Joy made very great Complement unto him, put off his Hat, and with many Bows, telling him ; *Now, bee mee Shalvashion, I make very musht tank to dee for dy great Shivility, and I will come to dy Shop mee shelf, indeed ; and, bee Chreesht, I will tell my Country Man's where dy Shop ish ; for Deevil tauke me, de beesht a very shivil Person indeed.* No sooner had he taken his Leave of the Goldsmith, but he met with another tatter'd Skelleton of his Country Men ; upon whom he began to look very big, and allum'd somewhat a greater Port than ordinary ; upon which his Friend looking very intent upon him, cries out, *Now de Deevil tauke me indeed, if hish Majesty's Graushe have not granted dy Petishion ; and bee Shaint Patrick, I predee tell me what Plaushe it ish, dat ish put upon dee now ? for I believe it ish some very great*
Plaushe,

*Plaushe, indeed. No, no, no, be mee Shoul, it ish
 no Plaushe at all (replied he) but I have got shome
 Monneys, and I will buy a Plaushe, indeed. Now,
 bee Chreesht, dear Joy (quoth another) I make
 Petition upon dee, and I predee wilt dou not be
 sho kind to lend me shome of de Money, now; de
 Deevil tauk me indeed, I have had no Breakfast
 put into my Mouth dese five or six Days. No,
 bee Shaint Patrick's Staff, I will lend de no Mo-
 ney Joy, (replied he) for Deevil shmoak mee Shoul
 indeed, if all our Country Mans will lend me one
 Farding to keep me from starving, when I want
 Bread now; but I will shew de great Kindnass,
 indeed now, and I will put shome Dinner upon
 dee; dee shall go wid me to a Shix-penny Ordinary,
 and wee will mauke our Bellies full wid Beef
 and Broth, for drie or four Days indeed. So
 away they march'd to a Beef and Broth-Cellar,
 and eat and drank till it came to Ten-pence;
 then calling for a Reckoning, one of the Irish
 Half-Crowns was thrown down to the Wo-
 man; and, Dear Joy bid her give him the
 Change of it. What is this you give me,
 says the Woman? you have had Ten-pence,
 and this is but an Half-penny? Now de Deevil
 tauke dee indeed, dou Shon of a Whore, be Chreesht,
 ish not dish a new Half-Crown piefba; be mee
 Shoul I will mauke Shwear upon dee before de
 Magistrate now, dee will not tauke hish Ma-
 jesty's Graushe's Coin, indeed. It is but an
 Half-penny (says the Woman) I shay dou lyeft,
 like a Shon of a Whore ash dou art, bee Chreesht;
 and I will mauke Evidence upon dy Houshe
 for a great Cheat, bee mee Shoul now. Come,
 come, (says the Woman) give me other
 Money,*

Money, or I will have you before your Betters. Now, *bee de Maush* (says dear Joy) I tell dee, *here isb two Pieshes more of de sbame short, and dee maist tauke which de will; but, upon mee Shoul, I will never come into disb damt plausbe again.* The dear Joys were very chole-
rick; and at length the Woman sent some body with them to the Goldsmith, who gave him the Spoon again, and receiv'd the three Half-pence. Dear Joy was much dissatisfy'd, but was fain to leave his Sword with the Woman, to at-
tone for the Beef and Broth Treat.

Now, *bee Shaint Bridget, and Shaint Francis* (quoth Bryan to Donnel, looking upon the Sign of the Mermaid newly painted) *de De-
vil tauke me, if disb be not one of the finesht Shigns in de World: I predee Donnel, what isb de Name of it? Nay, bee me Shoul* (replied he) *now de Devil tauke me too, if I can think upon it just now; but it mustt be de Picture of a Laudy, wid a Fish at her Arse: Be Chreesht, dear Joy, it isb a very handsome Woman, wou'd be glad to make a Child upon her, wid all mee Heart I tell dee, indeed.* So they learnedly re-
solv'd upon the Matter.

A certain Teaguelander being upon his Jour-
ney, in his Way chanc'd to light upon a small Pig; says he to the Pig, *Little Pig, wilt don come and live wid me a Month?* The Pig cry'd, *A week, a-week, a-week, a-week, four times: Den bee Chreesht, says, Mac, dat isb a Month, for four Weeks make a Month: But poor Mac was taken for stealing the Pig, and carry'd*

carry'd before a Justice, to whom *Mac* made this Defence, *Mr. Justice, On mes Shalvasbion de Pig promise to live wid me a Month; but if de Man will have him sooner, here is the Pig for him.*

ANOTHER of the same Country happened into the Service of a very honest Gentleman, who was much pleas'd with his Servant's Talk; but his Master one time sent him to receive forty Pounds, and to bring it to him to such a Place, if he should not be at home. Now *Mac* had been very just and faithful in several Services his Master had imploy'd him in many Times before, and his Master did not doubt him in this Affair; however *Mac* goes according to his Master's Order and receives the Forty Pounds. Poor *Mac* never saw the like before, and having the Money, resolv'd to run away with it to his own Country; but withal, he went home first to take some of his Linnen, and other Things with him, which he was not willing to leave behind; little thinking to meet his Master there. When poor *Mac* came into the House, the first he met with was his Master; says his Master, How now *Mac*, hast thou receiv'd the Money I sent thee for? At which being surpriz'd, *Mac* could not presently answer. Says his Master, Why don't you tell me, Sirrah, whether you have receiv'd the Money? Quoth *Mac*, *De Deevil tauke dee and dy Money too.* Why so angry, *Mac*? says the Master. Quoth *Mac*, *A Plague tauke dee and dy Money too, I shay; and dare ish dy Money, and dee Deevil tauke it.*

Prethee,

Prethce why so angry ? says his Master. Says *Mac*, *Bee Chreesht*, when I had receiv'd dy Money, de Deevil did tempt me to run away wid it, yesh, indeed ; but my Conshienshe came behind me, and fetch'd me back again, and so de Deevil tauke dee and dy Money too. Why *Mac*, where would you have run with it ? Quoth *Mac*, O mee Shoul ! into mine own Country, in Mac-land. Then, quoth the Master, I should have followed you thither, and put you in Prison : Po, po, po, po ! Joy, be Chreesht if dou hadst come dere, dou shouldst have been my Man dere.

Two of the aforefaid Countrymen passing along Lombard-street, and seeing great Quantities of Money upon the Compters, in the Goldsmiths Shops, quoth one of them to the other, I predee canst dee tell me, what Trade de People in disb Street be of ? for Deevil tauke me, if in all mee Life, I have shcen sho must Money ; I will mauke Petishion upon hisb Majesty's Graushe, and the Earl of Tyrconnel, dat I may be bound Prentishe to aish Trade, Joy ; and, be Shaint Pautrick, I will buy an Evidenshes Plaushe, dat may be a Livelihood for dee and I. Bee me Shoul, Joy, (replied the other) I cannot tell what Trade it ish dey be of ; but I tink, dey be Money tinkers ; for Deevil tauke me, dey have a great many Budget-full of Shilver-penshe, Half-penshe, and Fardings. Then one of them casting his Eye toward the Dial that hangs over the Street, and seeing the three wing'd Hour-glasses : And I predee, dear Joy, said he, what Sign ish dat wid sho must Goid ag-on it ? Deevil tauke me, reply'd he, but it

*muſt be de dree flying Chamber-poſſ; yeſſ be mee
Shoul, iſſ it; and we may find de plauſbe again
be de Shign.*

A certain Iriſh Skip running haſtily towards the Mall in St. James's Park, enquir'd of a Gentleman, *If he ſhaw de noble Earl of Tyrconnel walking dat way?* Who was answer'd, That he was near the upper End. He replied, *Do you think good People, dat I may overtake him before I come at him?*

A Gentleman having a Bog Footman, gave him a Letter to bring an Answer to it, he having omitted to do it before; the Foot-man found out the Perſon, and told him, *He had a Letter for him from hiſſ Maſter.* Where is it? ſaid the Gentleman; give it me. *No, bee Chreeſht, dear Joy,* ſays he, *I muſt have an Answer to it firſt.*

ONE Randal having got a great Eſtate by the Tap Trade, afterwards ſpending of it in Whores Company, one made theſe Verſes upon him:

*Stout Randal proves a Man of double Means,
Firſt rais'd by Drunkards, then undone by
Queans.*

A young married Woman, in the Morning being a Bed, was trying to put her Heel over her Neck; which being done, ſhe could not get it back again, but with ſtriving tumbled off the Bed: Her Huſband being in the Shop,
hearing

hearing a great Noise, sent up his Apprentice, a raw Country Boy, to see what was the Matter; who came down, and told his Master, that his Mistress was bewitch'd, or turn'd into an Owl; and that she had fallen off the Bed, and with her Fall had got a great Gash in her Shoulder.

A Country Man seeing a Coach run along, ask'd a Gentleman that gallop'd after, what Whirling-house that was? He said a Coach; And I pray, what Lady is that sits in it? It is the Queen of Hearts, says he. I thought so, says the Fellow, because I saw the *Knave of Clubs* galloping so fast after.

A German Duke had drank very hard one Day, which made him Crop-sick the next: His Fool coming to him, he told him he had made himself Sick with drinking too much the Day before: Puh, says the Fool, if that be all, I'll undertake your Cure, which is only this, *To take a Hair of the same Dog*, by drinking again the next Day, and so continue it for a Week together: *Well*, said the Duke, *and what then? What then?* said the Fool, *Why then you will be as great a Fool as I am.*

THE Viceroy of Naples in a great Siege made a strict Order, that no Person should walk the Street without a Sword, that was above such an Age; going along to see his Order put in Execution, he espy'd one without a Sword, and had him brought before him; the Order then was read, and according to

Sentence he was to be hang'd up on the next Sign-post ; the Gentleman pleaded very strongly for himself, but no ways prevailing, desir'd the next Person might run him through that came by ; immediately appears a Gentleman that had lost even so much as the Blade of his Sword at Gaming, and had a Wooden one fitted to the Handle ; this Gentleman being inform'd of the Fact, which he was to do, appears very loth to stain his Hands in Blood : But seeing he must do it, he pulls off his Cloak, and lifting up his Eyes he began his Prayer, and desir'd that *if this Person ought not to die, that his Sword might be turn'd to Wood* : Then drawing it out hastily, it appeared to be Wood, to the Wonder of all the Spectators, and the Rejoycing of the condemned Gentleman.

Randolph the Poet, having a Mind to see *Ben Johnson*, who was drinking at a Tavern with three other Poets, peeps into the Room ; *Ben Johnson* espies him, and cries, Come in *Bo-peep*, which he did ; when the Reckoning was call'd for, there was five Shillings to pay ; then they agreed, that he that made the best extempore Verses, should be excused from any of the Reckoning ; when it came to *Randolph's* Turn he made these :

*I Bo-peep, and you four Sheep,
With every one his Fleece,
To pay the five Shilling, if you be willing,
'Tis fifteen Pence a-piece.*

And so he was excus'd from the Reckoning by general Consent. *Ben*

Ben Johnson coming once into an Inn in *Southwark*, in a Country Habit, gets into the Chimney-corner; some Gentlemen sitting at a Table, thought to have put a Trick upon him; says one, *Come, Country Man, here's to you*: Thank you, Master, says *Ben*; says another, *Come, we are going to make Rhimes, and he that can't Rhime, must pay the Reckoning*. I don't know what you mean, says *Ben*, but let's taste of your Ale and your Tobacco, and then I am for you: So begin;

*Good Ale, O! good Tobacco! and a pretty
Wench, O!*

*Will bring a Man to the King's-Bench, O!
And after he has spent all,
Then take him, Sir John Lentall.*

Who was then the Marshal of the King's-Bench Prison.

IN the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Arch-Duke having laid Siege to the Town of *Grave* in *Holland*, and finding he cou'd not carry it, raised his Siege privately by Night; upon which Queen *Elizabeth* said to his Secretary, who was then here, *What, your Master is risen from the Grave, without Sound of Trumpet.*

ONE was jeer'd for riding with one Spur: Faith, says he, *if one Side of my Horse goes on, it is not likely the other Side will stay behind.*

AN *Oxford* Scholar, being at *Cambridge* ten Days together, they kept him drinking all
E 3 Night,

Night, that he could never rise before Dinner ; being ask'd how he lik'd the Place, *he said well enough, but that there were no Forenoons in it.*

ONE told a Lady of Pleasure, she was very fruitful. *How can that be, Sir, said she, since I never had any Children? That's nothing, Madam, says he, nevertheless you bear many.*

ONE going a shooting, would have borrow'd some Money of his Friend. O, says he, what need have you for Money, for if in any Place whatever you have to pay, *you may leave your Gun to discharge your Shot.*

WHEN King Henry the Eighth pass'd by King's-College Chappel in Cambridge, which was built by King Henry the Sixth ; his Jester said to him, *Harry, V and I built this Chapel.*

ONE seeing a Lady's Legs, she lifting up her Coats a little too high ; says he, *You have a very handsome Pair of Twins. You are mistaken, Sir, said she, for I have had one between them.*

ONE call'd a Man Ox in the Presence of his Wife ; at which she seem'd to be angry : Says another, *Why do you call the Man Ox, when all the whole Parish knows he is an Ass.*

WERE I a Lord, says a Country Boy ; What then ? says one of his Companions. O then, says

says he, *I would eat my Belly full of fat Bacon, and swing upon a Gate all Day long.*

ONE having lost his Watch out of his Pocket, and going to take Water for *Richmond*, but staying too long had lost his Tide: And complaining of it to his Friend, he reply'd, You have not sure forgot the old Proverb, *Time and Tide will stay for no Man.*

A Lady having two Suitors, one tall and the other short, a Gentleman ask'd her which she lik'd best; says she, *I like the tallest, if all Things are proportionable.*

A handsome Wench was brought before a Justice late at Night; and he bid the Constable take her Home to his House, and bring her in the Morning; Yes, says he, Sir, *so I will, if you'll commit my Wife all Night.*

ONE speaking of the Fire of London, said *Cannon-street* roar'd, *Bread-street* was burnt to a Crust, *Crooked-lane* was burnt strait, *Addle-bill* stagger'd, and *Creed-lane* would not believe it 'till it came, *Distaff-lane* had spun a fine Thread, *Iron-monger-lane* was red hot, *Sea-coal-lane* was burnt to a Cinder, *Soper-lane* was in the Suds, the *Poultry* was too much sing'd, *Thames-street* was dried up, *Wood-street* was burnt to Ashes, *Milk-street* was burnt-too, *Shoe-lane* was burnt to-boot, *Snow-hill* was melted down, *Pudding-lane* and *Pye-corner* were over-bak'd.

ONE ask'd a Country Fellow, in a rainy Morning, whether it would prove a fair Day; Truly, says he, *that I will tell you at Night.*

A Country-Fellow overthrew a Cart full of Onions into a Pool full of Water, *Hab*, said he, *there wants nothing-but Salt and Oatmeal to make good Porridge.*

A young Bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying: *Well, Child*, says her Mother, *I wish I were to take thy Place to Night.*

ONE saying, *It was all one to live or die;* *Why don't you die then;* says another. *Because,* reply'd he, *it is all one.*

ONE was saying, that *Vertues consisted in the Middle, and Vices were Extreame;* *Ay*, says another, *it is very true, that Vertue is Virginity; and that ought to consist in the Middle, but many Times it is lost in the Height of Business.*

ONE was asking another his Opinion, what the World thought of him; *Why*, reply'd the other, *you appear to the Wise foolish, to Fools wise; and pray what do you think of yourself?*

ONE sent a Pair of Gloves to a Lady for a New-Year's Gift, and writ on the Paper these Lines,

*If that from Glove you take the Letter G,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee.*

ONE

ONE was saying that Women were born in *Wiltshire*, brought up in *Cumberland*, led their Lives in *Bedfordshire*, sent their Husbands into *Huntingdonshire*, and afterwards to bring them into *Buckinghamshire*; and if their Husbands did not take Courage, and go into *Hertfordshire*, and carry their Wives into *Staffordshire*, they might live and die in *Shrewsbury*.

A Soldier said, he had been in so many Battles, and had been so batter'd with Bullets that he swore he had a *Mine of Lead* in his Belly.

ONE ask'd whether such a Man were wise or no? it was answer'd, that he was otherwise.

ONE ask'd the Reason why Women were so crooked and perverse in their Conditions; another answer'd, *because the first Woman was made of a crooked Thing*.

A Woman said, of all Men, she had a Desire to marry a Huntsman, *because he would not disdain to wear the Horn*.

WIT bought is better than Wit taught, because he that never bought any is but a natural Wit.

ONE was saying it was a fine Quality to be able to speak well extempore: Why then, said another, *We may commend every Woman, for they have the most nimble fluent Tongues, and that without Study or Consideration*.

BOOKSELLERS could not live, if Men did not believe the old Saying, That *Wit bought is better than Wit taught.*

ONE said a Miller was the fittest Husband for a Scold, because *when the Mill goes, if her Tongue goes never so fast, it cannot be heard.*

A Hypocrite is odious, says one, to God and Man; God hates him, because *he is not what he seems*; Man hates him, because *he seems what he is not.*

IN the Commonwealth of *Fishes* are many Officers; *Herring* the King, *Sword-fish* his Guard, *Lobsters* are Aldermen, *Crabs* are Constables, and *poor Johns* the common Sort of People.

A Joyner on a Time took a Pill, and it so wrought with him that *he had Forty good Stools in a Minute of an Hour.*

ONE ask'd another what *Shakespear's Works* were worth, all being bound together? He answer'd, Not a Farthing. Not worth a Farthing, said he, why so? He answer'd, *That his Plays were worth a great deal of Money, but he never heard that his Works were worth any Thing at all.*

In some merry Company one bid another mend his *Jests*, for they were all crack'd: They ought to be so, said he, *for it is no Jest 'till be broken.*
SOME

SOME quibbling Experiments being push'd about among jovial Companions, says one, What think you of this Foursquare House, now it is likely to rain, if I should so order it, that the Rain should fall but on one side of it? Why, said another, it cannot be, unless you conjure, and have Power over the Elements. Yes, said he, you shall see the Experience of it, for two Bottles Wager. Done, says one; and Done, says the other. So staying a little while, it began to rain very plentifully. Now, said one, you have lost. No, said the other, I have not; And thus I demonstrate it, *viz.* What you see now, is only *the Out-side of the House on which the Rain falls, but the Inside is dry*; and if you make me any more than *the Out-side* and the *Inside of a Thing*, then I yield my Wager lost.

A Constable whose Name was *Nott*, being upon the Watch, a jolly Fellow who had some little Knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the Constable was, the other strutting with his Staff in his Hand, said, I am he. You are *Nott* the Constable, reply'd the other. Then said Mr. Constable *Nott*, I say I am the Constable; and that you shall find to your Sorrow, if you dare deny my Authority once more. You do not hear me, reply'd the other, deny your Authority; for I say, *you are Nott the Constable*. Well, said the Regent of the Nocturnal Band of Billmen, Take him to the Compter. And the next Morning, it being canvass'd before a Justice, and the Constable's Ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own Name, when he heard it, he

he was order'd to pay the Fees; and give the Party he had committed a Treat of a Guinea, to be Friends with him.

A Fellow that had lost both his Ears, and wearing long Hair, one ask'd him why he did not cut his Hair shorter? Nay, says he, *That I dare not do for mine Ears.*

A Wench having indicted a Fellow for committing a Rape on her; at his Tryal he pretended himself Deaf. And when he was with a great deal of Noise ask'd how long he had been so? Answered, *Ever since the Time he committed the Rape.* Being ask'd the Reason; answered, *That the great Screaming and Noise she made, had caus'd it.* Which the Wench hearing, immediately told the Court 'twas false, and that she made no Noise at all. By which witty Invention he was acquitted.

A Parcel of good Women having been at a Gossiping, and the Company being most of 'em gone, and only some Butchers and Cheesmongers Wives left behind, says one Cheesmonger's Wife to another, Come, let us go, for here's none but Butchers Wives left; which she speaking in a disdainful Manner, one of the Butcher's Wives over-heard; and being minded to make a Pun of it, says she to her Friend that sat next her, Come, let us that are Butchers Wives go first, *For after Meat comes Cheese, but after Cheese comes nothing:* And so they went away, and left the Cheesmongers Wives to follow them.

A Ser-

A Serjeant kneeling once before the King, to have a Bill signed with his Majesty's Hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Wind Cholick, which rumbled in the Belly, so as at last his Posteriors began to cry out so loud, as the House sounded with the Noise ; at which the King smilingly says, I never knew till now, that a Serjeant had Authority to let go a Prisoner, it being against the Law. *An't please your Majesty (quoth the Serjeant) he was a troublesome Rogue, and crept through the Key-hole ; and Necessity bath no Law.*

A light House-Wife married one whose Name was *Nott*, whom she cuckolded and buried. At her Death, a Scholar made these Verses on her :

*Nott a Maid, Nott a Wife, Nott a Widow,
Nott a Whore,
She was not these, and yet she was all Four.*

AN old Man being drunk, his Son came to fetch him home ; Sirrah, says he, have a Care of me, for my Head is very light. O Father, says he, *that's long of your Eyes, for if they were out, your Head would be in the Dark.*

ONE said they were rich—that had great Comings-in ; Then says another, to a great belly'd Man ; Sir, you are Rich, for your Belly had ne'er been so big, if you had not great Comings-in.

It seem'd one *Doll* was brought before a Judge for some Crime or other, which all believ'd was true; yet they could not prove it. Says *Jaen* to her, *Faith Doll, how didst thou come off? Why, says Doll, I set a good Face on't. By my Troth then, says Joan, thou didst borrow it; for I am sure thou never hadst one of thy own: Says Doll, if I can have one for borrowing, what need I keep one of my own?*

A modest Gentlewoman being compell'd by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Defect; and being in the Court, she humbly desir'd of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not speak it, for Modesty's sake. The Judge gave her that Liberty, and a Clerk was presently commanded to give her Pen, Ink and Paper, whereupon she took the Pen without dipping of it into the Ink, and made as if she would write, says the Clerk to her, *Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen. Truly, Sir, says she, that's just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any farther.*

BEING come to speak of *Bulls*, 'tis necessary to tell the Reader in the first Place what a *Bull* is: Know then that a certain Person being ask'd what was a *Bull*? Made answer, 'Twas a *He-Cow*: Then said his Friend, *A He-Cow!* That's a *Bull* indeed. Why then, reply'd he, I hope I have answer'd your Question.

Two Gulls standing by a River Side, one of them ask'd the other, *On which side of the River*

are we now? Quoth the t'other, the simplest Question that ever was ask'd, Are not we on this side the Water? Why thou simple Puppy, quoth the Fellow, so we are when we are on t'other side.

Mr. Amner of Windsor, a notorious Bull-maker, as he was going one Day from Windsor to Eaton, was met by his Godson, who kneel'd down and ask'd him Blessing; upon which Amner gave him a Tetter, and bid him follow his Learning a-pace; for, says he, I don't know but I may live to hear thee preach my Funerak Sermon.

At another time he with some of his Friends, being invited to the Funeral of a Gentleman, not far from Windsor, whither coming and finding a House full of Company, they were content to sit them down in an Arbour; and having sate a considerable time, after they had been serv'd with Rosemary and Gloves, Mr. Amner went into the House to enquire how long it would be, before the Corpse went to the Church? But finding it already gone, he came hastily to his Friends, saying to them, Come, come, what do you mean to stand sitting there? They are gone (and pointing over the Pail) shewing them the Corpse and People in the next Field, he said, *Do you not see? they are out of Sight already.*

SOME time after passing through the Cloister adjoining to the Chappel, said to his Friend that was with him, Well, Cousin, *If I live and do well, I will be buried in this Place.* H

He being at Bowls in the new Bowling-green adjoining to *Windsor* Castle, and at the same time there being some of the Lords who were Prisoners there at play likewise: One of them being cross'd in his Play, began to curse and swear, of which Mr. *Amner* took great Notice, saying to a Stander-by, *That he was afraid to stay any longer, for fear the Bowling-green should fall on their Heads.*

IN the Time of the Civil Wars, having been to wait upon the Committee for a Stipend out of the Revenues of the Royal Chappel at *Windsor*, was met by a Friend, and ask'd how he sped? 'Fore God, reply'd he, *e're I'll wait upon such a Pack of Knaves, I'll go sit in Smithfield and walk Horses.*

Mr. *Amner* passing thro' the Street, two Boys looked out of a Tavern Window, and said, There goes Mr. *Amner*, the Bull-speaker. he hearing them, look'd up, saying, You Rascals, I know you well enough, and if I *had ye here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

A Friend of Mr. *Amner* ask'd him if Mr. *Coleman*, (a great Lover of the Divine Art of Musick, and the Professors thereof, and an intimate Acquaintance of his, who had often visited him when he was sick) had not left him a Legacy: Faith, Friend, answer'd he, *Not a Tester to drink his Health.*

SOME

SOME discoursing of the new Building of St. Paul's, and of the several Sums of Money which were given towards it, by many Persons of Quality, one of them ask'd, What he would give? Faith la, replied he, *I would willingly give twenty Shillings towards the building of it, when I see it built.*

Two Serving-men discoursing over a Pot of Ale of their Masters Hospitality; one said, My Master kept a very noble *Christmas* this Year. So did my Master, quoth the other; for he kill'd an Ox every Day. *Tush*, said the first, *My Master kill'd an Ox and a half.*

A merry Cocker commending a Cup of Nut-brown Ale, said, let old *Joan* my Wife chafe and chide me ne'er so much, *if she should cut my Throat, I should drink strong Ale.*

A Gentleman riding in the Country, attended with one Serving-man, they met with a Fellow that was astride upon a Cow; the Serving-man said, Master behold! yonder is a strange Sight. What is it? said the Gentleman. Why, Sir, said his Man, look you, Sir, *There is one rides on Horse-back upon a Cow. That's a great Bull*, said the Gentleman. Nay, Sir, said his Man, *it is no Bull, I know it is a Cow by his Teats.*

A Fellow going towards *Rumford* in *Essex*, by the Way he saw the Carcasses of three Murderers hang'd in Chains, and at his return to
London,

London, being demanded what News he had brought out of the Country? Truly, quoth he, I have no great News to tell ye, but I saw a rare Sight, which was, *three Men hang'd in Fiddlets.*

Two walking together in the Fields, were at length hemm'd in by a great Ditch, which when they perceiv'd, quoth the one of them, We must go back again, for this Ditch is too big for us to jump over; *Nay, quoth the other, I protest I'll jump over, though I light just in the Middle.*

ONE was saying all kind of Fowl were two legg'd; to whom another reply'd, *No, not all, for a Pig has four.*

ONE being in the Water, pray'd another to come in also, to which he protested, and said, *I can swim no more than a Dog*; and being intreated the second time, he said, *I vow I can swim no more than a Post*; and being more earnestly the third time will'd to come in, he vehemently swore, *he could swim no more than a Goose.*

ONE having bought a Pair of Virginals, a Friend of his viewing them, said, *They were much decay'd, for the Sound-board was rotten.* That's a Bull, reply'd he, *a sound Board, and rotten too!*

ONE came into an Inn, and ask'd the Host how long he had liv'd there? About three Days,

Days, Sir, said he. Then pray, says the other,
How many Barrels do you draw a Week.

A Bull Prologue.

*All you who standing sit, to see our Play,
 Which must this Night, be acted here to Day;
 Be silent pray, though you aloud do talk,
 Stir not a Foot, though up and down you walk:
 For every silent Noise, the Players see,
 Will make them mute, and speak full angrily.
 O stay but here, until you do depart,
 Gently your smiling Frowns to us impart;
 And we most Thankless, Thankful will appear,
 And wait upon you home, though we stay here.*

Bull Verses by the same Hand.

*Upon a dismal Sun-shine gloomy Day,
 As I in August went to gather May;
 It was at Noon, near Twelve o' Clock at Night,
 The Sun being set, did shine exceeding bright:
 I with my Eyes, began to hear a Noise,
 Then turn'd about my Ears to see the Voice,
 Where from a Cellar seven Stories high,
 With loud low Voice Melpomene did cry:
 I'm sick in Health, and no Help can I find,
 To ease and to disturb my senseless Mind;
 Till living Death, who is the World's kind Foe,
 Commands me to ascend to th' Shades below.*

ONE being sentenc'd to die, fell on his
 Knees and besought the Judge to spare his
 Life, for his poor Wife's sake, and his fatherless
 Children.

ONE

ONE having an extream Cough, said, *If one Cough be so troublesome, what should a Man do if he had twenty?*

A Gentleman that came from *London* to *Windsor*, being at *Jacob's Well* drinking a Cup of Ale with some Friends, one of them espying Mr. *Amner* pass by, requested him to come in and drink with them, and after a Cup or two of Ale, the Company broke up; and the Londoner's Horse being ty'd at the Door, he said to one of his Friends, *Is this Mr. Amner, that used to utter the Bulls; I wish he makes not a Bull of my Horse? Which he over-hearing, said, What a saucy Fellow is this, you see I no sooner turn my Back, but he abuses me to my Face.*

ONE seeing a Pear-tree very full, wonder'd what the Owner would do with all those Pears; says another to him, *He sells 'em to the Bakers to make Penny Apple-pies of them.*

ONE seeing a very fine Bitch, enquir'd of the Standers-by, *whose Dog that Bitch was?*

ONE passing by a Poulterer's Shop, and seeing an exceeding fat Swan lying on the Stall, said to his Companion, *I would that Swan were mine.* Why, said the other, what would you do with it, if it were? Marry, replied he, *I would make a Goose Pye of it.*

Mr.

Mr. *Amner* being with some Gentlemen in a Tavern near *Charing-Cross*, their chief Discourse was about what *William Lilly* had prophesied, that the next *Monday* the World would be at an End, calling it *Black Monday* (it being then the *Saturday* before) many Fears and Doubts did arise among them, *Well, well*, said Mr. *Amner*, *if I were sure it would be so, I would go over into Holland.*

DISCOURSE arising at the Table of those Creatures to which Nature had allotted the longest Life: One pleaded for the Longevity of one Creature, another of another; and one among the rest swore that he knew that of all Things in the World, *an Eel liv'd longest after it was dead.*

A Townsman told a Scholar, that he could tell what was Latin for all the Parts of the Body; Why what's for the Head? Why *Aries*; at which they laugh'd; then he swore, *if it were not Aries 'twas Taurus.*

A Knight, when a Gentleman came to visit him being to take the Air, the Coach-horses staid somewhat long: Come, Sir, says he, *let you and I go away in the Coach before, and let the Horses come after.*

A Minister that was blind, came to speak with a Gentleman that was a great Benefactor to him; the Gentleman's Servant, ran hastily to his Master, saying, Sir, *the old blind Minister is come to see you.*

ONE having Occasion to rise early, bid his Man look out, and see if it were Day; the Man reply'd it was dark? *You Logger-head,* says he, *why don't you take a Candle, how do you think to see without? and hold it out of the Window.*

One exclaiming against another, that run away in his Debt, *A Pox light on him,* said he, *I am sure I lent him six and forty good Shillings in half Crowns.*

ONE having sent for a Physician to his Daughter, that was very ill; the Doctor seeing of her, advis'd her to lie upon her right Side, *Ay, Sir,* said her Father, *I have always told her, her Back was the best Side to lie upon, and she would never believe me.*

ONE ask'd another why he wore his Stockings the wrong Side outwards; the other told him, *Because there was a Hole on the other Side.*

SOME comforting a Fool, which lay on his Death-bed, told him, that four proper Fellows should carry him to Church. *Ay,* says he, *but I had rather by half go thither myself.*

A Welch Man seeing his Master tearing of some Letters; *Pray Sir,* give hur one, says he, *no matter which, to send to hur Friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.*

ONE

ONE finding his Friend in Bed, says, he, Fie! are not you ashamed to stand lying a Bed, this fine sharp Morning? Come make haste, and fall a rising.

ONE who was reproving his Friend for drinking too much, said, If he liv'd long that kind of Life, he would die shortly.

ONE walking abroad in a clear Moon-shine Night, said, It was as fine a Night as a Man should see in a Summer's Day.

A Fellow that was notoriously known to have been in an *Insurrection*, was brought before a Justice of Peace: *Sirrah*, says the Justice, you shall be hang'd, if the Law will do it; you are a notorious Rogue, I remember you ever since the last *Resurrection*.

Two Scholars had agreed to steal Rabbits in a Warren; one that was set to watch when the Rabbits came, cry'd out, *Ecce Cuniculi Multi*; at which the Coneys ran again into their Burrows. The other seeing their Sport spoil'd, chid him for so doing: *Why who knew*, says he, *that they understood Latin?*

A wise Barber having been to Trim a Gentleman at Night, was bid to take a Candle and light him down Stairs; which having taken and lighted himself, he orderly brought it up again, returning Thanks, and so went down Stairs again in the Dark.

Mr.

Mr. *Ralph Amner*, the Bull-speaker, he was sick; *Well*, said he to his Friends, *when I am dead, let this be my Epitaph, Here lies honest Ralph, as dead as any Man living.*

A Fool ow'd a Carpenter a Grudge, and finding him asleep, took an Ax and chopt off his Head, then came into the House laughing; and being ask'd the Reason; *Why*, said he, *to think how the Carpenter will look for his Head when he awakes.*

A Barber seeing his Neighbour cut down a Plum-tree, desir'd him to let him have some of it: *What would you do with it?* says he. Replies the other, *I would only have a few Box-combs made of it.*

SAYS a Gentleman, My Friend, I should know thee. Yes, says he, I am one of your Worship's Tenants, my Name is *Tim. Heydon*. O, says he, I remember there were two Brothers of you, and one is dead; which is that, that is alive? Says he, *I, an't please your Worship.*

John came to *Thomas* his House, to speak with him, but *Thomas* came to the Door, and bid his Maid say he was not at Home, which *John* over-heard; two or three Days after, *Thomas* came to speak with *John*, and *John* looks out of the Window, and told him he was not at Home: Why do you say so, don't I see you at Home? Hey day, says *John*, I
be-

believ'd your Maid you were not at home, and you will not believe me my own self.

A poor Woman sent her Son to a Gentleman's House ; but he staying too long, to look upon a Dog that was in a Wheel turning of the Spit, his Mother beat him soundly for it ; at which he mumbled and mutter'd, I am sure you would have staid as long if you had been there : She demanded the Reason ; *Oh ! Mother,* said he, *it would have done you good, to see how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spinn'd Roast-meat.*

A Man in *Flanders* dream'd one Night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to a Priest to desire him to confess his Wife, especially in that Point : *Well,* says the Priest to him, *because you are my loving Friend, I will lend you my Gown and Hood, and you shall take her Confession yourself.* This very Priest had lain with this Man's Wife several times : So while he was waiting for his Wife's coming, the Priest went and told her the Intrigue, and that her Husband was to take her Confession ; so when she comes to him, and after many simple Questions that he asked her, she confessed to him, that she had only lain with three Men, that was a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar, so he came home, as he thought undiscovered ; as he was at Work, he would often be crying, the young Man, the old Man, and the Fryar : Troth, Husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so, *I lay with a*
F *young*

young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar ; and yet Husband, these three are but one ; for I lay with you when you were a young Man, and I lie with you now you are an old Man, and are not you the Fryar which I made my Confession to ? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear Husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste Wife ? Well, by my Faith, thou hast given me such great Satisfaction in Point of thy Honesty, that I should be both Fool and Knave to question it any more.

A well-bred Country Family being at Supper, Jack (says one of the good Man's Sons to his Brother,) cut me a Piece of Bread. Cut you a Turd, says Jack. Father, says the first, Jack says Turd at Supper. If I come to him, says the Father, I'll kick him till he besbits himself. In Troth, says the Mother, you have all as much Manners as my Arse.

A Gentleman being at Dinner, the Gentlewoman of the House taking Notice he did not eat, ask'd him why he did not help himself ; Truly, Madam, said he, I have never a Knife ; Pray then, said she, cut my Finger. No, truly, Madam, I had rather finger your Cut.

A Minister finding his People not to have so much Knowledge of their Duty to God and their Neighbour, as they ought to have, was resolv'd to examine and instruct them at home ; coming to a poor Woman's House, among other Questions, he ask'd her how many Commandments there were ? Truly, said she, Sir, I can-

I cannot tell. Why, said he, Ten ; whereat she reply'd, A fine Company, God bless you and them together. Well, but Neighbour, says he, do you think you can keep these Commandments ? Ab, the Lord in Heaven bless you, Sir, I am a poor Woman, and can hardly keep myself, I hope you will not be so unkind to put me to the Charge of keeping so many Commandments.

SEVERAL young Gentlewomen coming to their Confession to a Father Confessor, that they might be absolved by him, they spoke all with a very low Voice, mumbling their Words through their Teeth, not opening their Mouths at all, that the Priest could hardly understand a Word they said, which put the Priest in such a Passion, that he told them, *When they were at the Tavern with their Gallants, they would open their Legs and their Tails wide enough, although now they would not open their Mouths to confess it, so sent them away without their Pardons.*

ONE that had weak Eyes was jeer'd by a Man that had clear Eyes, he told him *they were not so dim but he could see a Fool. It may be so, says the other, but you must look in a Glasse then.*

A Taylor carrying in a Bill to an Apothecary that was his Customer, the Apothecary was just going to eat a Mess of Broth for his Breakfast, as the Taylor came in ; so the Apothecary told him he had *no Money at present for him, but if he would eat a Mess of Broth with him, he should ;* for which the Taylor thank'd him ; so he calls the Maid to bring the Taylor

a Mess, he eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his Cutting-room, and began to handle his Shears; but he had not been there past an Hour and half, but he had more Occasion to use his Bodkin than his Shears; so he calls up his Wife, and as the Pottage began to work him, he fell to Work with her, and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a Kiss sent her down about her Business till farther Orders; in half an Hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she ask'd him how he came to be so Vigorous and Gamesome, because he did not use to be so; with that he up and told her he had ask'd the Apothecary for his Money, but he told him he had *no Money, but he would give him a Mess of Pottage*, which hath wrought these wonderful Effects upon me. *Oh, good Husband*, says she, *it may be the Apothecary wants Money, I prethee, my Cock, if thou lov'st thy own dear Wife, take all thy Money out in that Broth, for it is of a wonderful Operation.*

A notorious Claret-drinker in London, had a fiery red Nose, but Hands as white as a Lilly; which a Gentlewoman taking Notice of, said to him, *Pray, Sir, tell me what you do with your Hands to make them look so White, seeing your Nose is so extream Red?* O Madam, says he, *I lay my Hands every Night between my Wife's Legs.* I pray then, Sir, said she, *let me advise you to lay your Nose there in the room of your Hands, till it comes to be of the same Colour.*



A Scholar having been affronted by the Mayor of *Cambridge*, who was a Butcher by Trade, resolv'd to take an Opportunity to be even with him ; and accordingly when it came to his Turn to preach at *St. Mary's* where the Mayor then was, he used these Expressions in his Prayer before the Sermon : *And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded us to pray for our Enemies, herein we beseech thee for the right Worshipful Mr. Mayor ; Give him the Strength of Samson, and the Courage of David, that he may knock down Sin like an Ox, and cut the Throat of Iniquity like a sucking Calf ; and let his Horn be exalted above his Brethren.*

A French Man lodging in *Spittle-fields*, and generally keeping very late Hours, his Landlady being a Widow, and having but one Daughter, was resolv'd she would not sit up so late for him. One Night staying as he us'd to do, they went to Bed : So *John* the French Man at last comes home, and knock'd at the Door ; the Widow hearing, came to the Window, and ask'd who was there ? *Why, Begar, here is me your Tenant. You may go and be hang'd for a Rogue, you French Dog, for I will not let you in at this time of Night. Why then Begar me will go to a new Lodging, darefore Landlady, let me see your Cont that me may pay off your Cont. Why, says his Landlady, You owe me six Shillings and eight Pence. You be damn'd old Jade, you cheat me, I will have none of your Cont, I will pay your Daughter's Cont. So she call'd her Daughter, and ask'd how much Monsieur*

ow'd her; *Why*, said she, *he owes you seven Shillings and Six-pence.* Begar, says Monsieur, *me will have none of your Cont, for you be a greater Whore than your Mother, me will pay off your Mother's Cont*; which he pay'd, and so went his way.

A Gentlewoman being on Horse-back, and having a Hole in her Dust-gown, a Country Fellow seeing it, says, *Mistress, Mistress, you have got a Hole in your Arse.* I know that, says she, *and you may come and put your Nose in it.*

A merry Wag at *Wolvecot* near *Oxford*, met a Country Man going thither with a Goose to sell; but he had agreed with a Comrade of his to say, 'twas an Owl: So he ask'd him, how he sold his Owl? He said it was a Goose, and t'other an Owl: So they argued a good while together; at last, says the Wag, *We'll be try'd by the next Man we meet: Content*, says the Country Man; *and if he says 'tis a Goose, then you shall give me Half a Crown for the Goose, and I'll keep it too.* Content, says the Wag. So going on, they met as by Accident, his afore said Comrade; and after some Debate, he plainly said it was an Owl, and so they got the Goose. So the Country Man as he went alone, began at last to think he was cheated, and was resolv'd to study for a Revenge; and about a Week after he came to *Oxford* again, and brought a Pot of supposed Honey with him to sell; so the Wag spying him in the Market, ask'd him how he sold his Honey? He said it was Sir-reverence; t'other said it was Honey; but

but the Man said, it was Turd ; and so they argued a long while ; at last he bought it of him, saying, *Let it be what it will, I'll buy it.* And when he came to open it, he found it was true that the Man said, only the Top for an Inch deep was cover'd with Honey ; and when he had got his Money, thought he to himself, now I am quit with you ; for the Case is *All-Turd.*

A Quaker that was a Barber, being su'd by a Parson for Tythes ; *Yea and Nay* went to him, and demanded the Reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never any Dealings with him in his whole Life. *Why,* says the Person, *it is for Tythes.* For Tythes ! says the Quaker, *I pri-
thee, Friend, upon what Account ?* *Why,* said the Parson, *for preaching in the Church.* Alas ! then, reply'd the Quaker, *I have nothing to do to pay thee ; for I come not there.* Oh ! but you might, says the Parson, *for the Doors are always open, at convenient Times :* And thereupon told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his Due. *Yea and Yea* hereupon shak'd his Ears, and making several wry Faces, departed, and immediately enter'd his Action (it being a Corporation Town) against the Parson for forty Shillings. The Parson, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put such a Disgrace upon him ? and for what he did owe him the Money ? *Truly, Friend,* reply'd the Quaker, *for Trimming.* For Trimming ! said the Parson ; *why, I was never Trimm'd by you in my Life.* Oh ! but thou might'st have come and been Trimm'd, if thou hadst pleas'd, for

my Doors are always open at convenient Times, as well as thine.

Two Sharpers of the Town accidentally meeting, says one, *Come, Jack, since we are so happily stumbl'd upon one another, let us take a Pint together? A Match,* says the other; and so they went into a Tavern. But drinking about for a while, when they came to examine their Pockets, they found themselves deceiv'd, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had Money enough to defray the Charges, when, indeed, both of them could make but eight Farthings. Hang it then, (said the Inviter) we had as good be in for a great deal as a little; so they call'd lustily, till it came to a Crown; then looking out at the Window, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, *I have it now.* Upon that, knocking, and desiring to speak with the Master, up he came: *Sir,* says one, *we came hither about a Mathematical Business, to measure from your Window to the Ground: I have laid upon 13 Foot 9 Inches; my Friend on 13 Foot; and you are to be Judge, that I slip not this Line till he goes down to see whether from this Knot (shewing it him) which is just so much, it reaches the Ground.* The Vintner was content. The other Sharper being below in the Street, cry'd, *It did not reach by 11 Inches.* *Pray, Sir,* says he to the Vintner, *hold it here, till I step down and see; for I cannot believe him.* So down he went, telling the Drawer *he had paid his Master,* and away they both scower'd, leaving the String for their Reckoning.

A thrifty staid Batchelor in the County of *Kent*, took his Mother, being a Widow, to keep his House, and so they liv'd together; yet his Mother had a great Mind to see her Son married, telling him he would never be settled till he had a good Wife: But he usually answer'd his Mother, that he had no Mind to marry, and as long as he had her Company to look after his House, he was very well satisfy'd: But as continual dropping will make an Impression upon a Stone, so his Mother's frequent Solicitations made him at last have a Desire to marry, if he could light of a good Wife: This his Mother promis'd to hearken out for him; and in a little time she was as good as her Word, having heard of a young handsome Widow, and rich withal: To this Widow she takes her Son, who sees her and likes her; and she gives him leave to make his Addresses to her, with some Hopes of Success: In Prosecution of which Amour, he rises betimes one Morning, takes his Horse, and goes to make the young Widow a Visit; but she not expecting him so soon, he was surpriz'd to find her in Bed with another Man, as he did; but so as his Mistress had no knowledge of it; and so without speaking a Word he went away again, and rides directly to his Sister's, to make his Complaint of his ill Luck to her, whose Husband he knew was gone a Journey forty Miles beyond *London* the Day before: When he came to his Sister's, he finds the Door open, and so goes into the Kitchen, but seeing no Body there, he goes to the Parlour where she lay, and the Door

standing a-jar, (as we say in the Country) he peeps in, and sees a Man in Bed with his Sister, doing Business there ; he was once about going in, but Shame and Grief prevented him ; and so shutting the Door, away he goes from thence, and rides to *Maidstone*, where meeting with several of his Acquaintance, he falls a drinking to drive Care away, if he could ; and stays there till Twelve o'Clock at Night ; but says nothing to any one of what he had seen that Morning, either with respect to his Sweet-heart, or his Sister. Being come home, he finds the Family all in Bed ; and being unwilling to disturb them, puts his Horse to Grass, and gets into the Barn, and lays himself down upon the Straw, and being weary, and having drank hard, falls fast asleep till Morning. At which time the Thresher comes into the Barn, and falls to threshing as hard as he could ; but did not see him. About an Hour after, comes in his Mother, with a Tankard of Ale, and a Toast and Cheese, which the Thresher and she eat and drank together, and afterwards he laid her upon the Straw, and there gave her what she wanted : The Son being a Witness of this, was so troubled he was like a Man distracted ; but still kept himself private. At last the Thresher going out of the Barn about some Business, he steps out, and goes into the House, as if but new come home, and sits himself down by the Fire-side in a melancholy Posture ; whereupon his Mother asks him what's the Matter ? He falls a railing upon Women at a great rate : She desires to know the Occasion, and asks him whether his Mistress was not kind to him ? He replies, No ; but he
had

had seen her very kind to somebody else ; and then tells her, he had seen her a Bed with another Man : At this the Mother call'd her a hundred Whores, and seem'd very glad that he had discover'd it ; and told him he had no reason to be troubled for that, as long as it was found out ; and that she wou'd provide a better Wife for him, for she wou'dn't for ever so much have a Whore in their Family, which had always kept itself unspotted. The Son then told her that wan't all his Trouble, for there was something else that was worse, troubled him ; and his Mother being very solicitous to know what it was, he told her, That riding to see his Sister, he had found a Man in Bed with her, his Brother being gone beyond London : Out upon her, for a Whore, cries the Mother, to bring our Family into Disgrace thus ! Well, I'll never own her for my Daughter more ; with many other Words to the same Purpose. Then the Son told her, that wan't all his Trouble neither ; *for coming home early this Morning (says he) from Maidstone, and being loth to disturb you, I turn'd my Horse to Grass, and went into the Barn, and fell asleep upon the Straw ; and about eight o'Clock I saw you come in with a Toast and Ale to the Thresher, which you and he drank up together ; and then he laid you down upon the Straw, and you know what he did there as well as I can tell you. And did you see that too ?* says his Mother. *Yes, that I did,* said he. *Well then,* says she, *go your ways and marry your Sweet-heart, and make no Words on't ; for I tell you, they'll all do't, they'll all do't, as soon as they have Time and Opportunity.*
This

*This justifies the Proverb, Still the worst
 And greatest Whore of all, will cry Whore first:
 And when she's caught, and most of all put to't,
 She pleads for an Excuse, They all will do't.
 If that be true, what shall a Man say more?
 If all will do't, then every one's a Whore.
 But you will say, All to condemn 'tis hard;
 Those that are honest ought to have regard;
 With all my Heart; to that I'll say Amen:
 But if they'll all do't, Pray who's honest then?*

A Country Man that liv'd near Sittenburn, had a Wife that was always out of Order, and never well (which had reduc'd the poor Man to a very low Condition.) Once she perswaded her Husband (who was a very ignorant Man) to carry her Water to a Doctor new come into those Parts, of great Reputation for many remarkable Cures said to be by him perform'd. Accordingly the Husband goes one Morning with her Water, and being had into a Room where he was, Goodmorrow to your Worship, Master Confusion, says he. Physician, thou woud'st say, said the Doctor. Truly, said the Country Man, I am no Schollard, but altogether unrude and ingrum; and my Wife having piss'd in a Pottle Pot, I have brought it to your Doctorship, beseeching you to taste her Water. So the Doctor took the Water and put it into an Urinal, and having view'd it, he said, My Friend, I find thy Wife is very weak. I found that my self long ago, said the Country Man, for I have kept a Wench this Quarter of a Year, to lead her up and down the House; I did not bring her Water to know that. Was you ever with a Doctor before?

before? says the Physician. Yes, indeed, Sir, says he, with many a one to my Cost. What did they tell you her Distemper was? says the Doctor. Truly, they tell me she is in a Presumption. Consumption, thou should'st say, said the Doctor. I told you before, said the Countryman, I didn't understand your allegant Speeches; but I believe you'n't speak true enough; for she has well nigh consum'd all that ever I had. Well, said the Doctor, but does she keep her Bed? No truly, Sir, said the Country Man, for being hard put to it for Money, I was fain to sell her Bed a Fortnight ago. Is not she very costive? said the Doctor. Costly, says the Country Man; your Worship's in the right on't there, indeed; for she has cost me all that I have upon her already. Said the Doctor, You mistake me, Friend, I don't say Costly, but Costive; I mean, is she loose or bound? Indeed, Sir, said the Country Man, she is bound to me during Term of Life; and I'm bound to her too, the more's my Sorrow. Ay, but prithee, says the Doctor, tell me plainly, how does she go to Stool? Just as she goes to Chair, Sir, says he; I am fain to have one to lead her. Pshaw! says the Doctor, thou dost not apprehend me yet; I see I must be plain, to make you understand; how does she go to Shit? Why, truly, Sir, says he, as other Folks do, the backward way; she has a free Passage behind still. But I mean, says the Doctor, (almost angry) is it thick or thin? O, as to that, says he, in the Morning 'tis so thick you may cut it with a Knife; and at Night 'tis so thin, your Worship may eat it with a Spoon.

Altho' the Clown and Doctor disagree,

Both Fool and Knave the one and th' other be.

IN

IN *Leicestershire*, not many Years ago, there was a certain Brother of the Society of Prince *Crispin* (who was very well known for his Accuracy in the Gentle Craft) that us'd to travel in the Country with *St. Hugh's Bones* at his Back, and would leave them as an Earnest where-ever he had a Mind to go to Work ; which in regard of his being so good a Workman, was never refus'd him. One Day this Spark had been drinking hard, and so took up his Quarters at an Inn that stood alone, not many Miles from *Hinckley*, and, being a good Customer to the House, had a good Lodging provided him, and so went to Bed betimes. It so fell out, that after he had been a bed some time, they had several Guests came to the Inn which took up all their Lodgings, so that a Parson coming in very late, they had no room to lodge him : The Parson rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bedfellow ; but there was none that car'd to be disturb'd at that time of Night but the aforesaid Shoe-maker, who was well enough pleas'd with the Honour of having such a Bedfellow : Matters being thus accommodated, and the Parson a bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Day's Journey : But the Shoemaker (having slept well before) had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief : And seeing the Parson had a great deal of Money in his Pockets, (which he pull'd out upon the Occasion of paying for a Pot which he call'd for to make his Bedfellow drink) he was contriving how to change Breeches with him,

him, well knowing his own Pockets were empty of that precious Metal. And after having resolv'd what he wou'd do, he gets up at the dawning of the Day, and puts on, not only the Parson's Breeches, but also all his Sacerdotal Garments, finding they fitted him very well: And being rigg'd in those sacred Habiliments, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Ostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse: Now the Ostler being newly come, was not acquainted with the Shoe-maker, as the other Servants were, and therefore might with him the more easily pass for the Parson. The Ostler having brought him his Boots, ask'd him what Corn his Horse must have? He told him half a Peck of Oats; which was accordingly given him; and *St. Hugh* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them. But in the mean time, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd to pay; and was answer'd he had paid all last Night but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn, he was very much in haste to be gone; but the Ostler asking him what o'Clock it was by his Watch, (which he saw the Parson pull out the Night before) it put the Shoe-maker to a little stand, not having so far examin'd his Pockets as to know whether he had one or no; and therefore being loth to make a vain Essay, he answer'd that his Watch was down; and so got upon his Horse, and giving the Hostler a Shilling, rid away as fast as he could; and it being Summer Weather, he had a long Day before him. After he had rid a considerable way, he examines his Pockets, and finds in 'em six Guineas, four Pounds.

Pounds odd Money in Silver, and a very good Watch; and having found himself so well provided, he rid away the more merrily, resolving to live well as long as that lasted. But let us return to the true Parson, whom he left fast asleep in his Bed: About seven in the Morning, it being in *June*, the Parson awakes, and going to bid his Bed-fellow Good-morrow, he soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he had flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing there but some old Cloaths, which he suppos'd to belong to his Bedfellow: Whereupon he calls for some Body to come up; but the Servants, who suppos'd it to be only the Shoemaker, ask'd what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him quiet: This vex'd the Minister, and made him knock the harder; which made the Chamberlain come up, and threaten to thrash his Sides if he wou'd not be quiet: The Minister wondering at this rude Treatment, ask'd where was his Cloaths? The Chamberlain (still taking him for St. Hugh) reply'd, *Where the Plague shou'd they be, but upon the Chair, where you left 'em? Who the Devil d'ye think wou'd meddle with your Cloaths? They an't so much worth I'm sure, you need not fear any body's stealing 'em: The Man's mad, I think,* replies the Parson: *D'ye know who you speak to? Speak to,* says the Fellow; *Yes, sure, I think I do: If you did, you'd use better Words,* says the Parson: *Better Words!* says the Man, *my Words are good enough for a drunken Shoemaker! Shoemaker!* says the Parson; *I'm none of the Shoemaker, I am the Minister that came in here*

here last Night : The Devil you are, replies the Chamberlain ; *I'm sure the Minister went away soon after three o'Clock this Morning.* With that the Minister gets out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain, *Sirrah,* says he, *bring me my Cloaths, and my Money, and my Watch, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs :* With this Noise and Scuffle comes up the Master of the Inn, and some other of the Servants ; who presently knew that was none of the Shoemaker ; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that *St. Hugh* had made an Exchange with him. Whereupon the Master of the Inn furnish'd the Parson with a Suit of his own, and Money to bear his Charges, till they could hear what was become of the Shoemaker.

Two young Gentlemen, that lately came from *Bristol*, took a Lodging in *St. John's Square*, where they had not long been, e're they were both passionately in Love, one with the Landlady, the other with a Maiden Gentlewoman, a Lodger in the same House ; to whom Nature had been so bountiful, that they had Charms sufficient to have mov'd a *Stoick*. The Enamourato's, being true Friends, gave each other an Account of their Passion, and promised mutual Assistance in their Amours. Whereupon they resolv'd that Night to begin their Siege, and vigorously attack their Mistresses : At their first Approach, they discharg'd a Volley of Rhetorical Compliments with such Success, that they got within the Lines of Communication ; notwithstanding which, the Gentlewomen

women still made a brave Defence, and forc'd the Enemy to retreat, by firing their great Guns from the Fortrefs of Honour. The Besiegers finding the Strength and Courage of the Belieged to be much greater than they expected, resolv'd to bombard 'em with half a Dozen Bottles, with which they soon set Fire to the Castle of Chastity : Whereupon the Landlady surrenders, and puts her Lover in Possession of the Hornwork ; but the Maid capitulates with Kisses. Now there was nothing wanting to compleat their Enjoyment, but the Absence of the Husband, who was naturally of a rambling Humour ; to accomplish which, he that was in League with the Landlady, writes a Letter to his Friends in *Bristol*, giving them an Account of the extraordinary Kindness of his Landlord ; the next Post he receiv'd an Answer, returning the Landlord many Thanks for his Kindness, with an Invitation to come to pass a Month or two with them ; which he accepted : This the Landlady and her Gallant conceal'd from the other, designing to give him an Opportunity to enjoy his Mistress by a Disappointment, which was thus : In the Morning, the two Gentlemen being in Bed, he that was to manage the Intrigue, said, *This Night my Lady has promis'd to admit me to her Arms, provided I can get some Person to lye with her Husband ; whom she says, sleeps so sound, that tho' a Drum were beat in the Room it will not wake him ; which Kindness, my dear Friend, I must desire of you.* This, with much Reluctancy, he consented to ; and when the Time came, putting off his Cloaths in another Room, he went to Bed to his suppos'd Landlord,

Landlord, who he thought was fast asleep. But he had not been in Bed long e're his Female-bedfellow turn'd to him, and almost smother'd him with Kisses, which he endeavour'd to avoid as much as possible. The young Lady, being thus disappointed of her Expectations, turn'd from him, and lay still all the Night after. In the Morning the pleas'd Landlady came into the Chamber, and awaking them, smilingly said to the Lady, *Look, Husband, what a Bedfellow you have got.* At which the Gentleman stepped out of the Bed, and was hastily going away, but she stop'd him, saying, *Since you will not look, pray, Sir, do you see what a Bedfellow you have had to Night;* so turning his Head, he saw 'twas the Lady he so passionately lov'd; at which he was struck with great Shame and Confusion; however, the Landlady withdrew, and left them to taste those Pleasures she before had surfeited on.

THERE lived at *Rotterdam* in *Holland*, one *Van Dike*, a Person of no small Fortune, and having great Correspondencies in *England* and *Spain*, by means of several successful Voyages he had made thither, he gain'd great Riches; but Fortune soon chang'd, for about two Years after he was marry'd, he fell into such a poor Condition, that he could scarcely get enough to subsist on. His chief Losses came from a Ship, in which was the greatest Part of his Estate, which by means of a Tempest was cast away upon the Coast of *England*. This Misfortune was follow'd by many others, so that poor *Van Dike* saw himself reduc'd to the lowest Ebb that
could

could be: However nothing could shake his Courage, nor the generous Resolution of his Wife *Johanna*, for the Constancy of both was very remarkable; and tho' Chance had reduc'd them to a mean Condition, yet Nature was prodigal in bestowing all that was beautiful and lovely on her, which occasion'd many Persons of the best Quality in *Rotterdam*, to address her with all the amorous Rhetorick they were able, all which she universally despis'd; in which *Van Dike* saw himself happy in his Misfortunes, and esteem'd her as she deserv'd. Amongst those that shew'd her most Affection, and gave her greatest Proof of it, was one *Forbean* a Lawyer, who came of a very good Stock, and had as well by his Birth as Practice got a good Estate; but notwithstanding all his most passionate Addresses, her admirable Chastity was such, he could not obtain his Desire. *Johanna* conceal'd their Importunities all this while from her Husband; but perceiving their Impudence to increase, she resolv'd no longer to forbear, but to let her Husband know of it, whereupon one Night she discover'd the whole Matter to him. To which he lent a very attentive Ear, knowing that his Wife had so much Love and Affection for him, that she wou'd never deceive him; to which he made her this Answer, *My Dear, I know not how to recompense thee for thy great Love and Fidelity to me; yet nevertheless you see how miserably we are tormented with Poverty; wherefore I would advise you to pretend to satisfy Forbean's Desires, provided he'll give you a considerable Sum of Money; and let me alone for the rest, I'll find a way to disentangle*

gle myself, and be rid of him. Whereupon *Johanna* began to treat *Forbean* with more than usual Respect, which made him very joyful, and thought it his best way to prosecute his Design with all the Vigour imaginable; which he did with that good Success, that in a little time she for 500 Crowns seemingly complies, and promises to meet him the next Day, in the Street near his House. The time being come, *Forbean* meets his fair Mistress, who told him her Husband was gone to *Amsterdam*, and would not return in ten Days. *Forbean*, who burnt in his own Flame, gave her a Purse full of Gold, and immediately comes to her Lodgings, where *Van Dike* had hid himself, in order to the finishing of his Enterprize. They were no sooner enter'd, but the Lawyer began to undress himself; which *Van Dike* perceiving, came with a Club and discharged it on his Head, repeating his Blows till he had kill'd him. *Johanna* not expecting this, was very much astonish'd to see him dead; but her Husband desired her not to trouble herself, for he would take care no Body should know he kill'd him. So bidding her go to Bed, he takes the dead Lawyer on his Back, and carries him into the House of Office belonging to *Forbean's* Lodgings, and so plac'd him on the Seat, that whosoever should come in there, would conclude that he died in this Place and Posture. It happen'd that a Confident of his, whom he had acquainted with the whole Intrigue, rising at Midnight by reason of the Gripes, and coming to the same Place to ease himself, perceiving it was taken up by *Forbean*, waited some time, but seeing

seeing that he came not out, he goes to him, pulling him by the Sleeve, which made the Corpse fall down at his Feet. At this he was much surpriz'd, and doubted that he had been betray'd to *Van Dike*, whom he knew to be very desperate. Wherefore for fear he should be accused for the Murder, being seen to rise, he takes up the Corpse, and plac'd it upright at *Van Dike's* Door; and then return'd to his Lodging. *Johanna* by chance too, thro' default of Nature, would go out of Doors, it being Midnight; she had no sooner open'd the Door, but to her Astonishment in fell the dead Body; she cries out to her Husband, *that the Lawyer was come again*: upon which he takes him up in haste, and bids her not be troubl'd, *for he would carry him so far now that he should never find his way back again*: As he was carrying him towards the River, he heard a great Noise, which struck him with Fear, so he stood up close that he might see and shun them that he heard coming, which prov'd to be some Night Adventurers, who were just come from stealing two Flitches of Bacon from a Baker; as these Fellows pass'd along, *Van Dike* heard them say, There was a Man drew good Wine in that Street, and they wou'd leave the Bacon in the Descent of a Cellar hard by, and see if they can make him rise: *Van Dike* having observ'd all this, resolves to exchange his Burden for the Bacon; so taking the Bacon out of the Sack, he put in the Lawyer, and immediately returns to his House; where he finds his Wife up, who was much affrighted when she perceiv'd something at his Back, fearing he could
not

not get rid of the dead Corpse ; but he quickly appears'd her, when he shew'd her the Bacon, and gave her an Account of this Adventure. The Thieves got Admittance at the Tavern, where they drank plentifully, and told the Vintner they had got a Quantity of Bacon to sell him, out of which they wou'd pay the Reckoning ; the Vintner desir'd to see it, *for he would not buy a Pig in a Poke* : Whereupon one of them goes and fetches the Sack ; which was no sooner open'd, but the Vintner sees poor *Forbean's* Head peeping out, whom he knew very well ; whereupon he cries, *Oh Villains ! What have you done ? You have murder'd my Neighbour Forbean, and would sell him to me for Bacon.* The Thieves were astonish'd, but desir'd the Vintner to be silent, *for they knew where they had the Booty, and that he might accuse them of Theft, but not of Murder ; however they would carry the Corpse back to the Place where they had it.* So being clear of the Vintner, they carry the Corpse to the Baker's House, and hang it up in the Place where they had taken the Bacon. The Baker having much Business, call'd his Man up early the next Morning, to go to the Mill ; but he swore he would have a Rasher of Bacon before he would stir a Foot, and immediately sets a Ladder up the Chimney, and being got to the top, both Lawyer, Servant, and Ladder fell to the Ground, and tumbled one upon another. The Baker and his Wife hearing the Noise, came running in, and seeing the Lawyer's Head peeping out of the Mouth of the Sack, was very much surpriz'd ; but recovering themselves, they concluded how to get rid of

of him : The Baker had a Colt that was never back'd, for which he sends his Man, and fastens the Lawyer on him, with Spurs to his Shoes : Thus equip'd, they led him into the Street, being a little before Day-light ; the Colt ran furiously away with him, and it happen'd that one of the Spurs struck into his Side, and being by a Well, he cast off his Rider into it, where he was never more heard of.

Diverting POEMS, EPIGRAMS, *and*
EPITAPHS.

On a Husband, whose Wife us'd to cuckold him.

From the *Latin* of VULTEIUS.

THE Husband found his Spouse lewd
Pranks had play'd,
And for the wanton Dame a Trap he
laid ;

Returning late one Night, with silent Pace,
He found a Stranger had usurp'd his Pace ;
His Sword he drew, of Arms bereft his Wife,
Her Minion's Legs compounded for his Life.
But why this Rage on guiltless Members shown ?
The Part that injur'd, should the Crime atone.

MAR-

MARTIAL, Lib. iii. Epig. 85.

WHAT could, my Friend, your barb'rous
 Blade engage,
 On your Wife's Lover's guiltless Nose to rage?
 Fool that thou art! thy Spouse no Loss sustains;
 The guilty Part, that injur'd thee, remains.

JACK, eating rotten Cheese, did say,
 Like *Samson*, I my thousands slay:
 I vow, quoth *Roger*, so you do,
 And with the self-same Weapon too.

WHEN *Cloe's* Picture was to *Gloe* shown,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty, not
 her own,
 Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as *Cloe* never had;
 Ye Gods! she cries, in Exstasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art!
 Well! it is wond'rous like!--nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip,---the killing Eye!

Blunt and severe, as *Manly* in the Play,
Downright replies---Like, Madam, do you say!
 The Picture bears this Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvas painted is, and so are you.

*On a Gentleman drinking to the Health of
an unkind Mistress.*

WHY dost thou wish that she may live,
Whose living Beauties make thee grieve?
Thou would'st more wisely wish her kind,
That she may change her cruel Mind;
Thy present Wish can but this gain,
That she may live, and thou complain.

On great AFFLICTIONS.

ONE Comfort from the greatest Ills we gain,
The less can never give our Breast a Pain;
Distract our Thought, or discompose our Heart,
Or suffer Fate to throw a second Dart.

Just so, the martial Trumpet's weaker Sound,
The louder Noise of bursting Thunders drown'd,
Nor does the Stars expiring Light appear,
When the Day opens, and the Sun is near.

WHILE Bunters, attending the Archbishop's
Door,
Accosted each other with *Cheat, Bitch and*
Whore,
I noted the Drabs, and consid'ring the Place,
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted *his*
Grace.

Saving

Saving Advice to E——C——, on his
advertising a Third Volume of LET-
TERS.

C——L, let me advise you, whatever betides,
To let this Third Volume alone;
The Second's sufficient for all *our* Backsides,
So pray keep the Third for your *own*.

On the POPE's Arms.

THE holy Father bears two Keys;
As Papiſts tell the Story,
One opens Heav'n, the other frees
Sad Souls from Purgatory:

But both, as Hereticks aſſert,
Keep nothing but the Store,
Which he obtains by that ſhrewd Jeſt
Of op'ning Heaven's Door.

*On a young Lady's refuſing to ſhew her
HAND.*

NO Argument cou'd *Celia* move,
With ſtrong Reluctance ſtill ſhe ſtrove
Her lovely Hand to hide;
The Caſe is plain, ſhe was afraid,
That, plac'd in View, it might be ſaid,
'Twas by her *Hand* they dy'd.

ON CHRISTMAS.

O Blessed Season ! lov'd by Saints and Sinners,
 For long Devotions, or for longer Dinners ;
 More grateful still to those who deal in Books,
 Now not with Readers, but with Pastry-cooks :
 Learn'd Works, despis'd by those to Merit blind,
 By these well-weigh'd, their certain Value find :
 Bless'd Lot of Paper, falsely called *waste*,
 To bear those Cates, which Authors seldom taste.

EPITAPH on a Blacksmith.

MY Sledge and Hammer lie declin'd,
 My Bellows have quite lost their *Wind*,
 My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
 My Vice is in the Dust all laid,
 My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,
 My Nails are drove, my Work is done,
 My fire-dry'd Corps lies here at Rest,
 My Soul, Smoak-like, is soaring to be blest.

To SALLY, at the Chop-House behind the
 Royal Exchange.

DEAR Sally, Emblem of thy Chop-house
 Ware,
 As Broth reviving, and as white Bread fair ;
 As Small-beer grateful, and as Pepper strong ;
 As Beef-steak tender, as fresh Pot-herbs young ;
 As sharp as Knife, and piercing as a Fork ;
 Soft as new Butter, white as fairest Pork ;

Sweet

Sweet as young Mutton, brisk as bottled Beer }
 Smooth as is Oil, juicy as Cucumber, }
 And bright as Cruitt void of Vinegar. }

O Sally! could I turn and shift my Love,
 With the same Skill that you your Steaks can
 move,
 My Heart, thus cook'd, might prove a Chop-
 house Feast,
 And you, alone, should be the welcome Guest.

But, dearest Sal! the Flames that you in-
 part,
 Like Chop on Grid-iron, broil my tender Heart!
 Which, if thy kindly helping Hand be n't nigh,
 Must, like an unturn'd Chop, hiss, burn, and fry;
 And must at least, thou Scorcher of my Soul,
 Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd Coal.

*On a Maid meeting with a Misfortune in
 Greenwich-Park.*

WHILST *Sylvia*, dress'd in Sunday Cloaths,
 Attracts the Eyes of *Greenwich* Beaus;
 Within the Park's delightful Grove,
 Which oft has been the Scene of Love,
 Beneath her Coats a gaudy Thing
 Flutter'd a while, then fix'd a Sting.
 The Nymph complain'd she was not well,
 And quickly found the Part to swell;
 Yet this is but of little Moment,
 The Danger lay in what might come on't,
 From Prudes who tell it thro' the Town,
 And add much Fiction of their own:

From hence, without the least Occasion,
The Fair may lose her Reputation.
I therefore, anxious of her Fame,
Will tell the Truth, these Fiends to shame,
Who make such Pother with a Jest,
A silly Wasp mistook her Nest.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will
come,
Knock as you please, there's no Body at
Home.

OUR Fathers took Oaths, as of old they
took Wives,
To have and to hold for the Term of their Lives:
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our
Ease;
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they
please.

EPITAPH on a Miser married to a Coquette.

HERE resteth *John*, 'midst other Clay, }
Who heap'd up Riches ev'ry Day, }
Yet never gave one Doit away;
Parted with nothing all his Life,
But what in common was—his Wife.

BRUSH says, I publish jingling Rhymes,
And all my Verses sound like Chimes:
One

One Line he quoted from my Song,
 And cry'd, "Here goes *ding dong a dong*."
 Still let him give me such Dispraise,
 I'll say no more than Proverb says:
As noisy Bells in Steeples clink,
So noisy Fools will often think.

On a stingy BEAU.

CURIO's rich Side-board seldom sees the
 Light,
 Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
 His Knives and Spoons, all rang'd in even Rows,
 No Hands molest, or Fingers discompose:
 A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
 For ever still; whose Flyers never fly:
 His Plates unsully'd, shining on the Shelf;
 For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.

WHEN first I gaz'd on *Cloe's* Face,
 And saw each killing Eye,
 I thought 'twas Heav'n—and so it was:
 But not for such as I.

Hardship put upon LADIES.

POOOR Ladies! tho' their *Bus'ness* be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy *Night* and *Day*:
 Why shou'd they want the Privilege of Men,
 And take some small *Diversions*, now and then?

Had Women been the Makers of our Laws,
 (And why they were not, I can see no Cause) • •
 The Men shou'd *slave* at *Cards* from Morn to
 Night,
 And Female Pleasure be to *read* and *write*.

On C. du Vall the Highwayman.

HERE comes *Du Vall*; Stranger, if Male
 thou art,
 Look to thy Purse; if Female, to thy Heart;
 Much Havock he has made in both; for all
 The *Men* he makes to stand; the *Women* fall.

WOMEN.

A Woman is a *Book*, and often found
 To prove far better in the *Sheets*, than
bound;
 No wonder then, some Students take Delight,
 Above all Things, to *study* in the *Night*.

S O N G.

The Tune, Still be's the Man.

WHEN a Maiden of Forty is laid on her
 Back,
 Oh! how does she seem?
 She pants, and she heaves, and seems pleas'd,
 but a lack,
 All is but a Dream:

She

She opens her Legs, and her Motions are good,
 How warm is her Fancy, and hot is her Blood?
 But with stirring when once she's awake,
 Oh! — what a Mistake!

When e're she awakes she cries out to her
 Maid,

Oh! where have I been?

Go *Patty* and see where it is that I laid,

My pretty Machine;

Bring it hither and give me a sensible Stroke,
 For I've had such a Dream as a Saint would
 provoke,

Go *Huzzy*, why don't you bring —

Ah! — what a poor Thing!

Miss JENNY and her Bird. A Tale.

MISS *Jenny* innocent and gay,
 A Girl about Fourteen;
 Extremely wanton, full of Play,
 And of a graceful Mien.

One Day a Bird's-nesting was got
 Into so dark a Wood,
 No Beam of Light e're through it shot,
 Or penetrate it cou'd.

Young *Collin* too by chance was there,
 An artful cunning Swain,
 Ne'er wanted Wile to catch the Fair
 And ease a Lover's Pain,

Long had he cast a wishful Eye
On pretty little Miss,
But cou'd not find, tho' ne'er so fly,
So fit a time as this.

Miss heard a rustling 'mong the Leaves
Which put her in a Fright,
A Man at distance she perceives
And then she squalls out-right.

Says *Collin*, dissipate your Fear,
And banish it your Breast,
'Tis only I, Miss, I my Dear,
I'll help you find a Nest.

And is it only you ? says she,
Why then my Fear I'll quit ;
Indeed at first you frighted me
Almost into a Fit.

Do, help me *Collin*, dear now do,
I know that you can climb,
I vow I'll do as much for you
At any other Time.

He strips himself, and in this Wood
He mounts the tallest Tree,
Miss underneath it gaping stood
Tho' nothing she could see.

A little Time when he'd been there
He thought it best to bawl,
Says he, I've got a Nest of Hair,
One Young one, and that's all.

Come

Come quickly then, the Girl reply'd,
 Make haste and bring it down;
 He clung, and down the Tree did slide
 As fast as if he'd flown.

And is it mighty pert? says she:
 Says he, indeed it is,
 As brisk and pert as any Bee,
 But I must have a Kiss.

Why take it then, young *Jenny* said,
 But then upon my Word,
 As sure as I've my Maidenhead
 You must give me the Bird.

The Youth, all Complaisance, obey'd
 The pretty one's Command;
 He squeez'd, and gently kiss'd the Maid,
 And clapp'd it in her Hand.

Alarm'd she was, and fear'd the Touch,
 She sighing gave a Start,
 Alas! says she, I've felt too much,
 I feel it at my Heart.

The mossy, slipp'ry Ground was dry,
 In starting back she reels,
 A little Bramble that was nigh
 Tript up her tottering Heels.

Young *Collin* saw the Accident
 That happen'd by the Briar,
 And stepping forward, to her went,
 And softly lay down by her.

At first he thought the pretty Maid
 (By speaking ne'er a Word)
 Was hurt, but soon she sigh'd and said,
 Pray where's the little Bird?

Here, here it is, reply'd the Swain,
 Don't anger or provoke it;
 Let's see your pretty Hand again,
 And with it gently stroke it.

I do, says she, Lord how it pants,
 I fear it is in Fits;
 I'm sure there's something that it wants,
 It's angry; how it spits!

No, no, the Youth reply'd again,
 What now you do, must please;
 I know it was before in Pain
 But now you give it Ease.

Thus chatting, toying on the Ground
 Some little Time they lay;
 Then Jenny told him she had found
 Another kind of Play.

Says she, I'll tell you what we'll do;
 I'll make it swell and rage,
 I'll stroke it once again, then you
 Shall put it in a Cage.

With that he nigher — closer came,
 Than he had done to Day,
 Says she, how cunning and how tame,
 And how it knows the Way?

Oh Lord he grows too big I fear,
 Oh Collin? — don't — I wonder —
 How can you let him — closer Dear —
 He tears me quite afunder.

Oh Collin, what must I do now?
 Just as I'd got him in,
 He's burst, and nothing left I vow,
 Except a Bit of Skin.

My Fair One, cries the am'rous Swain,
 Pray let not Grief or Sorrow
 Torment my Dear, we'll come again
 And catch him here to Morrow.

Miss Jenny ne'er a Word reply'd
 But sigh'd and made her Moan,
 She wrang her Hands, and blush'd, and cry'd,
 Because her Bird was flown.

The BITE, a Dream; the Words from
 SPENCER.

WAnton I was when I was young
 Did not distinguish Right from Wrong;
 A very amorous He:
 Black, brown or fair, or rich or poor,
 Or tall or short, if but a Whore,
 She was a Girl for me.

One Night with eating Lobsters stew'd.
 And other such luxurious Food,
 I was so rampant fed;

There

There was no waiting for that fame,
 I sent for *Chloe*, when she came
We both got into Bed.

The Jade was handsome, but her Mind
 So strongly was to Vice inclin'd,
 'Twas rooted much too deep,
 I grop'd and handled all her Ruff,
 And well indeed I work'd her Buff,
 And then I dropp'd asleep.

Some People ridicule the Theme,
 But sure I had the oddest Dream
 Let them say what they please:
 I dream'd that little Urchin Elf,
Cupid, was playing with myself,
 Among some Hives of Bees.

The arch young Dog methought look'd wile,
 When friendly thus he gave Advice ;
 Says he as I'm alive,
 Honey I'm sure you never eat
 So finely flavour'd, half so sweet,
 As is in yonder Hive.

I thinking not of any Harm,
 Up to my Elbow thrust my Arm,
 To prove what he did say ;
 When straight a Swarm about me hung,
 I bawl'd aloud I was so stung,
 He laugh'd and flew away.

I wak'd in Agony and Pain,
 And could not get to Sleep again
 Thinking of this Mishap ;

I took the Chamber-pot to piss,
And then too late I found that Miss
Had given me a Clap.

Miss Frighted, and her Mother's Revenge,
A Tale.

A Prude who in the City dwelt,
But one who oft in secret felt
The strongest Inclination;
Tho', if 'tis true what Story says,
She us'd Variety of Ways
To gratify that Passion.

But for all that she'd rail at Whores,
Call 'em the worst of evil Doers
Which Nature e'er gave Birth;
Say to be stripp'd, and whipt they ought,
And crucify'd, and suffer'd not
To live upon the Earth.

To Godliness her greatest Bent,
To Meeting constantly she went,
In so devout a Station;
Prodigious Numbers she wou'd quote
Of Texts 'gainst Sin she'd got by Rote,
But chiefly Fornication.

One Child she had, as I've been told,
A Girl of six or seven Years old,
Which she had taught its Part;
Dad's Sayings, godly and wise,
The whole Assembly's Catechize
She'd learn'd it all by Heart.

Thomas

Thomas the Footman was at piss,
 One Day by chance as little Miss
 Was standing near the Wight;
 The Child was looking earnestly,
 And stedfastly she fix'd her Eye,
 As pleas'd with such a Sight.

Susan the Chambermaid pass'd by,
 A tempting Girl, but very shy,
 And one whom *Thomas* woo'd;
 What in his Hand before seem'd dead
 Perk'd up immediately its Head,
 And levell'd at her stood.

Miss, frighted quite out of her Wits,
 Ran to Mamma, and fell in Fits;
 Lord! what a Rout was made?
 Her Mother shriek'd, and stamp'd, and squawl'd,
 Each Servant in the House was call'd,
 But *Thomas* hid his Head.

The Salts, and Hartshorn Drops were brought,
 And every thing that could be thought
 To do her any good;
 They wipe the Sweat from off her Face,
 And give her Air, and cut her Lace,
 Some call'd to let her Blood.

While all this mighty Bustle pass'd,
 They brought her to her self at last,
 Thus ended all this Wherrit;
 Mamma gave her a Glass of Water,
 And ask'd her what had been the Matter;
 She said she'd seen a Spirit.

Says she, Mamma, as I did stand,
Thomas had something in his Hand
 No bigger than a Mouse;
 But as I stood intently peeping,
 That which before to me seem'd sleeping,
 Began at once to rouse.

He grew, from being mighty thin,
 As big as *Mary's* Rowling Pin;
 So large I'm sure it grew:
 It came, when first I saw it there,
 Out of a Leathern Bag of Hair,
 Indeed Mamma 'tis true.

The Mother flew into a Rage,
 Which nothing hardly cou'd assuage,
 Says she this shall not pass:
 Call here the Booby, I will see
 Which shall be Master, I or he,
 I will see what it was.

They run and open every Door,
 And search the Rooms on every Floor,
 They look in all the Holes:
 With searching long, at last they found
 The poor Offender under Ground,
 Lain hid among the Coals.

They lugg'd and tugg'd him thence away
 Into the Room where Madam lay;
 When gotten there, says she,
 Now all the rest away, — be gone,
 And leave the Villain here alone,
 The Rogue to deal with me.

Away

Away in Haste went all the rest,
Then Madam thus herself express'd,
Ar'n't you a pretty Youth?
Then in a softer Tone, and mild,
Says she, what was't you shew'd the Child?
I will have out the Truth.

Thomas asham'd hung down his Head,
And looking very simply said,
Your Servant here engages;
That if he ever does so more,
For 'twas an Accident before,
He'll forfeit all his Wages.

The Dame, who grew as red as Scarlet,
Out of my House this Minute, Varlet,
Most furiously reply'd;
Did you when you so sheepish look'd,
Think to appease me so provok'd,
Or that I'd be deny'd.

She clapp'd her Hands, stretch'd out her Arms,
And in her Wrath had many Charms,
Her Cheeks with Anger glow:
It gave such Motion to her Breast,
As rais'd Desires, which may be guess'd,
For 'twas as white as Snow.

What cou'd poor *Thomas* then expect?
Those powerful Charms must take Effect,
And the Event was this:
Amidst her mighty angry Speeches,
Out pops (it having burst his Breeches)
The Ghost which frightened Miss,

What

What cou'd he then, poor Fellow, say ?
He turn'd his Head another Way,

She furiously at last,
Got up, and never made a Stand,
But grasp'd it in her snowy Hand,
And there she held it fast.

Says she, for all this Impudence,
I'll have you under no Pretence

Stir out of this my Sight ;
But here I'll keep you all the Day,
Nor shall I let you go away,
But punish you at Night.

Thus she concluded, and I find
She kept him till at last he pin'd,
Tho' all her Art she try'd ;
Whether she made him fast and pray,
Or us'd him in another Way,
The Fellow quickly dy'd.

The simple Wretch I believe was scar'd,
Or he would better much have far'd,
Not made so poor an Ending ;
But I, would *Molly* so incline,
To punish every Fault of mine,
Should always be offending.

*The Pepper'd Parson. A Tale ; the
Tune, Which Nobody can deny.*

A Countryman met with the foulest Mishap,
He came up to *London* to see for a Chap ;
Before he went down again got a fine Clap.
Which Nobody, &c.

When home he return'd, he call'd out for his
 Dame,
 She was not so far off, but she instantly came;
 He hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, and gave her
 that same,

In a Day or two after the Parson came by,
 Who was noted for guzzling, and Jokes that
 were dry,
 He lov'd a Tit bit, but was cunning and sly,
 She call'd him up Stairs, said her Husband
 was out,
 And simper'd, and smil'd; he no longer in
 doubt
 What she wanted, he shew'd himself able, and
 stout,

The Weather was hot, and her Itching was
 great,
 They work'd themselves into such Ferment and
 Heat,
 His Cassock was quite wetted through with the
 Sweat,

When they'd done they got up, and the
 amorous She,
 Gave the Doctor a Kiss at their parting, but he
 Little thought he'd been pepper'd to such a
 Degree.

The Parson ne'er minded it for sev'ral Days,
 But still he went on in his old wicked Ways,
 And Roger'd a Dozen, or two of that Place.

By

By this Means it spread itself just like a Rot,
 Two Thirds of the Parish infected were
 thought,
 Which caus'd a Report that the Plague they
 had got.

Sue gave it to *Roger*, and *Roger* to *Dolly*,
 And *Dolly* to *Thomas*, and *Thomas* to *Molly*,
 Foreach in their Turns had a Share of the Folly.

Thus a Month or two's Time, or somewhat
 more passes,
 The Lads whenever they met with their Lasses,
 All wonder'd to see one another make Faces.

The Parson, as cunning as any *Volpone*,
 Was gotten quite well, tho' he made such a
 Moan,
 And lamented himself in a sorrowful Tone.

For, at length, on a *Sunday* most cruelly vex'd,
 The Doctor in Body and Mind seem'd perplex'd,
 Drank three or four Drams, then open'd his Text.

The Liquor soon work'd, and got into his
 Head,
 And feigning some Pains, from his Subject he
 fled,
 And as drunken Folks do, he took Courage, and
 said,

Good People, I find, I am a little unhing'd,
 For I've found that of late I am horribly
 twing'd,
 And I verily believe I'm most damnably sing'd;
 With

With Curſes I mean not at preſent to throng ye,
Nor would I unjuſtly for all the World wrong ye,
But I verily believe that I got it among ye :

One need not the Cunning of *Reynard* the Fox,
To tell you *Pandora* has open'd her Box,
And boldly pronounce that you've all got the
Pox.

Your penitent Looks do declare that it's true,
Into how many Figures your Faces you ſcrew,
And the Women look pale, and are ready to
ſpew.

If to pox one another, you did ſo incline,
Oh ! could you not ſpare this Carcaſe of mine,
But poiſon your Vicar, your learned Divine :

I muſt own your Unkindneſs creates my Sur-
prize,
You ſee how many Sorrows and Griefs do ariſe,
By the Tears that are flowing now out of my
Eyes.

For ought I can find we muſt haſte, and be
quick,
For ſhould we not take it juſt now in the
Nick,
You may all loſe your Noſes, and I loſe my
P_____.

Theſe Words were ſo moving, ſo feeling they
ſeem,
The Men all rous'd up, as got out of a Dream,
And they ſigh, and the Women bawl out in a
Scream. But

But, says he, for your Comfort, you'll think
 that it odd is,
 Come down with your Guineas, and do not
 be Noddies,
 As well as your Souls, I will then cure your
 Bodies.

To wrap you up warm in your Blankets is fit,
 I must first give you something to make your-
 selves spit,
 Then finish your Cure by making you shit.

So down with your Dust, says the Parson, be
 wise ;
 They did so, and follow'd the Doctor's Advice,
 And went Home, and were very well cur'd in
 a Trice.

The Doctor he gave 'em such swinging large
 Doses,
 As not alone sav'd, and preserv'd all their Noses,
 But made the young Women look all fresh as Roses.

Now this for a Truth I can certainly tell,
 The most of these Girls came to *London* to dwell,
 And after this Bout sold their Maidenheads well.
Which Nobody, &c.

A Melancholy Case.

HOW can a Nobleman be base ?
 And use such vile and wicked Ways,
 To forfeit all his Honour ;
 First to entice a pretty Maid,
 And then forget whate're he said,
 When he had been upon her.

What

What has he not to *Nanny* told?
 And what not promis'd? How much Gold
 He'd give to please his Fancy;
 But now, alas, too late I find,
 'Twas out of Sight, and out of Mind,
 When he had done with *Nahcy*.

Methinks I see him now intreat,
 That I would let him do the Feat;
 How earnestly he begs?
 He'd give me all, he vow'd and swore,
 That he was worth, and ten Times more,
 To come between my Legs.

His Lordship promis'd very fair,
 When first we both together were,
 I did not fear discarding,
 When on a Couch he was so hot,
 And there my Maidenhead he got,
 And gave me ne'er a Farthing.

Tho' thus he's left me once a Maid,
 I would not have him be afraid,
 I'll ask for any Money:
 I don't impose so hard a Task;
 To come again is all I ask,
 And take a bit of C—.

If any Girl was in my Place,
 She'd think it was the hardest Case
 To be so vilely trapp'd;
 A Vessel full is ne'er laid by,
 But let to run until its dry,
 When once it has been tapp'd.

A Cure for Love; the Thought from
SPENCER.

A little *Cupid* slumbering lay
Upon his Mother's Lap,
One long and sultry Summer's Day,
He met with this Mishap :

A Bee about him flew by chance,
' And with its humming Voice,
He waken'd was as from a Trance,
And started at the Noise.

He rises up, and chafes and stares,
And thus in Anger spoke,
What Animal is that which dares
Disturb me, and provoke ?

To whom his Mother smiling said,
'Twixt earnest, and in jest,
Tho' you're so small, and little made,
Pray who is't can have Rest ?

Thou little bold mischievous Elf,
Who can their Peace procure ?
Nor Men below, nor *Jove's* great self,
Are from thy Tricks secure.

Then let this harmless Fly alone
Which is not much to blame ;
Or be yourself not quite so prone
To play your wanton Game.

'The Urchin under no Command,
 Would still the Bee pursue;
 And stretching out his little Hand
 He caught it as it flew.

Pleas'd with Revenge, he held it fast,
 Delighted with the Trick;
 But being grasp'd too hard at last
 It stung him to the Quick.

He cry'd and blubber'd with the Pain,
 His little Hands he wrung,
 And to his Mother did complain,
 While round her Neck he clung.

Concern'd she was to hear him cry,
 But yet conceal'd her Grief;
 She smil'd, for she could speedily
 Afford him quick Relief.

I told you so, you little Fool,
 Says she—— you're mighty wise;
 You never minded any Rule,
 Nor follow'd my Advice.

I hope, that since so hurt you are,
 And feel what 'tis to smart:
 Henceforward you will take more care,
 And not wound ev'ry Heart.

Think what it is to pine away
 With Anguish of the Mind;
 In Grief to languish Night and Day,
 And yet no Pity find.

A powerful Remedy she had
 To cure, and also please,
 For let the Smart be ne'er so bad,
 'Twould give immediate Ease.

She wrapt him in her Smock before,
 And had no sooner don't,
 But she anointed well the Sore,
 And bath'd him in her —

No Man I believe but would endure
 Some Pain a little Space,
 If he at last cou'd find for Cure,
 A Bath in such a Place.

He got no sooner well, but laugh'd,
 And play'd his wanton Part;
 He cull'd his Quiver for a Shaft,
 And struck me with the Dart.

The Anguish presently I found,
 And Remedy have none;
 Unless my fair One wash the Wound,
 Where *Venus* bath'd her Son.

The Careless Maid. A SONG,

WAlking through a shady Wood,
 Once I met a Country Lass,
 Found her Inclination good,
 By the Blushes on her Face.
 I address'd her,
 And caress'd her,
 Any Thing, all her Answer was.

First I gently squeeze'd her Hand,
 Then her pretty Bubbles prest;
 Said I was at her Command,
 If she would but grant the rest,
 My Intrusion,
 Caus'd Confusion,
 Any Thing, tho' she still confess'd.

Dearest, tender, pretty Creature,
 You my Passion must appease;
 Such as you were form'd by Nature,
 For our Comfort and our Ease,
 Oh! I want it,
 Will you grant it?
 Any Thing, dear Sir, what you please.

Here's a Place, whose thickest Shade,
 Skreen us will from ev'ry Eye,
 Seeming as on purpose made,
 Shall we in this Covert lie?
 Let us to it,
 Shall we do it?
 Any Thing, any where, what care I.

When our Transports all were over,
 And our Passions quite laid still,
 Now says I appoint your Lover,
 Says the Maid, by yonder Rill,
 I'll receive you,
 And I'll give you,
 Any Thing, at any Time, what you will.

SOME Masters and Misses all youthful
and gay,

Met together one Night, and sat in for to play ;
To *Crambo* they went, the Girls thought it best,
To speak ne'er a Word, but what rhym'd to
a Jest ;

Miss *Theddy* began, and cry'd aloud—*Nick*,
Miss *Nanny* she giggled and answer'd—a Trick ;
The Parson's Wife bawled out and said—Hunt,
At this they all shouted, and said you've don't ;
Another in Turn propos'd the Word Chuck,
Miss *Charlotte* she smiled, and answer'd, Good-
luck :

Thus rhyming and laughing, an Hour or two
lost,

They alter'd their Play, to what is't like most ?
Says one to the rest, it is like a Black Dog,
Says another, 'tis more by half like a Hog ;
I think, says a third, 'tis a Rod made of Birch,
No, no, says the Parson, 'tis more like a Church :
If I can judge right, says little Miss *Dye*,
'Tis much, very much, like a Gooseberry Pye ;
Miss *Nanny* she judg'd 'twas a Churn with a
Pole in't,

Miss *Katty* she said 'twas a Bush with a Hole in't ;
Master *Franky* then said, 'twas beautiful witty,
And all that Mankind call in Ladies most pretty ;
Cries *Tommy* aloud, you've hit it I say,
For I thought of the Ladies here present at Play.
To write on this Subject by Play-mates enjoyn'd,
And rather than bear the Fatigues of the Mind ;
To save all this Trouble, like most pretty Misses,
I chuse, at next Meeting, to give twenty Kisses.

*The last WILL of Mr. MATTHEW
A——Y, late Bed-maker and Sweeper
at CAMBRIDGE in NEW ENGLAND.*

TO my dear Wife,
My Joy and Life,
I freely now do give her
My whole Estate,
With all my Plate,
Being just about to leave her.

A Tub of Soap,
A long Cart Rope,
A Frying Pan and Kettle,
An Ashen Pail,
A Thrashing Flail,
An Iron Wedge and Beetle.

Two painted Chairs,
Nine Warden Pears,
A large old Dripping Platter,
The Bed of Hay,
On which I lay,
An old Sauce-Pan for Butter.

A little Mug,
A two Quart Jug,
A Bottle full of Brandy,
A Looking-Glass
To see your Face,
You'll find it very handy.

A Musket true,
As ever flew,
A Pound of Shot and Wallet,
A Leather Sash,
My Calabash,
My Powder-Horn and Bullets.

An old Sword Blade,
A Garden Spade,
A Hoe, a Rake, a Ladder,
A wooden Can,
A Close-Stool Pan,
A Glyster-Pipe and Bladder.

A greasy Hat,
My old Ram Cat,
A Yard and half of Linnen,
A Pot of Grease,
A Woollen Fleece,
In order for your spinning.

A small Tooth-Comb,
An Ashen Broom,
A Candlestick and Hatchet,
A Coverlid,
Strip'd down with Red,
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat,
A Tub of Fat,
A Book put out by *Banyan*,
Another Book
By *Robin Hook*,
A Skain or two of spun-Yarn.

An old black Muff,
 Some Garden Stuff,
 A Quantity of Borrage,
 Some Devil's Weed,
 And Burdock Seed,
 To season well your Porridge.

A Chafing Dish,
 With one Salt Fish
 If I am not mistaken,
 A Leg of Pork,
 A broken Fork,
 And half a Flich of Bacon.

A spinning Wheel,
 One Peck of Meal,
 A Knife without a Handle,
 A rusty Lamp,
 Two Quarts of Samp,
 And half a Tallow Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes,
 Two Oxen Tripes,
 An Oaken Dish well carved;
 My little Dog,
 And spotted Hog,
 With two young Pigs just starved.

This is my Store,
 I have no more,
 I heartily do give it,
 My Years are spun,
 My Days are done,
 And so I think to leave it.

*An EPISTLE from the Sweeper of the
College of Newhaven, Widower, to
the Relië of his Brother Sweeper of
Cambridge.*

Mistress A—y,
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle Dame,
Admit my Flame,
And grant me my Petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die
In pitiful Condition.

Before the News
Of your poor Spouse,
Had reach'd us at *New Haven*,
My dear Wife dy'd,
Who was my Bride,
In *Anno 87*.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our Hand, for I do
Boldly aver
A Widower
Is fittest for a Widow.

You may be sure
 'Tis not your Dower,
 I make this flowing Verse on;
 In these smooth Lays
 I only praise
 The Glories of your Person.

For the Whole that
 Was left by *Mat*.
 Fortune to me has granted,
 In equal Store,
 Nay, I've two more,
 What *Matthew* always wanted.

No Teeth, 'tis true,
 You have to shew,
 The Young think Teeth inviting,
 But silly Youths!
 I love those Mouths
 Where there's no fear of Biting.

A leaky Eye
 That's never dry,
 These woful Times is fitting,
 A wrinkled Face
 Adds solemn Grace,
 To Folks devout at Meeting.

Thus to go on,
 I could pen down
 Your Charms from Head to Foot,
 Set all your Glory
 In Verse before ye,
 But I've no mind to do't.

Then

Then haste away
 And make no Stay ;
 For soon as you come hither,
 We'll eat and sleep,
 Make Beds and sweep,
 And talk and smoke together.

But if my Dear,
 I must move there,
 Tow'rds *Cambridge* I'll straight set me,
 To towze the Hay
 On which you lay,
 If, Madam, you will let me.

A RECEIPT for COURTSHIP.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three
 Sweets ;

Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats ;
 Two or three Serenades given as a Lure ;
 Two or three Oaths how much they endure ;
 Two or three Messages sent in one Day ;
 Two or three Times led out from a Play ;
 Two or three soft Speeches made by the Way ;
 Two or three Tickets for two or three Times ;
 Two or three Love Letters writ all in Rhimes ;
 Two or three Months keeping strict to these
 Rules

Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

A poor POET's Begging EPISTLE.

S I R,

YOUR Friendship I court
 For a timely Support ;
 My Guts are grown wond'rous limber :
 My Belly complains
 Of the Want of my Brains,
 Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

May I swing like a Dog
 If I have a *Hog*,
 A *Smelt*, a *George*, or a *Teaster* :
 But here am I pent
 To keep a sad *Lent*,
 Without any Hopes of an *Easter*.

I've sent to my Betters
 Circular Letters
 Of this my dismal Condition :
 But you, Sir, I'm sure
 My Distemper will cure,
 Or a Halter must be the Physician.

'Tis the first time that I,
 E'er at rhyming did try,
 In which if I had any Skill ;
 In a more elegant Way,
 As I ought, I would say,
 Your obliged Servant, RA. ARGILL.

P. S.

P. S. I hope you'll excuse
 My unpolite Muse,
 Did *Bacchus* my Fancy inspire,
 Address you I wou'd,
 In Verses as good,
 As any of *POPE* or of *PRIOR*.

A TAYLOR'S WILL, made in
 ————*Goal.*

1. **T**HAT I must die I cant deny ;
 But when, or how, or where,
 Is such a Thing as ne'er shall bring,
 My Heart in any Fear.
2. If in a Rope, as most do hope,
 Before I dance that Jigg,
 I'll make my Will, with as much Skill,
 As if 'twas done by PR—GG.
3. What Soul I have to God I give ;
 But if he do reject it,
 I yield it then to old SATAN,
 Who long since might expect it.
4. When honest TOM shall cut me from
 The Tree bears twice a Year,
 I an't so proud to have a Shroud,
 But will be bury'd there.
5. Around the Tree, inscrib'd shall be,
 In Letters large and handsome,
Here lies in Grave a crafty Knave,
The famous Michael M--nf- n.
6. To my Wife KATE, my QUIET MATE,
 It is my Will and Pleasure,
 That she shall have all I do leave,
 And do with't as please her.

7. To

7. To her I give, while she shall live,
My Skillet of Bell-metal,
Nine Curtain Rings, with some odd Things
That lock'd up are in Settle.
8. I give her too my gouty Shoe,
For I no more shall want it,
With one old Bed and Coverlid,
And one bad stolen Blanket.
9. My old slip Shoes, my Taylor's Goose,
My Thimble, Bodkin, Shears,
My Cloth-yard true, and Lap-board too
Shall ever more be hers.
10. My Needle-case that's made of Brass,
My *French* Clasp-knife and Razor,
My Pray'r Book, my sliding Crook,
I heartily bequeath her.
11. One Porridge Pot must be her Lot,
One Dish, one Spoon, one Ladle,
My two green Bags, and all my Rags,
My Cradle-rug and Cradle.
12. Two Balls of Lint, one Ball of Twist,
Two Trenchers and one Platter,
One earthen Crock, black as her Smock,
One wooden Bowl for Batter.
13. One Frying-pan, one Timber Cann,
One Cheese Toaster and Griddle,
One Hour-glass, no Sand will pass,
Broke off just in the Middle.
14. One Morning Gown, one Brass Half-crown,
One Boot, one Sock, one Shirt,
One long Cravat, one old white Hat,
One Waistcoat with one Skirt.
15. One Tub for Meal, one Flint, one Steel,
One Tinder-box and Matches,
One Fire-pick, one Candlestick,
And one Box full of Patches.

16. Two Skains of Thread, one white, one red,
With nineteen Yards of Bobbing,
Some Inkle blue, some Stay-tape too,
And half a Yard of Robing.
17. One Ounce of Bone, and some Shalloon,
One Yard and Half of Fustian,
One shammy Skin, but very thin,
And half a Yard of Bunting.
18. My old Hat Case, one Yard of Lace,
My Bladder for Tobacco,
Some Silk-mohair, some Canvas fair,
One Yard of Callimanco.
19. Some Linnen dy'd, some *London's Pride*,
A Piss-pot full of Buttons,
My long black Wig, my Pot of Lig,
And Sack-bag full of Cuttings,
20. Three Nails of Serge, one loose Coat large,
By length of Time well worn,
My Pocket Book, if in't you look,
You'll find the Leaves much torn.
21. Of all I've stole, this is the Whole,
That now I have to give thee ;
But should be glad if more I had
By my last Will to leave thee.
22. Since 'tis my Fate to leave my KATE,
I prithee don't deny me,
When thou art dead, for to be laid
Under the same Tree by me.

ADVICE

ADVICE to the LASSES.

THE Lass that wou'd know how to manage
a Man,

Let her listen, and learn it from me,
His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trepan,
As the Time and Occasion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau,
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Use of that pretty Word *No*.

When powder'd Toupees around are in chat,
Each striving his Passion to shew ;
With kisse me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
Let her Answer to all be, *O no*.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
A Present, a Treat, or a Ball,
She still must refuse, if her Empire she keep,
And *No* be her Answer to all.

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go ;
A Horse, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,
She's an Idiot if then she says *No*.

And when she's attack'd by a Youth full of
Charms,
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man ;
When prest to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say *No*, if she can.

*A Dialogue between a Beau's HEAD
and his HEELS: Taken from their
Mouths as spoken at Lucas's Coffee-House.*

H E A D.

Come take up your Burthen, ye Dogs, and
away,
I intend to walk up to the *Basin* to Day.

H E E L S.

Your Legs, Sir, are now in such slender
Repair,
We beg that your Honour may go in a Chair.

H E A D.

Ye insolent Dogs! do you dare to refuse,
So little a Walk in a new Pair of Shoes?
My Legs too, methinks, might have gratefully
gone,
Since a New pair of *Calves* I this Morning
put on.

H E E L S.

Do you call us ungrateful? the Favours
you prize,
Were design'd not to gratify us, but your Eyes;
Is the Footman oblig'd to his Lordship or Grace,
Who, to feed his own Pride, has equipp'd him
in Lace?

We think we have very good Cause to complain,
That you thus are exalted without any Brain;
As our Merits are equal, we justly may plead
A Title sometimes to walk on our Head.

H E A D.

H E A D.

Very fine ! at this rate all the Beaus in the
Town,

Woo'd fairly like Tumblers, be turn'd up-
side down ;

But when I'm dissected, to shew you my Brains,
May all the World cry—He's a Fool for his
Pains.

But if I may argue ; pray, Sir, who takes Snuff,
Who ogles, who smiles ? I think Titles enough.
Can you sing, can you laugh, can you speak,
can you see ?

Or what can you do, silly Dogs, without me ?
And to shew you how much your Ambition's
my Scoff,

When next you rebel, I'll e'en shake you off ;
Tho' I stand not without you, I'm sure I can sit,
In P——t too, tho' bereft of my Feet.

H E E L S.

Do you twit us with that ? You have Rea-
son we hear,

We danc'd with the Wives, or you had not
been there ;

But to dash you at once, let us tell you, 'tis said,
That some have sat there without any Head.

H E A D.

Gad's Curse ! and that's true ; so a Word
in your Ear,

To oblige you for once,—Here, Boy, call a
Chair.

Let us henceforth together, like wise Men
agree,

I'll strive to set you off, you shall set off me.

In

In the next place, I'll sit very light on your
-Shoulder,

For Nature revers'd, I grow lighter as older.
When you dance a Minuet, I'll smile my best,
And do you cut a Caper, when I cut a Jest.

R I D D L E S.

I AM an Implement that's common,
Much occupy'd by Man and Woman;
Not very thick, nor very long,
Yet tolerable stiff and strong:
If Inches twelve may give content,
That Measure's much about my Stint,
E'en tho' the Knack of Circumcision,
Hath somewhat alter'd my Condition.
Sometimes I'm only us'd for Pleasure,
And then I'm jaded out of Measure;
If a young vig'rous Bard employs me,
Egad e'en to the Stump he tries me:
A Parson to get one in ten,
In private plies me now and then;
The Lawyer and the Doctor too,
For Fees will wear me black and blue;
For Length of Time I've don't, and still
Bring Store of Grist to either's Mill.
I have a dribbling at the Nose,
Which leaves a Stain where'er it goes;
And yet the fairest Nymph will use me,
The Queen herself did not refuse me;
Or some did foully her bespatter,
Or none approv'd by Doings better.

I'm

I'm us'd by Numbers of all Arts,
 Who wou'd be reckon'd Men of Parts;
 And none esteems a Lady polish'd,
 Who has not often me demolish'd;
 And let me tell you, by the by,
 A Minute's Labour drains me dry:
 I'm now exhausted, so have done;
 Now who, or what I am make known.

A Pen.

IN shaping me both Sexes join,
 Who must in fit Embraces twine,
 And grow with mutual Motions warm,
 E'er they complete my mystic Form;
 I please (tho' from the Country sprung)
 The City and the Courtly Throng;
 I oft promote the balmy Kiss,
 And Musick heightens much the Bliss.
 By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
 Yet I procure the soft Repose,
 And (which increases more your Mirth,)
 Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

Country Dancing.

THink not, fair Ladies, I'm a Cheat,
 Tho' I have never seen as yet
 A Hand I cou'd not counterfeit. }
 Art took me from my Mother's Side,
 And did a kinder Nurse provide;
 Whose Care so far prevail'd, that soon
 I found my native Roughness gone.

And

And from the Rule that Nature takes,
 In the more lovely Works she makes,
 As when her Wisdom strives to grace
 With Eyes and Lips the Human Face,
 In double Births her Work is seen,
 And each to other proves a Twin :
 'Tis thus I in the World appear,
 No sooner form'd, but am a Pair.
 I'm made the Guard of Female Charms ;
 By them I was train'd up to Arms ;
 And tho' I seem of gentle Mein,
 At Combats I have often been.

But tho' I seem to threaten War,
 To shew how much I Peace prefer,
 The dearest Friends have found in me,
 (When they wou'd Friendship's Laws decree)
 A well known Proverb to declare,
 How very intimate they are.

By th' Youth I'm claim'd for ravish'd Blissess,
 And make the Fee of stolen Kisses ;
 When with a tender Tread, for fear
 His Step shou'd wake the sleeping Fair,
 He prints upon her melting Lip
 The happy Forfeiture of Sleep.

I've such obliging Ways about me,
 There's scarce a Visit made without me :
 And in my Dress, where'er I go,
 I sympathize with Joy or Woe.
 When I at Funerals appear,
 My sable Robes I always wear ;
 And have a Suit of White beside,
 Whenever I attend the Bride.

It is my chiefest Care to hide
 The radiant Di'mond's sparkling Pride ;

To

To keep the Em'rald's lovely green,
 And the gay Ruby's Blush unseen;
 But stay till I'm retir'd, and you
 The hidden Furniture may view.
 Then may the Youth a Treasure see!
 To touch it would a Pleasure be;
 The richest, softest Ivory!
 May see of Gems a radiant Scene,
 By th' Wearer polish'd o'er again:
 May see a Sapphire proud to bear
 A Ringlet of the fair Ones Hair;
 Then, too, the happy Bride may see,
 Her Pledge of Bridal Constancy;
 Which, in a plain-wrought Circle bending,
 Denotes a Love that knows no Ending;
 And shews, the Ornament shou'd be
 Of truest Love, Simplicity.

Ladies, who have a Hand at guessing,
 Know it is you I am addressing:
 And by this Time, the Muse depends
 You have me at your Fingers Ends.

A Pair of Gloves.

THO' a good Soul I have, yet I can't hope
 to be fav'd,
 And in this World, from first to the last am en-
 slav'd;
 With Irons they torture and tear my poor
 Hide,
 And send me out naked; yet such is my Pride,
 That in ev'ry Assembly I strive for the Lead,
 Tho' it must be confess'd, I am far from the
 Head.

My

My Office the basest, my Food of the worst,
 And tho' cram'd with raw Flesh till I'm ready
 to burst,
 Shou'd I offer to pouch, am most damnably
 curst.

For my Learning, it will a mere Paradox show,
 Tho' I understand great Things, yet nothing I
 know.

Tho' thus mean in myself, even Kings I
 support,
 Have Access to the Fair, and familiar at Court,
 And at Balls, have the principal Share in the
 Sport.

A Shoe.

'T WAS Art that compleated the Form that
 I wear,
 From Nature's grand Chaos, digested in Air,
 To the Furnace I'm cast, and when come from
 the Lake,
 No Martyr so faithful e'er burn'd at the Stake.
 Then at once I'm admitted at Court, and am
 seen
 In a private Apartment employ'd by the Queen.
 No Knight in the City his Favour denies me,
 And there is not a Lady in Town but employs me.
 To *Bacchus*, I own, for his friendly Support
 I'm highly indebted, as Prince of the Sport.
 For Legs of my own I have none to employ,
 And yet to the Ladies I often am nigh.
 When rid out of Pleasure, and jaded with Spleen,
 I stain their white Stockings tho' ever so clean;
 Yet,

Yet, if thus I happen to give them Affront,
 'Tis past by in Silence, no Mention made on't.
 I yield them such Ease, in so needful a Season,
 No Censure I merit in Justice or Reason.

A Chamber-Pot.

Sublime, erect, I cut the yielding Air,
 A Guide as certain as the Morning Star,
 Turn'd like the Eagle to the Eye of Day,
 I with unwearied Pinions wing my Way,
 And round large Circles in the Sun-beams play. }
 I musically mount like Morning Lark,
 And with sweet *Philomela* cheer the Dark ;
 Then hang with outstretch'd Wings in equal
 Poise,
 Nor sinking down descend, nor soaring rise.
 In single Combat with a valiant Foe,
 I pluck'd the Laurel from the Champion's }
 Brow,
 Giving both Man and Horse an Overthrow.
 Within my House some ghostly Fathers stand,
 Taking first Fruits and Tithes without Demand,
 In Robes of Virgin Innocence array'd,
 As white as Priest in new wash'd Surplice clad ;
 Yet they are said, like others in the Land,
 To have an evil Heart and griping Hand.

A Wind Mill.

IN Youth exalted high in Air,
 Or bathing in the Waters fair ;

Nature

Nature to form me took Delight,
 And clad my *Body* all in *White* :
 My Person *tall*, and slender Wastè,
 On either Side with *Fringes* grac'd ;
 Till me that Tyrant Man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my Mother's Side :
 No Wonder now I look so thin ;
 The Tyrant stripp'd me to the Skin ;
 My *Skin* he *flay'd*, my *Hair* he *cropt*,
 At Head and Foot my *Body* lopt :
 And then, with Heart more hard than Stone,
 He pickt my Marrow from the Bone.
 To vex me more he took a Freak,
 To slit my Tongue and make me speak :
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to Eyes and not to Ears.
 He oft employs me in Disguise,
 And makes me tell a Thousand Lies :
 To me he chiefly gives in Trust
 To please his Malice, or his Lust.
 From me no Secret he can hide ;
 I see his Vanity and Pride :
 And my Delight is to expose
 His Follies to his greatest Foes.

All Languages I can command,
 Yet not a Word I understand.
 Without my Aid the best Divine
 In Learning wou'd not know a Line :
 The Lawyer must forget his Pleading,
 The Scholar cou'd not shew his Reading.

Nay ; Man my Master is my Slave ;
 I give Command to kill or save,
 Can grant ten Thousand Pounds a Year,
 And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.

But while I thus my Life relate,
 I only hasten on my Fate.
 My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a Word.
 I die unpity'd and forgot ;
 And on some Dunghil left to rot.

A Pen.

M*Y Form* is beauteous to allure the Sight,
 My *Habit* gay, of Colour *Gold* and
White.

Most nicely shap'd, tho' of Proportion small,
 Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.

When *Sylvia* takes the Air, it is my Pride
 To walk with equal Paces by her Side.

Sitting, her silken Lap becomes my Nest,
 And sleeping, I in her Apartment rest ;

I near her Person constantly remain,

A favourite *Slave* bound in a *golden Chain*.

And oh ! how blest wou'd *Sylvia's* Lover be
 Cou'd he exchange Estates with humble me !

Yet I without Delight can near her stand,
 Nor feel the charming Touches of her Hand.

And when she casts on me auspicious Rays,

Blind and insensible of ev'ry Grace,

I view no Feature of her lovely Face. }

Some hold that Birds and Quadrupeds, tho'
 seen

To walk and fly, yet move but by Machine ;

That all Things but the human Kind they'll
 prove

Not by Instinct, but hidden Engines move.

Tho' empty Speculations these, they'll be
 Demonstrative, whene'er they're spoke of me ;
 For tho' I can both *speak* and go *alone*,
 Yet are my *Motions* to *myself* unknown.

A Watch.

MY Head is well furnish'd without you will
 own,

But to tell you the Truth, for Brains I have
 none :

Yet like those who're oblig'd to their Wits for
 their Bread,

What keeps my Teeth going does come from
 my Head :

My Throat is but narrow, yet wide are my
 Jaws,

I eat without chewing, my Teeth are like Claws ;

As a Child that is fed by its Nurse, I ne'er eat

But when I've another to chew me my Meat ;

'Tis true, she will taste when she feeds me—so
 let her,

For the oft'ner she does so, it goes down the
 better.

Sorry Musick I make, yet a Flute or a Fiddle,

Does not turn to Account so much as this

Riddle.

A Limen Wheel.

THO' an odd Kind of Fowl ; when you
 hit on my Name,

I am sure you will own me a Bird of the Game.

All my Wings are well poiz'd, which in
 Number are four,
 Tho' a few of my Brethren are furnish'd with
 more,
 They're white as a Swan's: But the Wonder's
 the greater,
 That my Wings must be clipp'd, to make me
 fly better.
 And it's strange, since my Body so small and so
 light is,
 That the longer my Wings are, the slower my
 Flight is.
 And to tell you the Truth (which must needs
 raise your Laughter)
 My Body flies first, and draws my Wings after;
 And it's easy to prove that I'm right in my
 Notion,
 Since the heavier my Bulk is, the swifter my
 Motion:
 Yet observe and you'll find, that my Wings
 when I rise,
 Are before; but I turn them behind in a Trice.
 Tho' my Body's in Substance as small as a
 Wren's,
 Yet I toil and I spin for the Good of my Friends.
 But when once my Skill fails me, I meet with
 hard Measure,
 For I'm scorn'd, and rejected, and tramp'd at
 Pleasure;
 Tho', what cou'd their fiercest Resentments do
 more?
 For they tofs'd me, and thump'd me, and box'd
 me before!

But

But it's strange, as the Life of a Silkworm my
Trade is,

That I am not, like that, more in Vogue with
the Ladies ;

Unless they suspect us for common Deceivers,
'Cause, as *Spinsters*, we borrow our Name
from the Weavers.

A Shuttle-Cock.

READER, it is my Fate to be
A Slave to one who wears my Livery,
A Person of vile Character ; in brief,
A noted Sabbath-breaker and a Thief.
In sawcy Manner he has often said,
He once did entertain a crowned Head.
No Wonder then, you hear him oft complain,
Whilst I'm at Work the Rascal to maintain.
He takes his Pleasures and he lolls at Ease,
But takes due Care my Labour shall not cease ;
With endless Tasks he keeps me still employ'd,
As if my Strength could never be destroy'd.
But constant Toil Disorders inward breed,
And wears my Constitution out with Speed ;
My Bowels (sure Prognostick of Decay !)
With Wind or Water rumble Night and Day :
My Thirst is sometimes so intense, that I,
(You'd almost swear) wou'd drink a River dry.
And what is more remarkable, is this,
As often as I drink, so oft I piss.
And tho' I make large Meals, I'm never sick
At Stomach, my Discharges are so quick.
Then what is my Disease, perhaps you'll query,
A Diabetes, or a Lientery ;

Alas! too sure, 'tis both in Complication;
 My Drink runs thro' me without Alteration.
 And what I eat it does me little good,
 For why?—My Excrements are perfect Food,
 And therefore 'tis become a common Rule,
 To watch me well whene'er I go to Stool.

A Corn-Mill.

TO be drest in the Fashion, our Taylor
 must join
 The Emblems of *York* and the *Lancaster* Line.
 From our Titles, dear Ladies, you will judge
 of our Worth,
 As you like our Descent, and the Place of our
 Birth.
 But you needs must indulge us the Honours we
 claim,
 From the Scarlet we wear in his Majesty's
 Name.
 While we stand Rank and File, stout, gallant,
 and gay,
 Like tall Grenadeers, in Battle Array;
 With our Helmets as bright as the Heroes that
 shine,
 On the Banks of the *Sare*, the *Moselle* and the
Rhine.
 Not the *British* Dragoons nor the Hectors of
France,
 Nor the Troops of the *Dutch*, in such Order
 advance.
 Tho' to own the plain Truth, we are Shar-
 pers confess,
 And a Race but of brazen-fac'd Upstarts at best.
 Yet

Yet engag'd in your Cause, on Punctilioes we
 stand,
 As much as the haughtiest Lord in the Land.
 When arrested, we're dragg'd by the Head to
 our Duty,
 And are doom'd to be Slaves to the Charms of
 a Beauty.

We act as Trustees in Behalf of the Fair,
 Their Cambricks, and Silk, and Brocades are
 our Care.

And, Ladies, so earnest our Zeal for our Trust is
 That we hazard our Necks in doing you Justice:
 For you seldom complain of your Hopes disap-
 pointed,
 Till our Heads are lopt off, or our Bodies dis-
 jointed.

At your Glass and your Toilet we wait on
 you still,

At the Church, Park and Play-house, Tea,
 Dice and Quadrille.

We rest on your Lap, and we lean on your Arm,
 We recline on your Bosom, and on your Head
 swarm.

If we chance to displease you, we miss of our
 Aim ;

For it is not our Fault, but yourselves are to
 blame :

To be plainer, and make all your Trouble
 amends,

We were, Ladies, this Morning at your
 fair Fingers Ends,

And (perhaps) kiss'd your Lips too—to
 shew we're your Friends.

A Sheet of Pins.

I 4

FROM

FROM me a single Birth my Race begins,
 I've many Brothers and they all are Twins.
 How small of Size, to tell you I am loth;
 In short they all outstrip me much in Growth.
 Both to the Sight and Touch our Shapes are fine,
 Yet 'tis well known, we to one Side incline.

In Winter Quarters we together lie,
 Lull'd in a State of Inactivity;
 As if without premeditated Harm,
 We only meant to keep each other warm.
 But when the proper Season comes again,
 We all draw out and open the Campaign:
 On a fair verdant Plain extended far,
 Two equal Squadrons try the Chance of War,
 To lead them up both Parties pitch on me,
 And still I keep a strict Neutrality.
 Accordingly I share a Neutral's Fate,
 Whom none sincerely love, or throughly hate;
 Whom as their present Interests direct,
 All treat with Favour, or with Disrespect.
 Such various Hap by Turns I undergo,
 And find each Warrior both my Friend and Foe.
 He who my Person from Affronts does screen,
 With kind Assistance now steps in between,
 As Causes alter, and his Wrath provoke,
 Aims at my Breast a strong and desp'rate Stroke;
 Tho' to confess the Truth, and do him Right,
 He thus proceeds from Honour, not from Spight;
 Jealous to see some Rival close by me,
 Maintain a Post, where he himself wou'd be.
 Fortune unbiass'd for a Season stands,
 Constant to none, but often changing Hands.
 The

The scatter'd Forces rally all anew,
 And with unwearied Toil the Fight pursue.
 Thrice three Engagements oftentimes are
 known,
 E're either Side cou'd call the Day their own;
 Then all to a decisive End is brought,
 And loud Huzza's proclaim the Vict'ry got.

A Jack at Bowls.

FROM what first Artift I my Being claim,
 Authors are silent, Records don't explain;
 Yet as to Neatness, Usefulness and Dress,
 My Worth the frugal Dame must needs confess;
 And as to Forms, my great Variety
 The famous *Euclid's* Sons can best descry;
 Nor varies more my Shape than does my Dress,
 And oft my Cloaths my Pedigree express.

In homely Cottages I oft appear,
 In mean Array, but yet am welcome there;
 But when to Ladies I my Visits pay,
 Like them I sparkle, glitter and look gay,
 As any Birth-Night Beau, or Flow'r in *May*. }

To serve, to please, and to attend the Fair,
 Is still my ultimate, my only Care,
 Yet such my Treatment is, and such my Fate,
 When Nymphs and Swains their Nuptials celebrate,

When the fair blushing Bride is put to Bed,
 I'm scorn'd, contemn'd and dare not shew my
 Head.

But when the Chat of Dad's own Nose goes round,
 There's none more useful none more welcome
 found;

Nay, *Zachary*-like, though dumb (who would
suppose it?)

I tell the Infant's Name, before the Parson
knows it.

But ah! ye cruel, ye ungrateful Fair!

My Wrongs are such, Complaint I can't forbear:

I, who your Creature am, your Friend, your
Slave,

In whom so many Benefits you have;

For whose Supply alone (deny't who can?)

You oft enjoy some hundred Pounds *per Ann*;

Yet thro' my Bowels stabb'd with many a
Wound

From your soft Hands, I oft am prostrate found:

Nay, more, (believe me for I cannot lie,)

Hanging is sometimes too my Destiny.

A Pincushion.

TO aid your Conception in every Degree,
Concerning so shapeless a Creature as me,
I'll tell you my Birth without any deceiving,
My strong Constitution and Manner of Living.
To procure the Ingredients my Structure de-
mands,

They oft have Recourse unto Foreigners Lands;

To havock the Ocean, and murder at Sea,

To purchase a Part of what constitutes me.

In artful Inclosure, a Skin on each Side,

Oh! grand Imposition! all Favours deny'd,

My stoutest Assistant is barr'd from the Light,

In fatal Obscurement conceal'd from the Sight.

My Body compounded and work'd into Shape,

Or at least to a Posture no Monkey can ape;

So

So enormous a Monster as now I appear,
 Devoid of an Head, and without any Ear ;
 So artfully form'd, and produc'd into Birth,
 The like, before, never appear'd upon Earth.
 I'm grac'd with as crooked and aukward a Snout,
 (Tho' not quite so long and so spacious, I doubt)
 As much like a Swine's as one Pea to another ;
 And, if I had Nostrils, I'd call him my Brother.
 My Legs, I can venture to say within Bound
 Are twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er touch
 the Ground.

And grant me the Favour to raise your Surprise,
 In relating my wonderful Number of Eyes ;
 If narrowly search'd, more than thirty you'll
 find ;

And, strange to be told, they all center behind :
 The Food that my kind Benefactor bestows,
 I receive at my Eyes, as my Patron knows.
 The Provision I take never hinders my Sight,
 I receive it at Noon, and discharge it at Night.
 Yet, tho' such a wonderful Form I sustain,
 So lumpish a Monster devoid of a Brain ;
 With the Ladies, I bear an unlimited Sway,
 And always accomplish my Labour by Day :
 And then, like the rest of the World, I delight
 To take my Repose in the Gloom of the Night.
 My destin'd Employment I never resume,
 Till *Sol* has dispersed from *Æther* the Gloom ;
 Then quick to the Centre of Gravity move,
 The Centre of Joy, and the Centre of Love.
 No Swain but wou'd count my Employment
 an Honour,
 No Lady wou'd blush to confine me upon her.

A Pair of Stays.

DRAW

DR A W up the Curtain ; let the Ladies see
 A Sight well worth their Curiosity ;
 No Monster fierce, no strange outlandish
 Creature,

But yet a very Paradox in Nature.

Odd is my Shape ; and first my Head appears
 Without a Mouth, or Eyes, or Nose, or Ears.

A Body you will own I never had,

Altho' with Cloaths I constantly am clad ;

Both Sexes join in me, a wond'rous Sight !

You'd almost swear, I were *Hermaphrodite* ;

Had not the many Brats begat on me,

Proclaim'd unto the World the contrary.

Guard me, ye Maids ! for Men will play the
 Fool ;

And I'm, alas ! a soft and easy Tool.

I can't say nay ; and yet if I'm disgrac'd,

The Crime is your's, for while you're pure I'm
 chaste ;

But if (which Heaven forbid) you prove with
 Child,

Then I am stain'd, polluted and defil'd.

Wed then, and to your Husbands constant be,

You'll then be honour'd, and you'll honour me.

And when you take for better and for worse,

The first great Blessing, and the first great
 Curse,

You'll find in me, (but ah, I speak too plain)

The sweetest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.

A Bed.

THO'

TH O' I, alas ! a Pris'ner be,
 My Trade is, Pris'ners to set free.
 No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
 With such insinuating Ways.
 My Genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
 Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
 The Clergy keep me for their Ease,
 And turn and wind me as they please.
 A new and wond'rous Art I show
 Of raising Spirits from below ;
 In Scarlet some, and some in White,
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright :
 In at each Mouth the Spirits pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a Glas :
 O'er Head and Body make a Rout,
 And drive at last all Secrets out :
 And still, the more I show my Art,
 The more they open ev'ry Heart.

A greater Chymist none, than I,
 Who from Materials hard and dry,
 Have taught Men to extract with Skill,
 More precious Juice than from a Still.

Altho' I'm often out of Case,
 I'm not asham'd to show my Face.
 Tho' at the Tables of the Great,
 I near the Side-board take my Seat ;
 Yet, the plain 'Squire, when Dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand,
 And often takes me by the Hand.

I twice a Day a hunting go ;
 Nor ever fail to seize my Foe ;

And

And when I have him by the Pole,
I drag him upwards from his Hole.
Tho' some are of so stubborn Kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a Limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal End ;
For, I can break, but scorn to bend.

A Cork-Screw.

Louisa to Strephon.

AH Strephon, how can you despise,
Her, who, without thy Pity dies ?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble Blood as you ;
Fair Issue of the genial Bed,
A Virgin in thy Bosom bred ;
Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife ;
When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
Why should my Shepherd take amiss
That oft I wake thee with a Kiss ?
Yet you of every Kiss complain ;
Ah, is not Love a pleasing Pain ?
A Pain, which every happy Night
You cure with Ease and with Delight ;
With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
Too great for Mortals less than Kings.

Chloe, when on thy Breast I lye,
Observes me with revengeful Eye :
If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails ;
And with relentless Hands destroy
The tender Pledges of our Joy.

Nor

Nor have I bred a spurious Race;
They all were born from thy Embrace.

Consider, *Strepson*, what you do;
For should I die for Love of you,
I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost;
And all my Kin, a numerous Host,
Who down direct our Lineage bring
From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King,
Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns;
Who never fled the bloody Plains;
Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
And scorn the Pleasures of a Court;
From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom;
Who scourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire;
Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore.
Nor less that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
Cut from the Piece that made her Shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted Hyde.

A Louse.

LADIES, I'm often under Hedges seen,
Near the Bank-side I often lay,
Oft' near your Walks, or near a Style,
But oft'ner in the publick Way.

Strange is my Fate! Forlorn I seem,
Unvisited in Wintry Weather;
But when bright *Phæbus* burns the Plains,
Thousands dance round me altogether.

Yet

Yet still I like my Winter's Life,
 Less damag'd when alone I lay;
 I'm kiss'd, 'tis true, all Summer Time,
 But kiss'd and sipt, till sipt away.

There's not a Creature wings the Air,
 That swims the Sea, or moves on Earth;
 Kings, Princes, Dukes, the meanest Slaves,
 Women and Fools, but give me Birth.

Sometimes, when born, I cause no Pain,
 Sometimes distort the sweetest Faces:
 It's seldom I confine the Fair,
 Or lessen their distinguish'd Graces.

The Dame at Fourscore bears me well;
 No Male's concern'd in my Production:
 Sometimes I'm still-born, oft'ner not:
 The Hind's enrich'd by my Destruction.

What tho' my Parent's diff'rent are,
 Some mean and low, some high and great;
 Like are my Features, like my Form;
 I'm not improv'd by Wealth or State.

My Shape is conical, sometimes
 Cylindrical, or somewhat broader;
 Sometimes all Surface I appear,
 But then my Parent's out of Order.

The Rich and Great, for selfish Ends,
 Build stately Receptacles for me;
 The Peasant drops me in a Hole:
 Yet Rich and Poor alike abhor me.

Of me you may read oft in *Martial*;
 I much assist the witty Joker:
 Yet out of every Room I'm thrust,
 With Brush and Shovel, Tongs and Poker.

The Artist forms me of soft Wax,
 To raise in Company loud Laughter;
 Dropt near a Chair, *Tim* bursts his Sides,
 And *Chloe* scarce can hold her Water.

I pay no Clerks, yet wond'rous strange!
 Of Offices I have great Plenty,
 Well stock'd of Papers of all Sorts;
 You'll find my Warehouse seldom empty.

Hither fair *Chloe* oft' resorts,
 Not hinder'd by the foulest Weather;
 If seen, the blushing Nymph returns,
 Stoops, and picks up a Straw or Feather.

Old *Galen* handled me with Glee,
Sanctorius weigh'd me very nicely;
 And if Philosophers say true,
 Sage *Helmont* knew my Worth precisely.

Now Ladies, if by all these Marks
 You find it difficult to tell me,
 Trust to your——: Now I've done;
 For surely you begin to smell me.

A T——d.

TO all your fair Females, who sometimes
 partake
 The choicest of Junkets with *Brawn*, or *Pontac*.
 Who

Who know what is usual in each Bill of Fare,
From snug *Tete a Tete*, to a Feast with Lord-
Mayor.

Come, guess, if you can, at a Dish that was sent
To some Dames at the *Bath*, to their special
Content ;

Be it known to you, *Puddings*, like each mortal
Thing,

Ere inclin'd to return to the Place whence they
spring.

But this, by the By, the *Pudding* was such,
They thought it impossible to have too much,
And as some People talk of the Pine-Apple's
Flavour,

That all Tastes you think of, or ask for you
have there.

So these Ladies assert, that this delicate Dish
Gives a Smatch of each Pleasure a Woman can
with :

And agreed with one Voice, 'twas most special
good Stuff,

That tho' it was Bellyful, 'twas not enough.
No Stomach, they said, was so weak or so strong,
No Appetite could be so old or so young,
But ten times a Day, and ten times a Night,
They may relish a Slice on't with utmost
Delight.

To hear with such Praises its Goodness unfolded,
Before set the Hearers agog to behold it.

Each thought it was what they ne'er knew to
their Fill ;

Some guess'd it was Counters, or Cards for
Quadrille ;

Others said it was Tea, and others a Dram ;

And others were sure that it must be a Flam.

Obser-

Observing with *Solomon*, no human Joy,
 But too often repeated, will certainly cloy.
 The Girls grinn'd, and titter'd, and whisp'ring
 guess'd

What the *Pudding* must be that made such a
 Feast;

While the Prudes held their Hands up, and
 look'd as amaz'd,

To hear People talk thus, and thought they were
 craz'd:

Crying, Ladies, for Shame, let us find other
 Chat;

If a Stranger should hear us, he'd think God
 knows what.

The Dames laugh'd aloud, at such a Surmise,
 And went on with the Joke to encrease the
 Surprise;

Asserting, full roundly, they need not be squeamish,

For a Saint might take Part on't without any
 Blemish.

'Twas the Hope of the Maids, and the Widow's
 sole Comfort,

- And modest Wives never do look but at home
 for't:

That in ev'ry Climate, and Country, and
 Nation,

It has been, and still is, and will be the Fashion,
 Except in a Convent, 'mongst Cloysters and
 Fools,

Bound by barb'rous Vows to unnatural Rules:
 Nay, so strongly each Sex are inclin'd to par-
 take on't,

That they're perjur'd sometimes, e'en for the
 mere Sake on't.

And

And if you can't guess it, we'll tell you my
 Dears;
 But least you should blush for't—A Word in
 your Ears,
 'Tis—but take special Care how you use it;
 It loses all Virtue whene'er you abuse it:
 Like all other *Puddings*, the Merit commending,
 The Proof of its Goodness lies most in the
Spending.

A Pudding in a Hare's Belly.

I Have not to boast of much Humour or Wit;
 The Thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a
Slit.

I'm black at the Botom; but if you look higher,
 I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a *Man* can desire.
 To the Lovers soft Passion I often give Ease,
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they
 please.

By turns I every *Man's* Humour can suit,
 The *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*, and *Bishops* }
 to boot,
 Who *finger* me stoutly whene'er they come }
 to it.

At first tho' perhaps for One's Use I was made;
 Yet if more should try me they'd find me no
Jade.

I cut a great Figure throughout the whole
 Nation,
 And give all your Hearts in their Turns Pal-
 pitation.

A Pen.

THO

THO' I never was born, yet came I by
 smocking,
 And like all Mankind, was engendred by
 Knocking.

I'm the Emblem of Chastity, yet in all Nations,
 I'm sometimes employ'd to promote Fornications.

The Nuns of *New Rome*, as the Vestals of old,
 (Tho' Snow is not whiter than me to behold)
 As a Proof of that Capitol's great Dissolution,
 Lend their Hands without Shame, to procure
 my Pollution.

But with Fingers alone I can't be contented ;
 An Instrument longer by Nature's invented,
 Which opens at one End and's frizzled at
 t'other ;

With Matter and Motion oft makes me a
 Mother.

For when thus compress'd, I'm sure to be preg-
 nant,

And my Offspring exceeds that of *Mu'ly*,* late
 Regnant.

All Places alike I've explor'd ; and have been
 At once in a Bog-house and Hands of a Queen.
 I visit Folks often when least they're expecting ;
 E'en since you've been reading these Lines, and
 reflecting

What a strange Thing I am, I've encreas'd your
 Vexation,

And perplex'd, by my Presence, your deep Con-
 templation.

Paper.

WHAT'S

* *Mu'ly Mo'ocb*, Emperor of *Morocco*, who is said
 to have sixty-five Children.

WHAT's that in which good Housewives
take Delight ?

Which tho' it has no Legs, will stand upright !

'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,

Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee.

At th' End it has a Hole ; 'tis stiff and strong,

Thick as a Maiden's Wrist and pretty long.

To a soft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,

And make the Thing 'tis us'd to still more
wide ;

The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,

That what lies under may the wider grow.

By giddy Sluts sometimes it is abus'd,

But by good Housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,

That it may fitter for their Purpose be,

When they to occupy the same are free.

Now tell me, merry Ladies, if you can,

What this must be, that is no Part of Man.

A Rowling-Pin.

FROM Heav'n at first with *Lucifer* I fell,
But left him in his Passage down to Hell ;

Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his Breast,

And none without me can have Ease or Rest.

I am the Staff of Age, the sick Man's Health,

The Pris'ner's Freedom, and the poor Man's

Wealth ;

And tho' some call me false, and others vain,

I lead the Way to what all seek again :

No Man without me wou'd a Mistress court,
 Nor cross the Seas unto a Foreign Port :
 I've told you what I am, and whence I came,
 Now tell me, if you can, what is my Name.

Hope.

BRED in the Womb of Mother Earth,
 Unseen by mortal Eyes,
 Till Nature ripens to the Birth,
 And then I upwards rise.

I take a Run on Earth below,
 Can stand, yet have no Feet,
 I take a Round, yet cannot go,
 And then I mount my Height.

When tow'ring aloft, I fly,
 And beat the gentle Air,
 Protected from th' inclement Sky,
 Yet all its Storms can bear.

When Mortals are involv'd in Ills,
 I sing with mournful Voice,
 If Mirth their Hearts with Gladness fills,
 I celebrate their Joys.

I, like the glorious Sun above,
 Who rounds the Globe with Light,
 In Motion circular do move :
 Have Beams tho' not so bright.

I headstrong and unruly grow,
If left unto my Will,
Which always proves my Overthrow,
And, sometimes, others kill.

I, like the Moon in clouded Air,
Around i'th' Dark do range,
Like her my Movements regular,
Like her am giv'n to change.

And, as the Lark, with warbling Throat,
Ascends upon the Wing,
So I lift up my chearful Note,
And as I mount, I sing.

A Bell.

Diverting Dialogues, on several Occasions, between JONATHAN WILD the GREAT, and others.

DIALOGUE I.

Between Jonathan Wild, and Count La Ruse, a profess'd Sharper.

Count La Ruse.

YOU cannot, I apprehend, Mr. *Wild*,
be such a Stranger to your own great
Capa-

Capacity, as to be surprized when I tell you, I have often viewed, with a Mixture of Astonishment and Concern, your shining Qualities confined to a Sphere, where they can never reach the Eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the World, and raise you to an Eminence, where you may blaze out to the Admiration of all Men. I assure you I am pleased with my Captivity, when I reflect, I am likely to owe to it an Acquaintance, and I hope Friendship, with the greatest Genius of my Age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my Vanity with a Prospect of drawing from Obscurity (pardon the Expression) such Talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it; for I make no Question, but, at my Discharge from Confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into Company, where you may reap the Advantage of your superior Parts.

I will bring you acquainted, Sir, with those, who, as they are capable of setting a true Value on such Qualifications, so they will have it both in their Power and Inclination to prefer you for them. Such an Introduction is the only Advantage you want, without which your Merit might be your Misfortune; for those Abilities which would entitle you to Honour and Profit in a superior Station, may render you only obnoxious to Danger and Disgrace in a lower.

Jonathan Wild.

Sir, I am not insensible of my Obligations to you, as well for the overvalue you have

set on my small Abilities, as the Kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my Superiors. I must own, my Father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the Company of my Betters; but to say the Truth, I have an awkward Pride in my Nature, which is better pleased with being at the Head of the lowest Class, than at the Bottom of the Highest. Permit me to say, tho' the Idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the Summit of a Dunghil, than at the Bottom of a Hill in Paradise; I have always thought it signifies little into what Rank of Life I am thrown, provided I make a great Figure therein; and should be as well satisfied with exerting my Talents well, at the Head of a small Party or Gang, as in the Command of a mighty Army; for I am far from agreeing with you, that great Parts are often buried in Oblivion; on the contrary, I am convinced it is impossible they should be so. I have often persuaded myself that there were not fewer than a thousand in *Alexander's* Troops capable of performing what *Alexander* himself did.

BUT because such Spirits were not elected or destined to an Imperial Command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a Booty? Or that they contented themselves with the Share in common with their Comrades? Surely no. In *Civil* Life, doubtless, the same Génius, the same Inducements have often composed the Statesman and the *Prig*, for so we call what the Vulgar name a *Thief*. The same Parts, the same Actions often promote Men to the Head of superior Societies, which

which raise them to the Head of lower; and where is the essential Difference, if the one end their Lives on *Tower-Hill*, and the other at *Tyburn*? Hath the Block any Preference to the Gallows, or the Ax to the Halter, but what is given them by the ill-guided Judgment of Men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily enflamed with the common Out-side of Things, nor join the general Opinion in preferring one State to another. A Guinea is as valuable in a Leathern as in an embroidered Purse; and a Cods-head is a Cods-head still, whether in a Pewter or a Silver Dish.

Count *La Ruse*.

WHAT you have now said doth not lessen my Idea of your Capacity; but confirms my Opinion of the ill Effects of bad and low Company. Can any Man doubt, whether it is better to be a prime Minister, or a common Thief? I have often heard, that the Devil used to say, where, or to whom, I know not, *that it was better to reign in Hell, than be a Valet de Chambre in Heaven*, and perhaps he was in the right; but sure if he had had the Choice of both, he would have chosen better. The Truth therefore is, that, by low Conversation, we contract a greater Awe for high Things than they deserve. We decline great Pursuits not from Contempt, but Despair. The Man who prefers the High-road, to a more reputable Way of making his Fortune, doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other: But you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted Truth, that the same Abilities qualify you for undertaking,

and the same Means will bring you to your End in both Journies ; as, in Musick, it is the same Tune whether you play it in a higher or lower Key. To instance in some Particulars : Is it not the same Qualification which enables this Man to hire himself as a Servant, and get into the Confidence and Secrets of his Master, in order to rob him, and *that* to undertake Trusts of the highest Nature with a Design to break and betray them ? Is it less difficult, by false Tokens, to deceive a Shopkeeper into the Delivery of his Goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward Splendour and the Appearance of Fortune, into a Credit, by which you gain, and he loses twenty times as much. Doth it not require more Dexterity in the Fingers to draw out a Man's Purse from his Pocket, or to take a Lady's Watch from her Side, without being perceived of any, an Excellence in which, without Flattery, I am persuaded you have no Superior, than to cog a Die, or shuffle a Pack of Cards ? Is not as much Art, as many excellent Qualities, required, to make a pimping Porter at a common Bawdy-House, as would enable a Man to prostitute his own or his Friend's Wife or Child ? Doth it not ask as good a Memory, as nimble an Invention, as steady a Countenance, to forswear yourself in *Westminster-Hall*, as would furnish out a complete Ministerial Tool, or perhaps a prime Minister himself ? It is needless to particularize every Instance ; in all we shall find, that there is a nearer Connection between high and low

2

Life

Life than is generally imagined, and that a Highwayman is entitled to more Favour with the Great, than he usually meets with. If therefore, as I think I have proved, the same Parts which qualify a Man for Eminence in a low Sphere, qualify him likewise for Eminence in a higher, sure it can be no Doubt in which he should chuse to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great Man, will immediately instruct him, in your own Phrase, to prefer a Hill in Paradise to a Dunghil; nay, even Fear, a Passion the most repugnant to Greatness, will shew him, how much more safely he may indulge himself, in the full and free Exertion of his mighty Abilities in the higher, than the lower Rank: Since Experience teaches him, that there is a Crowd oftner in one Year at *Tyburn*, than on *Tower-Hill* in a Century.

Jonathan Wild.

THAT the same Capacity which qualifies a * *Mill-hen*, a † *Bridle-cull*, or a ‡ *Buttock* and *File*, to arrive at any Degree of Eminence in their Profession, would likewise raise a Man in what the World esteem a more honourable Calling, I do not deny: nay, in many of your Instances it is evident, that more Ingenuity, more Art are necessary to the Lower, than the higher Proficients. If therefore you had only contended, that every *Prig* might be a Statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude, that it is his Interest to be so, that Ambition would

* A Housebreaker. † A Highwayman. ‡ A Shop-lifter, Terms used in the *Cont Dictionary*.

bid him take that Alternative; in a Word, that a Statesman is greater or happier than a *Prig*, I must deny my Assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous Estimation of Things; for Mankind err in Disquisitions of this Nature, as Physicians do, who, in considering the Operations of a Disease, have not a due Regard to the Age and Complexion of the Patient. The same Degree of Heat which is common in this Constitution, may be a Fever in that; in the same manner, that which may be Riches or Honour to me, may be Poverty or Disgrace to another; for all these Things are to be estimated by Relation to the Person who possesses them. A Booty of 10 *l.* looks as great in the Eye of a *Bridle-cull*, and gives as much real Happiness to his Fancy, as that of as many thousands to the Statesman; and doth not the former lay out his Acquisitions in Whores and Fiddles, with much greater Joy and Mirth, than the latter in Palaces and Pictures? What are the Flattery, the false Compliments of his Gang to the Statesman, when he himself must condemn his own Blunders, and is obliged against his Will to give Fortune the whole Honour of his Success; what is the Pride resulting from such sham Applause, compared to the secret Satisfaction, which a *Prig* enjoys in his Mind, in reflecting on a well-contrived and well-executed Scheme. Perhaps, indeed, the greater Danger is, on the *Prig's* Side; but then you must remember, that the greater Honour is so too. When I mention Honour, I mean
that

that which is paid them by their Gang; for that weak Part of the World, which is vulgarly called THE WISE, see *both* in a disadvantageous and disgraceful Light: And as the Prig enjoys (and merits too) the greater Degree of Honour from his Gang, so doth he suffer the less Disgrace from the World, who think his Misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at least punished with a Halter, which at once puts an End to his Pain and Infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in Power, but detested and contemned at the Scaffold; and future Ages vent their Malice on his Fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret Quiet of their Consciences; how easy is the Reflection of having taken a few Shillings or Pounds from a Stranger, without any Breach of Confidence, or perhaps any great Harm to the Person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a publick Trust, and ruined the Fortunes of thousands. How much braver is an Attack on the Highway, than at a Gaming-Table; and how much innocenter the Character of a B—y-House than a C—t-Pimp!

DIALOGUE II.

Between Jonathan Wild, and the Count, after the latter was robb'd by Mr. Bagshot.

Jonathan Wild.

Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a Frolic, (for I will call it no other)

other) taken this Method of borrowing your Money, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not your Money again; for you hear he was stript at the Gaming-Table; (of which *Bagshot* had, during their short Confabulation, informed them) you will get then an Opportunity of being still more out of Pocket by the Prosecution. Another Advantage you may promise yourself, is the being blown up at every Gaming-House in Town, for that I will assure you of; and then much Good may it do you, to sit down with the Satisfaction, of having discharged what it seems you owe the Public. I am ashamed of my own Discernment, when I mistook you for a great Man. Would it not be better for you to receive Part (perhaps all) of your Money again by a wise Concealment; for however *seedy* Mr. *Bagshot* may be now, if he has really plaid this Frolic with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in Cash, you may depend on a Restoration; the Law will be always in your Power, and that is the last Remedy which a brave or a wise Man would resort to. Leave the Affair therefore to me; I will examine *Bagshot*, and if I find he hath plaid you this Trick, I will engage my own Honour, you shall in the End be no Loser.

Count *La Ruse*.

If I was sure to be no Loser, Mr. *Wild*, I apprehend you have a better Opinion of my Understanding, than to imagine I would prosecute a Gentleman for the sake of the Public. These are foolish Words of Course, which we learn a ridiculous Habit of speaking, and will
often



often break from us without any Design or Meaning. I assure you all I desire is a Reimbursement, and if I can, by your Means, obtain that, the Public may be damn'd for ought I care.

DIALOGUE III.

A Matrimonial one, between Jonathan Wild, and Lætitia, his Wife, within a Fortnight after their Nuptials; being very extraordinary in its Kind.

Jonathan.

MY Dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in Bed this Morning.

Lætitia.

INDEED I cannot: I am engaged to breakfast with Sir *John*.

Jonathan.

I don't know what Sir *John* doth so often at my House. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no Suspicion of your Virtue, yet it may injure your Reputation in the Opinion of my Neighbours.

Lætitia.

I don't trouble my Head about my Neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what Company I am to keep, than my Husband shall.

Jonathan.

A good Wife would keep no Company, which made her Husband uneasy.

Lætitia.

You might have found one of those good

Wives, Sir, if you had pleased, I had no Objection to it.

Jonathan.

I thought I had found one in you.

Lætitia.

You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a Creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw, senseless Girl, who knew nothing what other married Women do!

Jonathan.

No Matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

Lætitia.

AND at your own Desire too? For, I am sure, you never had mine. I should not have broken my Heart if Mr. *Wild* had thought proper, to bestow himself on any other more happy Woman, ---- Ha, ha.

Jonathan.

I hope, Madam, you don't imagine that was not in my Power, or that I married you out of any kind of Necessity.

Lætitia.

O no, Sir, I am convinced there are silly Women enough. And far be it from me, to accuse you of any Necessity for a Wife, I believe you could have very well been contented with the State of a Batchelor; but that, you know, a Woman cannot tell beforehand.

Jonathan.

I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no Woman had ever less Reason, to complain of her Husband's Want of Fondness.

Lætitia.

Lætitia.

THEN some, I am certain, have great Reason to complain of the Price they give for them. — But I know better Things. (*These Words to be spoken with a very great Air, and a Toss of the Head.*)

Jonathan.

WELL, my Sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond. —

Lætitia.

PRAY, Mr. *Wild*, none of this nauseous Behaviour, nor those odious Words. — I wish you were fond ! — I assure you — I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me. — I have no Wishes which misbecome a virtuous Woman — No, nor should not, if I had married for Love. — And especially now when no body, I am sure, can suspect me of any such Thing. —

Jonathan.

If you did not marry for Love, why did you marry ?

Lætitia.

BECAUSE it was convenient, and my Parents forced me.

Jonathan.

I hope, Madam, at least, you will not tell me to my Face, you have made your Convenience of me.

Lætitia.

I have made nothing of you ; nor do I desire the Honour of making any thing of you.

Jonathan.

YES, you have made a Husband of me.

Lætitia.

Lætitia.

No, you made yourself so; for I repeat it once more, It was not my Desire but your own.

Jonathan.

You should think yourself obliged to me for that Desire.

Lætitia.

La! Sir, you was not so singular in it. I was not in Despair. — I have had other Offers, and better too.

Jonathan.

I wish you had accepted them with all my Heart.

Lætitia.

I must tell you, Mr. *Wild*, this is a very brutish Manner of treating a Woman, to whom you have such Obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for shewing it to me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish Preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good Manners. I thought I had married a Gentleman; but I find you every Way contemptible, and below my Concern.

Jonathan.

D---N you, Madam, have not I more Reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for Convenience only?

Lætitia.

VERY fine, truly. Is it Behaviour worthy a Man to swear at a Woman? Yet why should I mention what comes from a Wretch whom I despise.

Jonathan.

Jonathan.

DON'T repeat that Word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a Truth, I married you for my Convenience likewise, to satisfy a Passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d----d for any Thing I care.

Lætitia.

THE World shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a Villain.

Jonathan.

I need take very little Pains to acquaint the World what a B----ch you are, your Actions will demonstrate it.

Lætitia.

MONSTER, I would advise you not to depend too much on my Sex, and provoke me too far ; for I can do you a Mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you Villain !

Jonathan.

BEGIN whenever you please, Madam ; but, assure yourself, the Moment you lay aside the Woman, I will treat you as such no longer ; and if the first Blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

Lætitia.

USE me as you will ; but d----n me if ever you shall use me as a Woman again ; for may I be cursed, if ever I enter your Bed more.

Jonathan.

MAY I be cursed if that Abstinence be not the greatest Obligation you can lay upon me ; for, I assure you faithfully, your Person was all I had ever any Regard for ; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

Lætitia.

Lætitia.

IT is impossible for two People to agree better ; for I always detested your Person ; and, as for any other Regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

Jonathan.

WHY, then, since we are come to a right Understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

Lætitia.

WITH all my Heart.

Jonathan.

Let us shake Hands then, and henceforwards never live like Man and Wife ; that is, never be loving, nor never quarrel.

Lætitia.

AGREED. ----- But pray, Mr. *Wild*, why B---ch ? Why did you suffer such a Word to escape you ?

Jonathan.

It is not worth your Remembrance.

Lætitia.

You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please ?

Jonathan.

WITHOUT Controul. And I have the same Liberty ?

Lætitia.

WHEN I interfere, may every Curse you can wish attend me.

Jonathan.

LET us now take a Farewel-Kiss ; and may I be hang'd if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

Lætitia.

Latitia.

BUT why, B--ch? ---- Methinks I should be glad to know why B--ch?

AT which Words he sprang from the Bed, d---ing her Temper heartily. She returned it again with equal Abuse, which was continued on both Sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue stedfast in this new Resolution; and the Joy arising on that Occasion at length dismissed them pretty amicably from each other, though *Latitia* could not help concluding with the Words, WHY B--CH?

DIALOGUE IV.

A remarkable One, between Jonathan Wild, and the Ordinary of Newgate.

Ordinary.

GOOD Morrow to you, Sir; I hope you rested well last Night.

Jonathan.

D---N'D ill, Sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my Sleep.

Ordinary.

FIE upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better Use of those Instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from those Words: *Those who do Evil shall go into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels*, I undertook to shew
you

you, First, What is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE ; and, Secondly, Who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some Inferences from the whole ;* in which I am mightily deceived, if I did not convince you, that you yourself was one of those ANGELS ; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your Portion in the other World.

Jonathan.

FAITH, Doctor, I remember very little of your Inferences ; for I fell asleep soon after your naming your Text : But did you preach this Doctrine then, or do you repeat it now, in order to comfort me ?

Ordinary.

I do it, in order to bring you to a true Sense of your manifold Sins, and, by that Means, to induce you to Repentance. Indeed, had I the Eloquence of *Cicero*, or of *Tully*, it would not be sufficient to describe the Pains of Hell, or the Joys of Heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that Ear hath not heard, nor can Heart conceive*. Who then would, for the pitiful Consideration of the Riches and Pleasures of this World, forfeit such inestimable Happiness ! Such Joys ! Such Pleasures ! Such Delights ! Or who would run the Venture of such Misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human Understanding ! Who, in his Senses, then would prefer the latter to the former ?

* He pronounced this Word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

Jonathan.

sure the Clergy * * * * Opportunity * * *
 * * * better informed * * * * *
 * * * * * all Manner of Vice * * *
 * * * * *

Ordinary.

* are * Atheist. * * Deist * * * * Ari
 * * * cinian * * * hanged * * * * burne
 * roiled * oasted. * * * * *
 Dev * * his An * * * * ell Fire * * ternal
 Da * * * * tion.

Jonathan.

You * * * * * to frighten me out of
 my Wits : But his * * * * is, I doubt not,
 more merciful than his * * * * If I should be-
 lieve all you say, I am sure I should die in in-
 expressible Horrour.

Ordinary.

Despair is sinful. You should place your
 Hopes in Repentance and Grace ; and though,
 it is most true, you are in Danger of the Judg-
 ment ; yet there is still Room for Mercy, and
 no Man, unless excommunicated, is absolute-
 ly without Hopes of a Reprieve.

Jonathan.

I am not without Hopes of a Reprieve from
 the Cheat yet : I have pretty good Interest ;
 but if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten
 me out of my Courage, I will not die like a
 Pimp. D---n me what is Death ? It is no-
 thing but to be with *Plato's* and with *Cæsars*,
 --- as the Poet says, and all the other great
 Heroes of Antiquity. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Ordinary.

Ordinary.

AY, all this is very true ; but Life is sweet for all that, and I had rather live to Eternity, than go into the Company of any such Heathens, who are, I doubt not, in Hell with the Devil and his Angels ; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where then will be your Tauntings and your Vauntings, your Boastings and your Braggings ? You will then be ready to give more for a Drop of Water than you ever gave for a Bottle of Wine.

Jonathan.

FAITH, *Doctor*, well minded. What say you to a Bottle of Wine ?

Ordinary.

I will drink no Wine with an Atheist. I should expect the Devil to make a third in such Company ; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his Due.

Jonathan.

It is your Business to drink with the Wicked, in order to amend them.

Ordinary.

I despair of it ; and so I consign you over to the Devil, who is ready to receive you.

Jonathan.

You are more unmerciful to me than the Judge, *Doctor*. He recommended my Soul to Heaven ; and it is your Office to shew me the Way thither.

Ordinary.

No: The Gates are barred against all Revilers of the Clergy.

Jonathan.

Jonathan.

I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if Men were preferred in the Church by Merit only, would have long since been a Bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good Man's Indignation to observe one of your vast Learning and Abilities obliged to exert them in so low a Sphere, when so many of your Inferiors wallow in Wealth and Preferment.

Ordinary.

WHY, it must be confessed, there are bad Men in all Orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own, I might have expected higher Promotion; but I have learnt Patience and Resignation; and I would have advise you to the same Temper of Mind, which, if you can attain, I know you will find Mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a Sinner; but your Crimes are not of the blackest Dye: You are no Murtherer, nor guilty of Sacrilege. And if you are guilty of Theft, you may make some Attonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy is it indeed for those few who are detected in their Sins, and brought to exemplary Punishment for them in this World. So far, therefore, from repining at your Fate when you come to the Tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and, to say the Truth, I question whether, to a wise Man, the Catastrophe of many a Man who dies by a Halter, is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as Sin, and Murther is the greatest of all Sins; it follows, that whoever commits
Murther

Murder is happy in suffering for it ; if therefore a Man who commits Murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less Crime ?

Jonathan.

'ALL this is very true ; but let us take a Bottle of Wine to cheer our Spirits.

Ordinary.

WHY Wine ? Let me tell you, Mr. *Wild*, there is nothing so deceitful as the Spirits given us by Wine. If you must drink, let us have a Bowl of *Punch* ; a Liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in Scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the Gravel ; a Distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

Jonathan (having called for a Bowl.)

I ask your Pardon, *Doctor*, I should have remembred, that *Punch* was your favourite Liquor. I think you never taste Wine while there is any *Punch* remaining on the Table.

Ordinary.

I confess, I look on *Punch* to be the more eligible Liquor, as well for the Reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other Cause, *viz.* it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention Wine, thinking you knew my Palate.

Jonathan.

You are in the right ; and I will take a swinging Cup to your being made a Bishop.

Ordinary.

AND I will wish you a Reprieve in as large a DRAUGHT. Come, don't despair : It is yet Time enough to think of dying, you have good Friends,

Friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a Man reprieved, who had less Reason to expect it.

Jonathan.

BUT, if I should flatter myself with such Hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my Soul?

Ordinary.

PUGH! Never mind your Soul, leave that to me; I will render a good Account of it, I warrant you. I have a Sermon in my Pocket, which may be of some Use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the Talent of Preaching, since no Man ought to value himself for any Gift in this World: But perhaps there are not many such Sermons. ---- But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the *Punch* comes. ---- My Text is the latter Part of a Verse only.

----- *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

THE Occasion of these Words was principally, that Philosophy of the *Greeks* which at that Time had over-run great Part of the Heathen World, had poisoned, and as it were puffed up their Minds with Pride, so that they disregarded all Kinds of Doctrine in Comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the Learning of others might be, yet, if it any wise contradicted their own Laws, Customs, and received Opinions, away with it, it is not for us. It was *to the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

IN the former Part therefore of my Discourse
on

on these Words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great Emptiness and Vanity of this Philosophy; with which these idle and absurd Sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated :

AND here I shall add two Things : First, I shall expose the Matter ; and secondly, the Manner of this absurd Philosophy.

AND First, for the First of these, namely the Matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly Word, which our Adversaries have audaciously thrown in our Faces ; for what was all this mighty Matter of Philosophy, this Heap of Knowledge, which was to bring such large Harvests of Honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly enrich the Ground on which it fell ; what was it, but FOOLISHNESS ? An inconsistent Heap of Nonsense, of Absurdities and Contradictions, bringing no Ornament to the Mind in its Theory, nor exhibiting any Usefulness to the Body in its Practice. What were all the Sermons and the Sayings, the Fables and the Morals of all these wise Men, but, to use the Word mentioned in my Text once more, FOOLISHNESS ? What was their great Master *Plato*, or their other great Light *Aristotle* ? Mere Quibblers and Sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous Notions of their own, founded neither on Truth nor Reason. Their whole Works are a strange Medley of the greatest Falshoods, scarce covered over with the Colour of Truth : Their Precepts are neither borrowed from Nature, nor guided by Reason : Mere Fictions, serving only to evince the dreadful

Height of human Pride. It may perhaps, be expected of me, that I should give some Instances from their Works to prove this Charge; but as, to transcribe every Passage tending to prove what I have here asserted, would be to transcribe their whole Works, and as in such a plentiful Crop, it is difficult to chuse; instead of trespassing on your Patience, I shall conclude this first Head with a small Alteration of the Words of my Text. The Philosophy of the *Greeks* was FOOLISHNESS.

PROCEED we now in the second Place, to consider the Manner in which this inane and simple Doctrine was propagated. And here — But here, the *Punch* by entering put a Stop to his Reading at this Time: Nor could we obtain of Mr. *Wild* any further Account of the Conversation which pass'd at this Interview.

Divers astonishing Instances of Greatness in Jonathan Wild the Great.

INSTANCE I.

MR. *Wild* and Mr. *Bagshot*, after having robbed the Count, went together to the Tavern, where Mr. *Bagshot* generously (as he thought) offered to share the Booty, and having divided the Money into two unequal Heaps, and added a golden Snuff-Box to the lesser Heap, he desired Mr. *Wild* to take his Choice.

MR. *Wild* immediately conveyed the larger Share

Share of the Ready into his Pocket, according to an excellent Maxim of his : “ First secure
 “ what Share you can, before you wrangle for
 “ the rest :” And then, turning to his Companion he ask’d him, with a stern Countenance, whether he intended to keep all that Sum to himself ? Mr. *Bagshot* answered, with some surprize, that he thought Mr. *Wild* had no Reason to complain ; for it was surely fair, at least on his Part, to content himself with an equal Share of the Booty, who had taken the whole. I grant you took it, replied *Wild*,
 “ but, pray who proposed or counselled the
 “ taking it ? Can you say, that you have
 “ done more than executed my Scheme, and
 “ might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another ? since you well know there was
 “ not a Gentleman in the Room but would
 “ have taken the Money, if he had known
 “ how conveniently and safely to do it. That
 “ is very true (returned *Bagshot*) but did not I
 “ execute the Scheme, did not I run the whole
 “ Risque ? Should not I have suffered the whole
 “ Punishment if I had been taken, and is
 “ not the Labourer worthy of his Hire ?
 “ Doubtless (says *Jonathan*) he is so, and your
 “ Hire I shall not refuse you, which is all
 “ that the Labourer is entituled to, or ever
 “ enjoys. I remember when I was at School
 “ to have heard some Verses, which for the
 “ Excellence of their Doctrine, made an Impression on me, purporting that the Birds of
 “ the Air, and the Beasts of the Field, work
 “ not for themselves. It is true, the Farmer allows Fodder to his Oxen, and Pasture to
 L “ his

“ his Sheep ; but it it is for his own Service,
 “ not theirs. In the same Manner the Plow-
 “ man, the Shepherd, the Weaver, the
 “ Builder and the Soldier, work not for
 “ themselves but others ; they are contented
 “ with a poor Pittance (the Labourer’s Hire)
 “ and permit us the GREAT to enjoy the
 “ Fruits of their Labours. *Aristotle*, as my
 “ Master told us, hath plainly proved, in the
 “ first Book of his Politicks, that the low,
 “ mean, useful Part of Mankind, are born
 “ Slaves to the Wills, and for the Use of their
 “ Superiours, as well as the Cattle. It is well
 “ said of us, the higher Order of Mortals,
 “ that we are born only to devour the Fruits
 “ of the Earth ; and it may be as well said of
 “ the lower Class, that they are born only to
 “ produce them for us. Is not the Battle
 “ gained by the Sweat and Danger of the com-
 “ mon Soldier, is not the Honour and Fruit
 “ of the Victory the General’s who laid the
 “ Scheme ? Is not the House built by the La-
 “ bour of the Carpenter, and the Bricklayer ?
 “ Is it not built for the Profit only of the Ar-
 “ chitect, and for the Use of the Inhabitant,
 “ who could not easily have placed one Brick
 “ upon another ? Is not the Cloth, the Silk,
 “ wrought into its Form, and variegated with
 “ all the Beauty of Colours, by those who
 “ are forced to content themselves with the
 “ coarsest and vilest Part of their Work,
 “ while the Profit and Enjoyment of their La-
 “ bours fall to the Share of others. Cast your
 “ Eye Abroad, and see who is it lives in the
 “ most magnificent Buildings, feasts his Pa-
 “ late

" late with the most luxurious Dainties; his
 " Eyes with the most beautiful Sculptures and
 " delicate Paintings, and cloaths himself in
 " the finest and richest Apparel; and tell me
 " if all these do not fall to his Lot, who had
 " not any the least Share in producing all these
 " Conveniences, nor the least Ability so to
 " do? Why then should the State of a *Prig*
 " differ from all others? Or why should you,
 " who are the Labourer only, the Executor
 " of my Scheme, expect a Share in the Profit.
 " Be advised, therefore, deliver the whole
 " Booty to me, and trust to my Bounty for
 " your Reward." Mr. *Bagshot* was some
 Time silent, and looked like a Man Thunder-
 struck: But at last recovering himself from his
 Surprise, he thus began. " If you think,
 " Mr. *Wild*, by the Force of your Argu-
 " ments to get the Money out of my Pocket,
 " you are greatly mistaken. What is all this
 " Stuff to me? D---n me, I am a Man of
 " Honour, and tho' I can't talk as well as
 " you, by G--- you shall not make a Fool of
 " me; and if you take me for one, I must tell
 " you, you are a Rascal." At which Words,
 he laid his Hand to his Sword. *Wild*, perceiv-
 ing the little Success the great Strength of his
 Arguments had met with, and the hasty
 Temper of his Friend, gave over his Design
 for the present, and told *Bagshot*, he was only
 in Jest. But this Coolness had rather the
 Effect of Oil than Water thrown on the
 Flames of the other, who replied, in a Rage,
 " D---n me, I don't like such Jest; I see
 " you are a pitiful Rascal, and a Scoundrel."

Wild, with a Philosophy worthy of great Admiration, returned, “As for your Abuse; “I have no Regard to it; but to convince “you, I am not afraid of you, let us lay the “whole Booty on the Table, and let the “Conqueror take it all.” And having so said, he drew out his shining Sword, whose glittering so dazzled the Eyes of *Bagshot*, that in a Tone entirely altered, he said, “No, “he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in “them to quarrel among themselves; that “they had common Enemies enough Abroad, “against whom they should unite their common Force; that if he had mistaken *Wild*, “he was sorry for it, and as for a Jest, he “could take a Jest as well as another.”

Wild, who had a wonderful Knack of discovering and applying to the Passions of Men, beginning now to have a little Insight into his Friend, and to conceive what Arguments would make the quickest Impression on him, cried out in a loud Voice, “That he had bullied him into “drawing his Sword, and since it was out, “he would not put it up without Satisfaction. “What Satisfaction would you have? (answered the other) your Money or the Sword, “said *Wild*. Why lookye Mr. *Wild* (said “*Bagshot*) if you want to borrow a little of “my Part, since I know you to be a Man of “Honour, I don’t care if I lend you: — “For tho’ I am not afraid of any Man living. “yet rather than break with a Friend, and as “it may be necessary for your Occasions.”

— *Wild*, who often declared that he looked
upon

upon borrowing to be as good a Way of *taking* as any, and as he called it, the genteelest Kind of *Sneaking-Budge*, putting up his Sword, and shaking his Friend by the Hand, told him, he had hit the Nail on the Head ; it was really his present Necessity only that prevailed with him against his Will ; for that his Honour was concerned to pay a considerable Sum the next Morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of *Bagshot's* Share, so that he had three Parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his Companion, and retired to Rest.

INSTANCE II.

THE *Count*, after being robb'd, by *Wild* and *Bagshot*, happening to fall into the Hands of Bailiffs, and *Wild* wanting his Assistance, to carry on a Scheme he had concerted, undertook to get him Bail ; in order to which, it being absolutely necessary to *raise the Cole*, he resolv'd to extract some from *Bagshot*, who had also fallen into their Clutches, soon after his parting with *Wild*, and was in the same House with the *Count*. He found him in Expectation of his Bail ; and, with a Countenance full of Concern, which he could at any Time, with wonderful Art, put on, told him, that all was discovered ; that the *Count* knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the Robbery, had not I exerted, said he, my utmost Interest, and with great Difficulty prevailed on him, in Case you refund the Money ----- " Refund the Money, cry'd *Bagshot*, that is in your
L 3 " Power ;

“ Power ; for you know what an inconsider-
 “ able Part of it fell to my Share. How !
 “ reply’d *Wild*, is this your Gratitude to me
 “ for saving your Life ? For your own Con-
 “ science must convince you of your Guilt,
 “ and with how much Certainty the Gentle-
 “ man can give Evidence against you. Marry
 “ come up, quoth *Bagshot*, I believe my
 “ Life alone will not be in Danger. I know
 “ those who are as guilty as myself. Do you
 “ tell me of Conscience ? ----- Yes, Sirrah !
 “ answered our Hero, taking him by the
 “ Collar, and since you dare threaten me, I
 “ will shew you the Difference between com-
 “ mitting a Robbery, and conniving at it,
 “ which is all I can charge myself with. I
 “ own indeed I suspected, when you shewed
 “ me a Sum of Money, that you had not
 “ come honestly by it. How, say *Bagshot*,
 “ frightened out of one half of his Wits, and
 “ amazed out of the other, can you deny ?
 “ ---- Yes, you Rascal, answered *Wild*, I
 “ do deny every Thing, and do you find a Wit-
 “ ness to prove it ; and, to shew you how lit-
 “ tle Apprehension I have of your Power to
 “ hurt me, I will have you apprehended this
 “ Moment.” ----- At which Words he offered
 to break from him ; but *Bagshot* laid hold of
 his Skirts, and, with an altered Tone and
 Manner, begged him not to be so impatient.
 “ Refund then, Sirrah, cries *Wild*, and per-
 “ haps I may take Pity on you. What must
 “ I refund ? answered *Bagshot* : Every Far-
 “ thing in your Pocket, replied *Wild* ; then I
 “ may have some Compassion on you, and
 “ not

“ not only save your Life, but, out of an
 “ Excess of Generosity, may return you
 “ something.” At which Words *Bagshot*
 seeming to hesitate, *Wild* pretended to make
 to the Door, and rapt out an Oath of Ven-
 geance with so violent an Emphasis, that his
 Friend no longer presumed to ballance, but
 suffered *Wild* to search his Pockets, and draw
 forth* all he found, to the Amount of twenty
 one Guineas and an half; which last Piece our
 generous Hero returned him again; telling
 him, he might now sleep secure; but advised
 him for the future never to threaten his
 Friends.

I N S T A N C E III.

THE *Great Jonathan*, having resolved up-
 the noble *Exploit*, of getting a Gentleman
rob'd and *murther'd*, and having propos'd this
 heroick Action to one, to whom he look'd on
 as the *most resolute* in his Gang, Mr. *Marybone*
 (for that was the Person's Name) to whom he
 applied, readily agreed to the Robbery, but
boggled at the *Murther*; alledging, that as to
Robbery, he had, on much weighing and con-
 sidering the Matter, very well reconciled his
 Conscience to it; for tho' that noble Kind of
 Robbery which was executed on the Highway,
 was from the Cowardice of Mankind less fre-
 quent, yet the baser and meaner Species some-
 times called Cheating, but more commonly
 known by the Name of *Robbery within the*
Law, was in a Manner universal. He did

not therefore pretend to the Reputation of being so much honeſter than other People; but could by no Means ſatisfy himſelf in the Commiſſion of Murther, which was a Sin of the moſt heinous Nature, and ſo immediately proſecuted by God's Judgment, that it never paſſed undiscovered or unpuniſhed.

WILD, with the utmoſt Diſdain in his Countenance, answered as follows. " Art
 " thou he whom I have ſelected out of my
 " whole Gang for this glorious Undertaking,
 " and doſt thou cant of God's Revenge againſt
 " Murther. You have, it ſeems, reconciled
 " your Conſcience (a pretty Word) to Rob-
 " bery from its being ſo common. Is it then
 " the Novelty of Murther which deters you?
 " Do you imagine that Guns, and Piſtols,
 " and Swords, and Knives, are the only In-
 " ſtruments of Death? Look into the World,
 " and ſee the Numbers, whom broken For-
 " tunes and broken Hearts, bring untimely to
 " the Grave. To omit thoſe glorious Heroes,
 " who, to their immortal Honour, have maſſa-
 " cred whole Nations, what think you of pri-
 " vate Perſecution, Treachery, and Slander,
 " by which the very Souls of Men are in a
 " Manner torn from their Bodies? Is it not
 " more generous, nay, more good-natured to,
 " to ſend a Man to his Reſt; then after having
 " plundered him of all he hath, or from Ma-
 " lice or Malevolence deprived him of his Cha-
 " racter, to puniſh him with a languiſhing
 " Death, or what is worſe, a languiſhing
 " Life? Murther, therefore, is not ſo uncom-
 " mon

" more as you weakly conceive it, tho', as you
 " said of Robbery, that more noble Kind,
 " which lies within the Paw of the Law, may
 " be so. But this is the most innocent in him
 " who doth it, and the most eligible to him
 " who is to suffer it. Believe me, Lad, the
 " Tongue of a Viper is less hurtful than that of
 " a Slanderer, and the gilded Scales of a Rattle-
 " Snake less dreadful, than the Purse of the Op-
 " pressor. Let me therefore hear no more of
 " your Scruples; but consent to my Proposal
 " without further Hesitation, unless like a
 " Woman you are afraid of bleeding your
 " Cloaths, or like a Fool are terrified with the
 " Apprehensions of being hanged in Chains.
 " Take my Word for it, you had better be an
 " honest Man than half a Rogue. Do not
 " think of continuing in my Gang, without
 " abandoning yourself absolutely to my Plea-
 " sure; for no Man shall ever receive a Fa-
 " vour at my Hands, who sticks at any Thing,
 " or is guided by any other Law than that of
 " my Will.

WILD thus ended his Speech, which had not
 the desired Effect on *Marybone*: He agreed to
 the Robbery, but would not undertake the
 Murther, as *Wild* (who feared that by *Mary-
bone's* demanding to search the Gentleman's
 Neck, he might hazard Suspicion himself) in-
 sisted. *Marybone* was immediately entered by
Wild in his *Black-Book*, and was presently after
 impeached and executed, as a Fellow on whom
 his Leader could not place sufficient Depen-
 dence.

I N S T A N C E I V.

THERE was in *Wild's* Gang, a Man named *Blue-skin*. One of those Merchants who trade in dead Oxen, Sheep, &c. in short, what the Vulgar call a *Butcher*. This Gentleman had two Qualities of a GREAT Man, viz. undaunted Courage, and an absolute Contempt of those ridiculous Distinctions of *Morum* and *Tuum*. The common Forms of exchanging Property by Trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile Profession, and falling acquainted with some of Mr. *Wild's* People, he provided himself with Arms, and enlisted in the Gang. In which he behaved for some time with great Decency and Order, and submitted to accept such Share of the Booty with the rest, as our Hero allotted him.

BUT this Subserviency agreed ill with his Temper; for we should before have remembered a third heroic Quality, namely Ambition, which was no inconsiderable Part of his Composition. One Day, therefore, having robbed a Gentleman at *Windsor* of a Gold Watch; which, on its being advertised in the News-Papers, with a considerable Reward, was demanded of him by *Wild*, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

“ How, Mr. *Blue-skin*! says *Wild*, you
 “ will not deliver the Watch? No, Mr. *Wild*,
 “ answered he; I have taken it, and will
 “ keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dis-
 pose

“ pose of it myself, and keep the Money
 “ for which I sell it. Sure, replied *Wild*,
 “ you have not the Assurance to pretend you
 “ have any Property or Right in this Watch?
 “ I am certain, returned *Blue-skin*, whether I
 “ have any Right in it or no, you can prove
 “ none. I will undertake, cries the other, to
 “ shew I have an absolute Right to it, and
 “ that by the Laws of our Gang, of which I
 “ am providentially at the Head. I know not
 “ who put you at the Head of it, cries *Blue-*
 “ *skin*; but those who did, certainly did it for
 “ their own Good, that you might conduct
 “ them the better in their Robberies, in-
 “ form them of the richest Booties, prevent
 “ Surprize, pack Juries, bribe Evidence, and
 “ so contribute to their Benefit and Safety;
 “ and not to convert all their Labour and
 “ Hazard to your own Benefit and Advan-
 “ tage. You are greatly mistaken, Sir, an-
 “ swered *Wild*; you are talking of a legal So-
 “ ciety, where the chief Magistrate is always
 “ chosen for the public Good, which, as we
 “ see in all the legal Societies of the World,
 “ he constantly consults, daily contributing,
 “ by his superiour Skill, to their Prosperity,
 “ and not sacrificing their Good to his own
 “ Wealth, or Pleasure, or Humour: But in
 “ an illegal Society or Gang, as this of ours,
 “ it is otherwise; for who would be at the
 “ Head of a Gang, unless for his own Interest?
 “ And without a Head, you know, you can-
 “ not subsist. Nothing but a Head, and Obe-
 “ dience to that Head, can preserve a Gang a
 “ Moment from Destruction. It is absolute-
 “ ly

ly Better for you to content yourselves with a
 moderate Reward, and enjoy that in Safety
 at the Disposal of your Chief, than to en-
 gross the Whole with the Hazard to which
 you will be liable without my Protection.
 And surely there is none in the whole Gang,
 who hath less Reason to complain than you,
 you have tasted of my Favours ; witness
 that Piece of Ribbon you wear in your Hat,
 with which I dubbed you Captain.—
 Therefore, pray, Captain, deliver the
 Watch.— D——n your cajoling, says
Blue-skin : Do you think I value myself on
 this Bit of Ribband, which I could have
 bought myself for Six-pence, and wore
 without your Leave ? Do you imagine I
 think myself a Captain, because you whom,
 I know not empowered to make one,
 call me so ? The Name of Captain is but
 a Shadow : The Men and the Salary are
 the Substance : And I am not to be bubbld
 with a Shadow. I will be called Cap-
 tain no longer, and he who flatters me by
 that Name, I shall think affronts me, and
 I will knock him down, I assure you.—
 Did ever Man talk so unreasonably, cries
Wild. Are you not respected as a Captain
 by the whole Gang since my dubbing you
 so ? But it is the Shadow only, it seems ;
 and you will knock a Man down for affront-
 ing you, who calls you Captain. Might
 not a Man as reasonably tell a Minister of
 State : Sir, you have given me the Shadow
 only. The Ribbon, or the Bawble, that you
 give me, implies that I have either signalized
 myself,

“ myself, by some great Action, for the Benefit
 “ and Glory of my Country; or at least that I
 “ am descended from those who have done so.
 “ I know myself to be a Scoundrel, and so have
 “ been those few Ancestors I can remember, or
 “ have ever heard of. Therefore I am resolved
 “ to knock the first Man down, who calls me Sir,
 “ or Right Honourable. But all GREAT and
 “ wise Men think themselves sufficiently re-
 “ paid by what procures them Honour and
 “ Precedence in the Gang, without enqui-
 “ ring into Substance; nay, if a Title, or a
 “ Feather, be equal to this Purpose, they are
 “ Substance, and not mere Shadows; but I
 “ have not Time to argue with you at pre-
 “ sent, so give me the Watch without any
 “ more Deliberation. I am no more a Friend
 “ to Deliberation than yourself, answered
 “ *Blueskin*, and so I tell you once for all, By
 “ G—— I never will give you the Watch,
 “ no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any
 “ Part of my Booty. I won it, and I will
 “ wear it. Take your Pistols yourself, and
 “ go out on the High-way, and don’t lazily
 “ think to fatten yourself, with the Dangers
 “ and Pains of other People.” At which
 Words he departed in a fierce Mood, and re-
 paired to the Tavern used by the Gang, where
 he had appointed to meet some of his Acquain-
 tance; whom he informed of what had passed
 between him and *Wild*, and advised them all
 to follow his Example; which they all readily
 agreed to, and Mr. *Wild*’s D——tion was the
 universal Toast: In drinking Bumpers to
 which, they had finished a large Bowl of
 Punch,

Punch, when a Constable, with a numerous Attendance, and *Wild* at their Head, entered the Room, and seized on *Blue-skin*, whom his Companions, when they saw our Hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The Watch was found upon him, which, together with *Wild's* Information, was more than sufficient to commit him to *Newgate*.

IN the Evening, *Wild*, and the rest of those who had been drinking with *Blue-skin*, met at the Tavern, where nothing was to be seen, but the profoundest Submission to their Leader. They vilified and abused *Blue-skin*, as much as they had before abused our Hero, and now repeated the same Toast, only changing the Name of *Wild* into that of *Blue-skin*. All agreeing with *Wild*, that the Watch found in his Pocket, and which must be a fatal Evidence against him, was a just Judgment on his Disobedience and Revolt.

THUS did this GREAT Man, by a resolute and timely Example (for he went directly to the Justice when *Blue-skin* left him) quell one of the most dangerous Conspiracies which could possibly arise in a Gang; and which, had it been permitted one Day's Growth, would inevitably have ended in his Destruction; so much doth it behove GREAT Men and *Prigs* to be eternally on their Guard, and expeditious in the Execution of their Purposes; while none but weak and honest Men can indulge themselves in Remissness or Repose.

Same

Some Account of Fireblood, PRIME MINISTER to Jonathan the Great.

OUR Hero having been so much deceived in *Marybone*, as was before related, applied next to another of his Gang, who immediately received his Orders, and instead of hesitating at a single Murther, asked if he should blow out the Brains of all the Passengers, Coachman and all. But *Wild*, whose Moderation we have before noted, would not permit him ; and therefore having given him an exact Description of the devoted Person, with his other necessary Instructions, he dismissed him, with strictest Orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other Person.

THE Name of this Youth, who will hereafter make some Figure in this History, being the *Achates* of our *Æneas*, or rather the *Hephestion* of our *Alexander*, was *Fireblood*. He had every Qualification to make a Second-Rate GREAT MAN ; or in other Words, he was completely equipped for the Tool of a Real or First-Rate GREAT MAN. We shall therefore (which is the properest Way of dealing with this Kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our Reader what Qualities he had not : In which Number were Humanity, Modesty, and Fear, not one Grain of any of which was mingled in his whole Composition.

An incomparable Love Letter of Jonathan Wild's, which may truly pass for an Original, and is not to be match'd either for Matter or Spelling, in the Academy of Compliments, or elsewhere,

Most Deivine and adwhorable Creature,

“ I Doubt not but those IIs, briter than
 “ the Son, which have kindled such a Flam
 “ in my Hart, have likewise the Faculty of
 “ seeing it. It would be the hiest Preassump-
 “ tion to imagin you 'eggnoyant of my Loav.
 “ No, Maddam, I sollemly purtest, that, of
 “ all the Butys in the unaverfal Glob, there is
 “ none kapable of hateracting my IIs like
 “ you. Corts and Pallaces would be to me
 “ Deserts without your Kumpany, and with
 “ it a Wildernes would have more Charms
 “ than Haven itself. For I hop you will be-
 “ leve me when I sware every Place in the
 “ Univarfe is a Haven with you. I am kon-
 “ vinced you must be finsibel of my violent
 “ Passion for you, which, if I endeavored to
 “ hid it, would be as impossible as for you,
 “ or the Son to hide your Butys. I assure you
 “ I have not slept a Wink since I had the
 “ Hapness of seeing you last; therefore,
 “ hop you will, out of Kumpassion, let me
 “ have the Honour of seeing you this After-
 “ noon; for I am, with the greatest Adwhor-
 “ ration,

“ Most Deivine Creeture,

“ Your most peffionate Amirer,

Adwhorer, and Slave,

“ JOHANATAN WYLD.

Divers affecting and diverting Scenes between Jonathan Wild and others.

SCENE I.

AS soon as the two Gentlemen, employ'd by the GREAT *Wild*, to rob his *old School-fellow* and *Friend Heartfree*, of the Money he had just received of the Count, in Part, for his Jewels, and had left him sprawling on the Ground, our Hero, who wisely declined trusting the Booty in his Friends Hands, tho' he had good Experience of their Honour, made off after the Conquerors; at length they being all at a Place of Safety, *Wild*, according to a previous Agreement, received nine Tenths of the Booty; the subordinate Heroes did indeed profess some little Unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with Honour) to perform their Contract; but *Wild*, partly by Argument, but more by Oaths and Threatnings, prevailed with them to fulfill their Promise.

OUR Hero having thus with wonderful Address brought this GREAT and glorious Action to a happy Conclusion, resolved to relax his Mind, after his Fatigue, in the Conversation of the Fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely *Lætitia*; but in his Way, accidentally met with a young Lady of his Acquaintance, Miss *Molly Straddle*, who was taking the Air in *Bridges-Street*. Miss *Molly* seeing Mr. *Wild*, stopp'd him, and with a Familiarity peculiar to a genteel Town Education, tapp'd or rather

rather flapp'd him on the Back, and asked him to treat her with a Pint of Wine, at a neighbouring Tavern. The Hero, tho' he loved the chaste *Lætitia* with excessive Tenderness, was not of that low sniveling Breed of Mortals who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a Woman's Apron-String*; in a Word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low Vice of Constancy; he therefore immediately consented, and attended her to a Tavern famous for excellent Wine, known by the Name of the *Rummer* and *Horshee*, where they retired to a Room by themselves. *Wild* was very vehement in his Addresses, but to no Purpose; the young Lady declared she would grant no Favour till he had made her a Present; this was immediately complied with, and the Lover made as happy as he could desire.

THE immoderate Fondness which *Wild* entertained for his dear *Lætitia*, would not suffer him to waste any considerable Time with Miss *Straddle*. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the Endearments and Caresses of that young Lady, he soon made an Excuse to go down Stairs, and thence immediately set forward to *Lætitia*, without taking any formal Leave of Miss *Straddle*, or indeed of the Drawer, with whom the Lady was afterwards obliged to come to an Account for the Reckoning.

MR. *Wild*, on his Arrival at Mr. *Snap's* the Officer, found only Miss *Dosby* at home; that young Lady being employed alone, in Imitation of *Penelope*, with her Thread or Worsted; only with this Difference, that whereas *Penelope* unravelled by Night what she had knit, or
wove,

wove, or spun by Day, so what our young Heroine unravelled by Day; she knit again by Night. In short, she was mending a Pair of blue Stockings with red Clocks; a Circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to shew that there are still some Ladies of this Age, who imitate the Simplicity of the Ancients.

WILD immediately asked for his Beloved, and was informed, that she was not at Home. He then enquired, where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his Passion for her was truly honourable; in other Words, he had so ungovernable a Desire for her Person, that he would go any Lengths to satisfy it. He then pulled out the Casket, which he swore was full of the finest Jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other Promises; which so prevailed on Miss *Dosby*, who had not the common Failure of Sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's Happiness; that she desired Mr. *Wild* to sit down a few Minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her Sister, and to bring her to him. The Lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her Return; and Miss *Dosby*, leaving Mr. *Wild* to his Meditations, fastened him in the Kitchen by barring the Door (for most of the Doors in this Mansion were made to be bolted on the outside) and then flapping to the Door of the House with great Violence without going out at it, she stole softly up Stairs, where Miss *Letitia* was engaged in close Conference with

with Mr. *Bagshot*. Miss *Letty*, being informed by her Sister in a Whisper of what Mr. *Wild* had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. *Bagshot*, that a young Lady was below to visit her, whom she would dispatch with all imaginable Haste, and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with Patience for her in the mean Time, and that she would leave the Door unlocked, tho' her Papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. *Bagshot* promised on his Honour, not to step without his Chamber; and the two young Ladies went softly down Stairs; when pretending first to make their Entry into the House, they repaired to the Kitchen, where not even the Presence of the chaste *Lætitia*, could restore that Harmony to the Countenance of her Lover, which Miss *Theodosia* had left him possessed of; for during her Absence he had discovered the Absence of that Purse which he had taken from Mr. *Heartfree*, and which, indeed, Miss *Straddle* had in the Warmth of his amorous Caresses, unperceived, drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect Mastery of his Temper, or rather of his Muscles, which is as necessary to form a GREAT Character as to personate it on the Stage, he soon conveyed a Smile into his Countenance, and concealing as well his Misfortune as his Chagrin at it, began to pay honourable Addresses to Miss *Letty*. This young Lady, amongst many other good Ingredients, had three very predominant Passions, to wit, Vanity, Wantonness, and Avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she applied Mr. *Smirk* and Comp. to the second, Mr. *Bagshot* and Comp.
and

and our Hero had the Honour and Happiness of foldly engrossing the third. Now, these three Sorts of Lovers she had very different Ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She, therefore, told Mr. *Wild*, with a most composed Aspect, that she was glad he had repented, of his Manner of treating her at their last Interview, where his Behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own Sex would hardly pardon her, the Weakness she was guilty of in receding from that Resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have prevailed with herself to do, had not her Sister, who was there to confirm what she said, (as she did with many Oaths) betrayed her into his Company, by pretending it was another Person to visit her: But however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing Proofs of his Affection (for he had now the Casket in his Hand) and since she perceived his Designs were no longer against her Virtue, but were such as a Woman of Honour might listen to, she must own—— and then she feign'd an Hesitation, when *Theodosia* began. “ Nay, “ Sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no “ longer. I assure you, Mr. *Wild*, she hath “ the most violent Passion for you in the “ World; and if you offer to go back, since “ I plainly see Mr. *Wild*’s Designs are honour- “ able, I will betray all you have ever said.— “ How, Sister, (answered *Lætitia*) I protest “ you will drive me out of the Room: I did “ not

“not expect this Usage from you.” *Wild* then fell on his Knees, and taking hold of her Hand, repeated a Speech which, as the Reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here minutely set down. He then offered her the Casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second Offer, with a modest Countenance and Voice, desired to know what it contained. *Wild* then open’d it, and took forth (with Sorrow I write it, and with Sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful Necklaces, with which at the Fair of *Bartholomew*, they deck the well whitened Neck of *Thalestris* Queen of the *Amazons*, *Anna Bullen*, Queen *Elizabeth*, or some other High Princess in *Drollic* Story. It was, indeed, composed of that Paste, which *Derdæus Magnus*, an ingenious Toyman, doth at a very moderate Price dispose of, to the second Rate Beaus of the Metropolis. For, to open a Truth, which we ask our Reader’s Pardon for having concealed from him so long; the sagacious Count, wisely fearing, least some Accident might prevent Mr. *Wild*’s Return at the appointed Time, had carefully conveyed the Jewels, which Mr. *Heartfree* had brought with him, into his own Pocket; and in their Stead had placed in the Casket these artificial Stones, which, tho’ of equal Value to a Philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true Admirer of the Compositions of Art, had not however the same Charms in the Eyes of Miss *Letty*; who had indeed some Knowledge of Jewels: For Mr. *Snap*, with great Reason considering, how valuable a Part of a young Lady’s Education it would be, to have his

Daughter

Daughter instructed in these Things, in an Age when young Ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had, in her Youth, placed Miss *Letty* as the Handmaid. (or Housemaid, as the Vulgar call it) of an eminent Pawn-broker. The Lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the Jewels, flashed from her Eyes, and Thunder immediately followed from her Voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy Hero, who stood silent, confounded with Astonishment, but more with Shame and Indignation, at being thus out-witted and over-reached. At length, he recovered his Spirits, and throwing down the Casket in a Rage, he snatched the Key from the Table; and without making any Answer to the Ladies, who both very plentifully open'd upon him, or taking any Leave of them, he flew out at the Door, and repaired with the utmost Expedition to the Count's Habitation.

S C E N E II.

WHILST *Heartfree* and *Wild*, were in a profound Silence, *Wild*, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his Friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the Apprentice brought a Bank-Note in to *Heartfree*, which, he said, a Gentlewoman in the Shop, who had been looking at some Jewels, desired him to exchange. *Heartfree* looking at the Back of it, immediately perceiv'd the Count's Endorsement,

disorderment, and presently recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this Discovery he acquainted *Wild*, who, with the notable Presence of Mind, and unchanged Complexion, so essential to a GREAT Character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered, (as Mr. *Heartfree* himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the Woman with sufficient Art) to take her into a Room in his House alone. He would, he said, personate the Master of the Shop, would pretend to shew her some Jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient Information out of her to secure the Rogues; and most probably all their Booty. This Proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by *Heartfree*. *Wild* went immediately up Stairs into the Room appointed, whither the Apprentice, according to Appointment, conducted the Lady.

THE Apprentice was ordered down Stairs the Moment the Lady entered the Room; and *Wild*, having shut the Door, approached her with great Ferocity in his Looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated Baseness of the Crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good Lessons of Morality, as we doubt whether from a particular Reason they may work any very good Effect on our Reader, we shall omit his Speech, and only mention his Conclusion, which was by asking her, what Mercy she could now expect from him? The young Lady, who had had a good Education, and had been more than once present at the *Old Baily*, very confidently denied the whole Charge, and said, she had received the Note from

from a Friend. *Wild* then, raising his Voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; but, added he, changing his Tone, "As I have a violent Affection for thee, my dear *Straddle*, if you will follow my Advice, I promise you on my Honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in Question on this Account. Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. *Wild*, replied the young Lady, with a pleasanter Aspect. You must know then, said *Wild*, the Money you pick'd out of my Pocket; (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be convicted of it,) I won at Play of a Fellow who, it seems, robbed my Friend of it; you must, therefore, give an Information on Oath against one *Thomas Fierce*, and say, that you received the Note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, *Molly*, you must be sensible of your Obligations to me, who return Good for Evil to you in this Manner." The Lady readily consented; and Mr. *Wild* and she embraced and kissed each other in a very tender and passionate Manner.

WILD, having given the Lady a little further Instruction, desired her to stay a few Minutes behind him; then returned to his Friend, and acquainted him, that he had discovered the whole Roguery, that the Woman had confessed from whom she had received the Note, and had promised to give an Information before a Justice of Peace; adding he was concerned he could not attend him thither, be-

ing obliged to go to the other End of the Town to receive thirty Pounds, which he was to pay that Evening. *Heartfree* said, that should not prevent him of his Company, for he could easily lend him such a Trifle: Which was accordingly done and accepted; and *Wild*, *Heartfree*, and the Lady went to the Justice together.

THE Warrant being granted, and the Constable being acquainted by the Lady, who received her Information from *Wild* of Mr. *Fierce's* Haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted with Miss *Straddle*, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before, he was committed to *Newgate*; where he immediately conveyed an Information to *Wild* of what had happened, and in the Evening received a Visit from him.

WILD affected great Concern for his Friend's Misfortune, and as great Surprize at the Means by which it was brought about. However, he said, he must certainly be mistaken in that Point, of his having had no Acquaintance with her; that, as for the Note, he had himself paid it away to a Shopkeeper, and would endeavour, by all safe Means, to enquire into the Secrets of the Matter; that he would find out Miss *Straddle*, and endeavour to take off her Evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides he would secure him Witnesses of an *Alibi*, and five or six to his Character; so that he need be under no Apprehension, for his Confinement till the Sessions would be his only Punishment.

FIERCE, who was greatly comforted by these

these Assurances of his Friend, returned him many Thanks, and both shaking each other very earnestly by the Hand, with a very hearty Embrace, they separated.

THE Hero considered with himself, that the single Evidence of Miss *Straddle* would not be sufficient to convict *Fierce*, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the Person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated Share of the Booty; he therefore went in Quest of Mr. *James Sly*, the Gentleman who had assisted in the Exploit; and found, and acquainted him with the apprehending of *Fierce*. *Wild* then intimating his Fear, lest *Fierce* should impeach *Sly*, advised him to be beforehand, and go directly to a Justice of Peace, and offer himself as an Evidence. *Sly* approved Mr. *Wild*'s Opinion, went directly to a Magistrate, and was by him committed to the *Gate-house*, with a Promise of being admitted Evidence against his Companion.

FIERCE was, in a few Days, brought to his Trial at the *Old Baily*, when, to his great Confusion, his old Friend *Sly* appeared against him, as did Miss *Straddle*. His only Hopes were now in the Assistance which our Hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: So that the Evidence being plain against him, and he making no Defence, the Jury convicted him, the Court condemned him, and Mr. *Ketch* executed him.

WITH such infinite Address, did this truly GREAT MAN know to play with the Passions of Men, and to set them at Variance with each other, and to work his own Purposes out of

those Jealousies and Apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating, by Means of those great Arts, which the Vulgar call Treachery, Dissembling, Promising, Lying, Falshood, &c. but which are by GREAT MEN summed up in the collective Name of Policy, or Politicks, or rather *Pollitricks*; an Art of which, as it is the highest Excellence of human Nature, so perhaps, was our GREAT MAN the most eminent Master.

S C E N E III.

A very extraordinary one.

WHEN the great *Wild* and Mrs. *Heart-free*, the beautiful and virtuous Wife, of an honest Jeweller, then under Trouble, (whom our Hero was resolutely bent upon enjoying, and whom he had prevail'd on to fly with him to *Holland*, and carry off all her Husband's best Effects, by falsely pretending his Order for so doing, till his Affairs were made up) arriv'd at *Harwich*, they found a Vessel just ready to sail for *Rotterdam*, and went aboard directly, but with very different Designs. For, whereas that of the good Woman, was only to secure the most valuable Jewels, for her Husband's Advantage, and in Obedience to his Commands, that of the great *Wild* was, to *debauch*, or *ravish* her, in Case of Non-compliance, and to convert her Cargo to his own Use. But, to his utter Disappointment, and Mortification, they were hardly out of Sight of Land, before a violent Storm

Storm drove them to the S. W. so the whole Ship's Crew judg'd it impossible to shun the *Goodwin Sands*, and gave themselves for lost. In this Extremity Mrs. *Heartfree*, though she no otherwise apprehended Death, than as it would separate her from her dear Husband, and Children, fell upon her Knees to beseech the Almighty's Favour; when *Wild*, with a Contempt of Danger truly GREAT, took a Resolution, as worthy to be admired, perhaps as any recorded of the bravest Hero, ancient or modern. He saw the Tyrant Death ready to rescue from him his intended Prey, which he had yet devoured only in Imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor Wretch, who was in the utmost Agonies of Despair, first with Solicitation, and afterwards with Force.

Mrs. *Heartfree*, the Moment she understood his Meaning, which, in her present Temper of Mind, and in the Opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the Repulses which Indignation and Horreur could animate: But, when he attempted Violence, she filled the Cabin with her Shrieks, which were so vehement, that they reached the Ears of the Captain, the Storm at this Time luckily abating. This Man, who was a Brute rather from his Education, and the Element he inhabited, than from Nature, ran hastily down to her Assistance, and finding her struggling on the Ground with our Hero, he presently rescued her from her intended Ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the Woman, in order to engage with her lusty Champion, who spared neither Pains

nor Blows in the Assistance of his said Passenger.

WHEN the short Battle was over, in which our Hero, had he not been overpower'd with Numbers, who came down on their Captain's Side, would have been victorious ; the Captain rapped out a hearty Oath, and asked *Wild*, *If he had no more Christianity in him than to ravish a Woman in a Storm !* To which the other GREATLY and sullenly answered : “ It was very well ; but d----n him, if he had not Satisfaction the Moment they came on Shore.” The Captain replied, *Kiss ----- &c.* and then, turning *Wild* out of the Cabin, he, at Mrs. *Heartfree*'s Request, locked her into it, and returned to the Care of his Ship.

SOON after the Storm ceased, but they were not much the better ; for they now discover'd, at a small Distance, a *French* Privateer, which, not being able to resist, made them all Prisoners ; and the Commander, not thinking their Vessel worth preserving, having first removed them, together with every Thing valuable, and their Boat, which was better than his, aboard his own Ship, soon sent her to the Bottom.

THE *French* Captain, who was a very young Fellow, and a Man of Gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small Degree with his beautiful Captive ; and imagining *Wild*, from some Words he dropt, to be her Husband, notwithstanding the ill Affection towards him, which appeared in her Looks, he ask'd her, if she understood *French* ? She answered in the Affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well.

He

He then ask'd her, how long she and that Gentleman (pointing to *Wild*) had been married? She answered with a deep Sigh, and many Tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that Villain, who was the sole Cause of all her Misfortunes. That Appellation raised a Curiosity in the Captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a Manner, to acquaint him with the Injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole History of her Afflictions. This so moved the Captain, who had too little Notions of GREATNESS, and so incensed against him our Hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without Regard to the Laws of War, he immediately ordered out his shattered Long-boat, and making *Wild* a Present of half a dozen Biscuits to prolong his Misery, he put them therein, and then committing him to the Mercy of the Sea, proceeded on his Cruize.

SCENE IV.

A remarkable Instance of outrageous Chastity and Virtue.

SOME Time after this, for our Hero miraculously escaped, an Accident happened, which, though not immediately affecting him, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great Confusion in his Family, as well as in that of *Snap*. It is indeed a Calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted Blood, and an honourable House. An Injury never to be repaired. A

Blot never to be wiped out. A Sore never to be healed. To detain my Reader no longer: Miss *Theodosia Snap* was now safely delivered of a Male Infant, the Product of an Amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) Creature, had with the Count.

Mr. *Wild* and his Lady were at Breakfast, when Mr. *Snap*, with all the Agonies of Despair both in his Voice and Countenance, brought them this melancholy News. Our Hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful Good-nature when his GREATNESS or Interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his Sister-in-Law, ask'd with a Smile: "Who was the Father?" But the chaste *Latitia*, we repeat *the chaste*, for well did she now deserve that Epithet; received it in another Manner. She fell into the utmost Fury at the Relation, reviled her Sister in the bitterest Terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into Tears, and lamented over her Father, that such a Dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her Husband, for the light Treatment which he gave this fatal Accident. She told him, he was unworthy of the Honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste Family. That she looked on it as an Affront to her Virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty Husbands of the Town, he could not have behaved to her in a worse Manner. She concluded with desiring her Father to make an Example of the Slut, and turn her out of Doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his House, being resolved never

to set her Foot within the same Threshold with the Trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own Sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous was this chaste Lady's Love of Virtue, that she could not forgive a single Slip (indeed the only one *Theodasia* had ever made) in her own Sister, in a Sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand Obligations.

PERHAPS the Severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the Injury done to the Honour of his Family, would have relented, had not the Parish-Officers been extremely pressing on this Occasion, and, for want of Security, convey'd the unhappy young Lady to a Place, the Name of which, for the Honour of the Snaps, to whom our Hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal Oblivion: where she suffered so much Correction for her Crime, that the good-natured Reader of the Male Kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a Fault, which, with Submission to the chaste *Latitia*, and all other strictly virtuous Ladies, it should be either less criminal in a Woman to commit, or more so in a Man to solicit her to it.

SCENE V.

Very Affecting, and very Natural.

THE second Day after the GREAT *Wild's* Commitment to *Newgate*, he was greatly surprized at receiving a Visit from his Wife ; and much more so, when, instead of a Countenance ready to insult him, the only Motive to which he could ascribe her Presence, he saw the Tears trickling down her lovely Cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost Marks of Affection, and declared he could hardly regret his Confinement, since it had produced such an Instance of the Happiness he enjoyed in her, whose Fidelity to him on this Occasion, would, he believed, make him the Envy of most Husbands, even in *Newgate*. He then begged her to dry her Eyes, and be comforted ; for that Matters might go better with him than she expected. “ No, no, (says she) I am certain “ you will be found guilty *Death*. I knew “ what it would always come to. I told you “ it was impossible to carry on such a Trade “ long ; but you would not be advised, and “ now you see the Consequence ; now you repent when it is too late. All the Comfort I “ shall have when you are **nubbed*, is that I “ gave you good Advice. If you had always “ gone out by yourself, as I would have had “ you, you might have robbed on to the End “ of the Chapter ; but you was wiser than all “ the World, or rather lazier, and see what “ your

* The Cant Word for *hanging*.

“ your Laziness is come to. — To the
 “ † *Cheat*, for thither you will go now, that’s
 “ infallible. And a just Judgment on you
 “ for following your headstrong Will ; I am
 “ the only Person to be pitied, poor I, who
 “ shall be scandalized for your Fault. *There*
 “ *goes she whose Husband was hanged* : Me-
 “ thinks I hear them crying so already.” At
 which Words she burst into Tears. He could
 not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary
 Concern on his Account, and begged her not
 to trouble him any more. She answered with
 some Spirit, “ On your Account, and be
 “ d——d to you ! No, if the old Cull of a
 “ Justice had not sent me here, I believe it
 “ would have been long enough before I
 “ should come hither to see after you : D——n
 “ me, I am committed for the † *Filing-Lay*,
 “ Man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together.
 “ I faith, my Dear, it almost makes me A-
 “ mends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the
 “ Pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too. Indeed,
 “ my Dear, (answered *Wild*) it is what I
 “ have always wished for thee ; but I do not
 “ desire to bear thee Company, and I have still
 “ Hopes to have the Pleasure of seeing you go
 “ without me ; at least I will have the Plea-
 “ sure to be rid of you now.” And so say-
 ing, he seized her by the Waste, and with
 strong Arm flung her out of the Room ; but
 not before she had with her Nails left a bloody
 Memorial on his Cheek : And thus this fond
 Couple parted.

S C E N E

† The Gallows.

† Picking Pockets.

SCENE VI.

Not less *Extraordinary* and *Affecting*.

AS one Misfortune seldom comes without another, it was not long before our Hero met with a yet greater Mortification; by the Discovery of an Injury done to his Honour, and that in the *most tender* Point.—In a Word, Reader, (for thou must know it, tho' it give thee the greatest Horror imaginable) he had caught *Fireblood* in the Arms of his lovely *Letitia*.

As the generous Bull, who having long depastured among a Number of Cows, and thence contracted an Opinion, that these Cows are all his own Property, if he beholds another Bull besstride a Cow within his Walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant Vengeance with his Horns, till the whole Parish are alarmed with his bellowing. Not with less Noise, nor less dreadful Menaces, did the Fury of *Wild* burst forth, and terrify'd the whole *Gate*. Long time did Rage render his Voice inarticulate to the Hearer; as when, at a visiting Day, fifteen or sixteen, or perhaps twice as many Females, of delicate but shrill Pipes, ejaculate all at once on different Subjects, all is Sound only, the Harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no Idea to our Ears; but at length, when Reason began to get the Better of his Passion, which latter being deserted by his Breath, began a little to retreat, the following Accents leapt over the Hedge of his Teeth, or rather the Ditch of his Gums, whence those Hedge-stakes

stakes had by a Patten been displaced, in Battle with an *Amour* of *Drury*.

“ ——— Man of Honour! doth this be-
 “ come a Friend? Could I have expected
 “ such a Breach of all the Laws of Honour
 “ from thee, whom I had taught to walk in
 “ its Paths? Hadst thou chosen any other
 “ Way to injure my Confidence, I could have
 “ forgiven it; but this is a Stab in the tender-
 “ est Part, a Wound never to be healed, an In-
 “ jury never to be repaired: For it is not only
 “ the Loss of an agreeable Companion, of the
 “ Affection of a Wife, dearer to my Soul
 “ than Life itself, it is not this Loss alone I
 “ lament: This Loss is accompanied with
 “ Disgrace, and with Dishonour. The Blood
 “ of the *Wild*’s, which hath run with such un-
 “ interrupted Purity through so many Gene-
 “ rations, this Blood is fouled, is contamina-
 “ ted: Hence flow my Tears, hence arises my
 “ Grief. This is the Injury never to be re-
 “ dressed, nor never to be with Honour forgiven.
 “ Mine—in a Bandbox, answered *Fireblood*, here
 “ is a Noise about your Honour: If the Mischief
 “ done to your Blood, be all you complain
 “ of, I am sure you complain of nothing;
 “ for my Blood is as good as yours. You
 “ have no Conception, replied *Wild*, of the
 “ Tendernefs of Honour; you know not
 “ how nice and delicate it is in both Sexes;
 “ so delicate, that the least Breath of Air
 “ which rudely blows on it, destroys it. I
 “ will prove from your own Words, says,
 “ *Fireblood*,

* The Beginning of this Speech was lost, for the Reason given before.

“ *Fireblood*, I have not wronged your Ho-
 “ nour. Have you not often told me, that
 “ the Honour of a Man consisted in receiving
 “ no Affront from his own Sex, and that of a
 “ Woman in receiving no Kindness from ours?
 “ Now, Sir, if I have given you no Affront,
 “ how have I injured your Honour? But doth
 “ not every thing, cried *Wild*, of the Wife
 “ belong to the Husband? A married Man
 “ therefore hath his Wife’s Honour as well as
 “ his own, and by injuring her’s you injure
 “ his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this
 “ tender Part, I need not repeat, the whole
 “ *Gate* knows it, and the World shall. I
 “ will apply to *Doctor’s Commons* for my Re-
 “ dress against her; I will shake off as much
 “ of my Dishonour as I can by parting with
 “ her; and as for you, expect to hear of me
 “ in *Westminster-Hall*; the modern Method
 “ of repairing these Breaches, and of resenting
 “ this Affront. D——n your Eyes, cries
 “ *Fireblood*, I fear you not, nor do I believe
 “ a Word you say. Nay, if you affront me
 “ personally, says *Wild*, another Sort of Re-
 “ sentment is prescribed. At which Words,
 “ advancing to *Fireblood*, he presented him
 “ with a Box on the Ear, which the Youth
 “ immediately returned, and now our Hero
 “ and his Friend fell to Boxing, tho’ with some
 “ Difficulty, both being incumbered with the
 “ Chains which they wore between their
 “ Legs: A few Blows past on both Sides, be-
 “ fore the Gentlemen, who stood by, slept in
 “ and parted the Combatants; and now both
 “ Parties having whisper’d each other, that,
 “ if

“ if they out-lived the ensuing Sessions, and
 “ escaped the Tree, the one should give and
 “ the other should receive Satisfaction in single
 “ Combat ; they separated, and the *Gate* soon
 “ recovered its former Tranquility.”

S C E N E VII.

No ways *inferior* to the *two former*.

ON the Eve of his *Apotheosis*, or *Execution*, for it is called by different Names, *Wild's* Lady, the fair *Lætitia*, desired to see him, to which he consented. This Meeting was at first very tender on both Sides ; but it could not long continue so : For unluckily some Hints of former Miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him, how he could have used her so barbarously once, as by calling her B—— ? Whether such Language became a Man, much less a Gentleman ? *Wild* flew into a violent Passion, and swore she was the vilest of B——s, to upbraid him at such a Season, with an unguarded Word spoke long ago. She replied, with many Tears, she was well enough served for her Folly in visiting such a Brute ; but she had one Comfort however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so ; that indeed she had some Obligation to him, for that his Cruelty to her would reconcile her to the Fate he was To-morrow to suffer ; and indeed nothing but such Brutality could have made the Consideration of his shameful Death (so this weak Woman called Hanging) which was now inevitable, to be born even
 without

without Madness. She then proceeded to a Recapitulation of his Faults, in an exact Order and with more perfect Memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and, it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete Catalogue, had not our Hero's Patience failed him, so that with the utmost Fury and Violence, he caught her by the Hair and kicked her, as heartily as his Chains would suffer him, out of the Room.

Several uncommon Instances of Friendship and Fidelity, between the Great JONATHAN, and his Prime Minister FIREBLOOD.

INSTANCE I.

Fireblood having been employed, as was before related, to commit the Robbery and Murder, had the ill Fortune to return from his Enterprize unsuccessful; the Gentleman happening to go Home another Way, so that the whole Design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the Coach, and wantonly discharged a Pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the Passengers in the Arm. The Booty he met with was not very considerable, and much less than that with which he acquainted Wild; for, of eleven Pounds in Money, two Silver Watches, and a Wedding-Ring, he produced no more than two Guineas and the Ring, which he protested, with numberless Oaths, was his whole Booty. However, when

an Advertisement of the Robbery was published, with a Reward promised for the Ring and the Watches, *Fireblood* was obliged to confess the Whole, and to acquaint our Hero where he had pawned the latter ; which he, taking the full Value of them for his Pains, restored to the right Owner.

He did not fail catechizing his young Friend on this Occasion. He said, he was sorry to see any of his Gang guilty of a Breach of Honour ; that without Honour *Priggery* was at an End ; that if a *Prig* had but Honour he would overlook every Vice in the World. But, nevertheless, he said, he would forgive him this time, as he was a hopeful Lad, and wished never afterwards to find him delinquent in this grand Point.

INSTANCE II.

Which never was surpass'd at St. James's.

Fireblood, who was the Embassador on this important Occasion, having received the Love Letter, and promised on Honour to discharge his Embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair *Latitia*. Having opened the Letter, and read it, she put on an Air of Disdain, and told Mr. *Fireblood* she could not conceive what Mr. *Wild* meant by troubling her with his Impertinence ; she begged him to carry the Letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—d before she had open'd it. Moreover, she said, she was
not

not angry with him, nay, she was sorry to pretty a young Man should be employed on such an Errand. She accompanied these Words with so tender an Accent, and so wanton a Leer, that *Fireblood*, who was no backward Youth, began to take her by the Hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his Actions with the Rapidity of our Narration, he in a few Minutes ravished this fair Creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely Compliance, prevented him.

FIREBLOOD, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to *Wild*, and acquainted him as far as any wise Man would; with what had past; concluding with many Praises of the young Lady's Beauty, with whom, he said, if his Honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in Love; but, d—n him, if he would not sooner be torn in Pieces by wild Horses, than ever think of injuring his Friend. And, if he could be of any Service, he might command him to go to *Lætitia* when, and as often as he pleased.

INSTANCE III. *

Very extraordinary indeed, but naturally accounted for.

OUR Hero's old Friend and Schoolfellow, *Heartfree*, upon his Wife's long Absence and Silence, for which he could not account, but more especially upon reflecting on the *old Story*, of his being turn'd a Drift in a Boat without Oars or Sails, having unkindly conceiv'd

ceiv'd a Suspicion, that he had spirited away, robb'd and murther'd her, had him apprehended and convey'd before a Magistrate, who was inclined, notwithstanding his Excuses, to commit him, so that *Wild* was driven to other Methods for his Defence. He therefore acquainted the Justice, that there was a young Man likewise with him in the Boat, and begged that he might be sent for; which Request was accordingly granted, and the faithful *Achates* (Mr. *Fireblood*) was soon produced to bear Testimony for his Friend, which he did with so much becoming Zeal, and went through his Examination with such Coherence, (tho' he was forced to collect his Evidence, from the Hints given him by *Wild*, in the Presence of the Justice and the Accusers,) that as here was direct Evidence against mere Presumption, our Hero was most honourably acquitted; and poor *Heartfree* was charged by the Justice, the Audience, and all others, who afterwards heard the Story, with the blackest Ingratitude, in attempting to take away the Life of a Man, to whom he had such eminent Obligations.

LEST so vast an Effort of Friendship, as this of *Fireblood's*, should too violently surprize the Reader in this degenerate Age; it may be proper to inform him, that besides the Ties of Engagement in the same Employ, another nearer and stronger Alliance subsisted, between our Hero and this Youth, which latter was just departed from the Arms of the lovely *Lætitia*, when he received her Husband's Message: An Instance which may also serve to justify, those strict Intercourses of Love and Acquaintance, which

which so commonly subsist in modern History, between the Husband and Gallant; displaying the vast Force of Friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal Alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest Bonds of Amity between GREAT MEN, and the most reputable as well as easy Way to Preferment.

INSTANCE IV.

WILD having now, to the Hatred he bore *Heartfree*, on Account of those Injuries done him, an additional Spur from this Injury received; (for so it appeared to him, who no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it) applied his utmost Industry, to accomplish the Ruin of one whose very Name sounded odious in his Ears; when luckily a Scheme arose in his Imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely; but, (which pleased him most) by Means of the Mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the Imputation of having committed what he himself had done for him, and would bring on him the severest Punishment for a Fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other, than to charge him with having convey'd away his Wife, with his most valuable Effects, in order to defraud his Creditors.

He no sooner started this Thought, than he resolved to put it in Execution; what remained.

ed to consider, was only the proper Tool to be employed, and *Fireblood* was the Person chosen by *Wild* for this Service. He had, on the late Occasion, experienced the Talents of this Youth for a good round Perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him ; and, receiving his instant Assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an Evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe Creditors of *Heartfree*, and by him laid before a Magistrate, and attested by the Oath of *Fireblood*, the Justice granted his Warrant ; and *Heartfree* was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

WHEN the Officers came for this poor Wretch, they found him meanly diverting himself with his little Children, the youngest of whom sat on his Knees, and the eldest was playing at a little Distance from him with *Friendly*. The Constable, who was a very good sort of a Man, but one very laudably severe in his Office, after acquainting *Heartfree* with his Errand, had him come along and be d—d, and leave those little Bastards, for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a Legacy to the Parish. *Heartfree* was much surprized at hearing there was a Warrant for Felony against him ; but he shewed less Concern than *Friendly* did in his Countenance. The eldest Daughter, when she saw the Constable lay hold on her Father, immediately quitted her Play, and running to him, and bursting into Tears, cry'd out : *You shall not hurt poor Papa*. One of the other Ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from

from his Knees; but *Heartfree* started up, and, catching the Fellow by the Collar, dashed his Head so violently against the Wall, that, had he had any Brains, he might possibly have lost them by the Blow.

THE Constable, like most of those heroic Spirits who insult Men in Adversity, had some Prudence mixt with his Zeal for Justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough Treatment of his Companion, he began to pursue more gentle Methods, and very civilly desired Mr. *Heartfree* to go with him, seeing he was an Officer, and obliged to execute his Warrant; that he was sorry for his Misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, he should patiently submit to the Laws of his Country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him; then, taking Leave of his Children with a tender Kiss, he recommended them to the Care of *Friendly*; who promised to see them safe Home, and then to attend him at the Justice's, whose Name and Abode he had learnt of the Constable.

THIS latter arrived at the Magistrate's House, just as he had signed the *Mittimus* against his Friend; for the Evidence of *Fire-blood* was so clear and strong, and the Justice was so incensed against *Heartfree*, and so convinced of his Guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own Defence, which the Reader perhaps, when he hears the Evidence against him, will be the less inclined to censure: For this Witness deposed, "that he had been, " by *Heartfree* himself, employed to carry the
Orders

“ Orders of Embezzling to *Wild*, in order to
 “ be delivered to his Wife; that he had been
 “ afterwards present with *Wild* and her at the
 “ Inn, when they took Coach for *Har-*
 “ *wich*, where she shewed him the Casket of
 “ Jewels, and desired him to tell her Hus-
 “ band, that she had fully executed his Com-
 “ mand.

INSTANCE V.

Not to be surpassed by the most accom-
plished Courtier.

WILD had scarce recovered himself from the Uneasiness, into which his Wife's unwelcome Visit beforementioned had thrown him, but *Fireblood*, his faithful *Achates*, appeared. The Presence of this Youth was indeed a Cordial to his Spirits. He received him with open Arms, and expressed the utmost Satisfaction in his Fidelity and Friendship, which so far exceeded the Fashion of the Times, and said many Things, we have forgot, on this Occasion; but remember they all tended to the Praise of *Fireblood*; whose Modesty at length, put a Stop to the Torrent of Compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his Duty; and that he should have detested himself, could he have forsaken his Friend in his Adversity; and after many Protestations, that he came the Moment he heard of his Misfortune, he ask'd him if he could be of any Service. *Wild* answered, since he had so kindly proposed that
 Question,

Question, he must say, he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few Guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. *Fireblood* replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his Power, adding many hearty Oaths, that he had not a Farthing of Money in his Pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a Bank-Note, which he had that Evening purloined from a Gentleman in the Playhouse-Passage. He then asked for his Wife, to whom, to speak truly, the Visit was intended, her Confinement being the Misfortune of which he had just heard; for as for that of Mr. *Wild* himself, he had known it from the first, without ever intending to trouble him with his Company. Being informed therefore of the Visit which had lately happened, he reproved *Wild* for his cruel Treatment of that good Creature; then taking as sudden Leave, as he civilly could of the Gentleman, he hastned to comfort his Lady, who received him with great Kindness.

*Divers admirable Soliloquy's of Jonathan
the Great.*

SOLILOQUY I.

“THE Art of Policy, is the Art of Multiplication; the Degrees of GREAT-
 “NESS being constituted by those two little
 “Words *More* and *Less*: Mankind are first
 “properly to be considered under two grand
 “Divisions, those that use their Hands, and
 “those

“ those who employ Hands. The former are
 “ the Base and Rabble ; the latter, the genteel
 “ Part of the Creation. The mercantile Part
 “ of the World, therefore, wisely uses the
 “ Term *Employing of Hands*, and justly prefer
 “ each other, as they employ more or fewer ;
 “ for thus one Merchant says he is greater than
 “ another, because he employs more Hands.
 “ And now indeed the Merchant should seem
 “ to challenge some Character of GREAT-
 “ NESS, did we not necessarily come to a se-
 “ cond Division, *viz.* Of those who employ
 “ Hands for the Use of the Community in
 “ which they live, and of those who employ
 “ Hands merely for their own Use, without
 “ any Regard to the Benefit of Society. Of
 “ the former Sort are the Yeoman, the Ma-
 “ nufacturer, the Merchant, and, perhaps,
 “ the Gentleman. The first of these being
 “ to manure and cultivate his native Soil, and
 “ to employ Hands to produce the Fruits of
 “ the Earth. The second being to improve
 “ them by employing Hands likewise, and to
 “ produce from them those useful Commo-
 “ dities, which serve as well for the Conveni-
 “ encies as Necessaries of Life. The third is
 “ to employ Hands for the Exportation of the
 “ Redundance of our own Commodities, and to
 “ exchange them with the Redundancies of fo-
 “ reign Nations, that thus every Soil and every
 “ Climate may enjoy the Fruits of the whole
 “ Earth. The Gentleman is, by employing
 “ Hands likewise, to embellish his Country
 “ with the Improvement of Arts and Sciences,
 “ with the making and executing good and
 N “ wholesome

“ wholeſome Laws for the Preſervation of
 “ Property and the Diſtribution of Juſtice,
 “ and in ſeveral other Manners to be uſeful to
 “ Society. Now we come to the ſecond Part
 “ of this Diviſion, viz. Of thoſe who em-
 “ ploy Hands for their own Uſe only : And
 “ this is that noble and GREAT Part, who are
 “ generally diſtinguiſhed into *Conquerors, ab-*
 “ *ſolute Princes, Prime Miniſters, and Prigs.*
 “ Now all theſe differ from each other in
 “ GREATNESS only, as they employ *more* or
 “ *fewer* Hands. And *Alexander* the Great was
 “ only *greater* than a Captain of one of the
 “ *Tartarian* or *Arabian Hords*, as he was at
 “ the Head of a larger Number. In what
 “ then is a ſingle *Prig* inferior to any other
 “ GREAT Man, but becauſe he employs his
 “ own Hands only ; for he is not on that Ac-
 “ count to be levelled with the baſe and vulgar,
 “ becauſe he employs his Hands for his own
 “ Uſe only. Now, ſuppoſe a *Prig* had as many
 “ Tools as any Prime Miniſter ever had, would
 “ he not be as great as any Prime Miniſter what-
 “ ſoever ? Undoubtedly he would. What then
 “ have I to do in the Purſuit of GREATNESS,
 “ but to procure a Gang, and to make the
 “ Uſe of this Gang center in myſelf. This
 “ Gang ſhall rob for me only, receiving very
 “ moderate Rewards for their Actions ; out of
 “ this Gang I will prefer to my Favour the
 “ boldeſt and moſt iniquitous (as the Vulgar
 “ expreſs it ;) the reſt I will, from Time to
 “ Time, as I ſee Occaſion, transport and
 “ hang at my Pleaſure ; and thus (which I
 “ take to be the higheſt Excellence of a *Prig*)
 “ convert

“convert those Laws which are made for the
 “Benefit and Protection of Society, to my
 “single Use.”

SOLILOQUY II.

WILD, finding his Search after the *Count*, who was gone off with the right Jewels, ineffectual, resolved to give it over, at least, for that Night, and then retired to his Seat of Contemplation, a Night-Cellar, where, without a single Farthing in his Pocket, he called for a Sneaker of Punch, and placing himself on a Bench by himself, he softly vented the following Soliloquy :

“How vain is human GREATNESS ! What
 “avail superiour Abilities, and a noble De-
 “fiance of those narrow Rules and Bounds
 “which confine the Vulgar ; when our best
 “concerted Schemes are liable to be defeated !
 “How unhappy is the State of PRIGGISM !
 “How impossible for human Prudence to fore-
 “see and guard against every Circumvention !
 “It is even as a Game of *Chess*, where, while
 “the Rook, or Knight, or Bishop, is busied
 “in forecasting some great Enterprize, a
 “worthless Pawn interposes, and disconcerts
 “his Scheme. Better had it been for me to
 “have observed the simple Laws of Friendship
 “and Morality, than thus to ruin my Friend
 “for the Benefit of others. I might have com-
 “manded his Purse to any degree of Modera-
 “tion, I have now disabled him from the
 “Power of serving me. Well ! but that was
 “not my Design. If I cannot arraign my

“ own Conduct, why should I, like a Wo-
 “ man or a Child, sit down and lament the
 “ Disappointment of Chance ! But can I ac-
 “ quit myself of all Neglect ? Did I not misbe-
 “ have in putting it into the Power of others
 “ to outwit me ? But that is impossible to be
 “ avoided. In this a *Prig* is more unhappy
 “ than any other : A cautious Man may, in a
 “ Crowd, preserve his own Pockets by keep-
 “ ing his Hands in them ; but while he em-
 “ ploys his Hands in another’s Pocket, how
 “ shall he be able to defend his own ? Indeed
 “ in this Light what can be imagined
 “ more miserable than a *Prig* ? How dan-
 “ gerous are his Acquisitions ! How unsafe,
 “ how unquiet his Possessions ! Why then
 “ should any Man wish to be a *Prig* ? Or
 “ where is his GREATNESS ? I answer, in
 “ his Mind : ’Tis the inward Glory, the se-
 “ cret Consciousness of doing great and wonder-
 “ ful Actions, which can alone support the
 “ truly GREAT Man, whether he be a CON-
 “ QUEROR, a TYRANT, a MINISTER, or a
 “ PRIG. These must bear him up against the
 “ private Curse and publick Imprecation, and
 “ while he is hated and detested by all Man-
 “ kind, must make him inwardly satisfied
 “ with himself. For what but some such in-
 “ ward Satisfaction as this, could inspire Men
 “ possessed of Wealth, of Power, of every hu-
 “ man Blessing, which Pride, Avarice, or
 “ Luxury could desire, to forsake their Homes,
 “ abandon Ease and Repose, and, at the Ex-
 “ pence of Riches, Pleasures, at the Price of
 “ Labour and Hardship, and at the Hazard of
 “ all

"all that Fortune hath liberally given them,
 "could send them at the Head of a Multitude
 "of *Prigs*, called an Army, to molest their
 "Neighbours; to introduce Rape, Rapine,
 "Bloodshed, and every Kind of Misery on
 "their own Species? What but some such
 "glorious Appetite of Mind could inflame
 "Princes, endowed with the greatest Honours,
 "and enriched with the most plentiful Reve-
 "nues, to desire maliciously to rob those Sub-
 "jects, who are content to sweat for their
 "Luxury, and to bow down their Knees to
 "their Pride, of their Liberties, and to re-
 "duce them to an absolute Dependence on their
 "own Wills, and those of their brutal Suc-
 "cessors! What other Motive could seduce a
 "Subject, possessor of great Property in his
 "Community, to betray the Interest of his
 "Fellow-Subjects, of his Brethren, and his
 "Posterity, to the wanton Disposition of such
 "Princes! Lastly, what less Inducement
 "could persuade the *Prig* to forsake the Me-
 "thods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and a
 "plentiful Livelihood, and, at the Hazard of
 "even Life itself, and what is mistakenly cal-
 "led Dishonour, to break openly and bravely
 "through the Laws of his Country, for un-
 "certain, unsteady, and unsafe Gain! Let
 "me then hold myself contented with this Re-
 "flection, that I have been wise, though un-
 "successful, and am a GREAT, though an
 "unhappy Man."

His Soliloquy and his Punch concluded to-
 gether; for he had at every Pause comforted
 himself with a Sip. And now it came first in-

to his Head, that it would be more difficult to pay for it, than it was to swallow it, when, to his great Pleasure, he beheld, at another Corner of the Room, one of the Gentlemen, whom he had employed in the Attack on *Heartfree*, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a Guinea or two; but he had the Mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the Gaming-Table had stript him of all the Booty, which his own Generosity had left in his Possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual Method on such Occasions; so, cocking his Hat fiercely, he marched out of the Room without making any Excuse, or any one daring to make the least Demand.

SOLILOQUY III.

A very extraordinary one, when turned adrift in the Boat.

“D-----n it, a Man can die but once,
 “ what signifies it! Every Man must
 “ die, and when it is over, it is over. I
 “ never was afraid of any Thing yet, nor I
 “ won’t begin now; no, d---n me, won’t I.
 “ What signifies Fear? I shall die whether I
 “ am afraid or no: Who’s afraid then, d---n
 “ me?” At which Words he looked extremely
 fierce, but recollecting that no one was present to see him, he abated the Terror of his Countenance, and pausing a little, repeated the Word, D---n! “ Suppose I should be
 “ d-----ned at last, when I never thought a
 “ Syllable

“ Syllable of the Matter. I have often laugh-
 “ ed and made a Jest about it, and yet it may
 “ be so, for any Thing which I know to the
 “ contrary. If there should be another World
 “ it will go hard with me, that is certain. I
 “ shall never escape for what I have done to
 “ *Heartfree*. The Devil must have me for
 “ that undoubtedly. The Devil ! Pshaw ! I
 “ am not such a Fool to be frightened at him
 “ neither. No, no ; when a Man’s dead,
 “ there is an End of him. I wish I was cer-
 “ tainly satisfied of it tho’ ; for there are some
 “ Men of Learning of a different Opinion. It
 “ is but a bad Chance methinks I stand. If
 “ there be no other World, why I shall be in
 “ no worfe Condition than a Block or Stone :
 “ But if there should, ----- D-----n me, I will
 “ think no longer about it. ---- Let a Pack of
 “ cowardly Rascals be afraid of Death, I dare
 “ look him in the Face. But shall I stay and
 “ be starved ! ---- No, I will eat up the Bif-
 “ cuits the *French* Son of a Whore bestowed
 “ on me, and then leap into the Sea for Drink,
 “ since the unconscionable Dog hath not allow-
 “ ed me a single Dram.” Having thus said,
 he proceeded immediately to put his Purpose in
 Execution, and as his Resolution never failed
 him, he had no sooner dispatched the small
 Quantity of Provision, which his Enemy
 had with no vast Liberality presented him,
 then he cast himself headlong into the Sea.

SOLILOQUY IV.

THE GREAT *Wild* having at last completed the Ruin of *Heartfree*, by the Methods before related, and the *dead Warrant* being come down for his Execution, felt some little Remorse ; to banish which he had Recourse to Sleep, which instead of affording him Ease, added visionary to the real Horrors of his Mind, by tormenting his Imagination with Phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length starting up from these Visions, he no sooner recovered his waking Senses than he cry'd out :
 " I may yet prevent this Catastrophe. It is
 " not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a Moment : But GREATNESS instantly returning to his Assistance, checked the base Thought, as it first offered itself to his Mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself : " Shall I, like a Child, or a Woman, or
 " one of those mean Wretches, whom I have
 " always despised, be frightened by Dreams
 " and visionary Phantoms, to sully that Honour which I have so difficultly acquired,
 " and so gloriously maintained ! Shall I, to redeem the worthless Life of this silly Fellow,
 " suffer my Reputation to contract a Stain,
 " which the Blood of Millions cannot wipe
 " away ! Was it only that the few, the simple
 " Part of Mankind, should call me a *Rogue*,
 " perhaps I could submit ; but to be for ever
 " contemptible to the *PRIGS*, as a Wretch
 " who wanted Spirit to execute my Undertaking, can never be digested. What is the
 " Life

" Life of a single Man? Have not whole Ar-
 " mies and Nations been sacrificed to the Hu-
 " mour of *ONE GREAT MAN*?
 " Nay, to omit that first Class of *GREAT-*
 " *NESS*, the Conquerors of Mankind, how of-
 " ten have Numbers fallen, by a fictitious
 " Plot, only to satisfy the Spleen, or perhaps
 " exercise the Ingenuity, of a Member of that
 " second Order of *GREATNESS* the *Ministe-*
 " *rial*! What have I done then? Why, I
 " have ruined a Family, and brought an inno-
 " cent Man to the Gallows. I ought rather
 " to weep, with *Alexander*, that I have ruined
 " no more, than to regret the little I have
 " done."

Several remarkable Speeches of Jonathan
Wild's and others.

S P E E C H I.

A very admirable one about Honour.

" I Have heard, with infinite Pleasure, every
 " thing which the two Gentlemen who
 " spoke last have said, with Relation to Ho-
 " nour, nor can any Man possibly entertain a
 " higher and nobler Sense of that Word, nor
 " a greater Esteem of its inestimable Value
 " than myself. If we have no Name to ex-
 " press it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were
 " to be wished we had. It is indeed, the essen-
 " tial Quality of a Gentleman, and which no
 " Man who ever was great in the Field, or on

“ the Road (as others express it) can possibly
 “ be without. But alas! Gentlemen, what
 “ Pity is it, that a Word of such sovereign Use
 “ and Virtue should have so uncertain and va-
 “ rious an Application, that scarce two People
 “ mean the same Thing by it. Do not some
 “ by Honour mean Good-Nature and Huma-
 “ nity, which weak Minds call Virtues? How
 “ then! Must we deny it to the Great, the
 “ Brave, the Noble, to the Sackers of Towns,
 “ the Plunderers of Provinces, and the Con-
 “ querors of Kingdoms? Were not these
 “ Men of Honour? And yet they scorned
 “ those pitiful Qualities I have mentioned.
 “ Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include
 “ the Idea of Honesty in their Honour. And
 “ shall we then say, that no Man who witholds
 “ from another what Law or Justice perhaps
 “ calls his own, or who GREATLY and boldly
 “ deprives him of such Property, is a Man of
 “ Honour? G—— forbid I should say so in
 “ this, or indeed, in any other good Company!
 “ Is Honour Truth? No. It is not in the
 “ Lie’s going from us, but in its coming to us
 “ our Honour is injured. Doth it then con-
 “ sist in what the Vulgar call Cardinal Vir-
 “ tues? It would be an Affront to your Un-
 “ derstandings to suppose it, since we see every
 “ Day so many Men of Honour without any.
 “ In what then doth the Word Honour con-
 “ sist? Why, in itself alone. A Man of Ho-
 “ nour is he that is called a Man of Honour;
 “ and while he is so called, he so remains, and
 “ no longer. Think not any Thing a Man
 “ commits can forfeit his Honour. Look a-
 “ broad

"brought into the World, the *Parr* while he
 "flourishes is a Man of Honour; when in
 "Gaol, at the Bar, or the Tree, he is so no
 "longer. And why is this Distinction? Not
 "from his Actions; for those are often as well
 "known in his flourishing Estate, as they
 "are afterwards; but because Men call him
 "a Man of Honour in the former, and cease
 "to call him so in the latter Condition. Let
 "us see then, how hath Mr. *Bagshot* injured
 "the Gentleman's Honour? Why, he hath
 "called him a Pick-pocket, and that proba-
 "bly, by a severe Construction, and a long
 "round about Way of Reasoning, may seem
 "a little to derogate from his Honour, if con-
 "sidered in a very nice Sense. Admitting it,
 "therefore, for Argument's Sake, to be some
 "small Imputation on his Honour, let Mr.
 "*Bagshot* give him Satisfaction; let him
 "doubly and triply repair this oblique Injury,
 "by directly asserting, that he believes he is a
 "Man of Honour."

S P E E C H II.

Not inferior thereto, about Principles.

HE had now got together a very considera-
 ble Gang, composed of undone Game-
 sters, ruined Bailiffs, broken Tradesmen, idle
 Apprentices, and loose and disorderly Youth,
 who being born to no Fortune, nor bred to no
 Trade or Profession, were willing to live luxu-
 riously without Labour. As these Persons

wore

wore different *Principles*, i. e. *Hats*, frequent Dissentions grew among them. There were particularly two Parties, viz. those who wore Hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferr'd the *Nab* or Trencher Hat, with the Brim flapping over their Eyes ; between which, Jars and Animosities almost perpetually arose. *Wild*, therefore, having assembled them all at an Ale-house on the Night after *Fierce's* Execution, and perceiving evident Marks of their Misunderstanding, from their Behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible Manner. “ Gentlemen, I am
 “ ashamed to see Men embarked in so GREAT
 “ and glorious an Undertaking, as that of
 “ robbing the Publick, so foolishly and weakly
 “ dissenting among themselves. Do you think
 “ the first Inventors of Hats, or at least of
 “ those Distinctions between them, really
 “ conceived that one Form of Hats should
 “ inspire a Man with Divinity, another with
 “ Law, another with Learning, or another
 “ with Bravery ? No, they meant no more
 “ by these outward Signs, than to impose on
 “ the Vulgar, and instead of putting GREAT
 “ MEN to the Trouble of acquiring or main-
 “ taining the Substance, to make it sufficient
 “ that they condescend to wear the Type or
 “ Shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore,
 “ when in a Crowd, to amuse the Mob by
 “ Quarrels on such Accounts, that while they
 “ are listening to your Jargon, you may with
 “ the greater Ease and Safety, pick their Pock-
 “ ets : But surely to be in earnest, and pri-
 “ vately to keep up such a ridiculous Con-
 “ tention

" cention among yourselves, must argue the
 " highest Folly and Absurdity. When you
 " know you are all *Prigs*, what Difference
 " can a broad or a narrow Brim create? Is a
 " *Prig* less a *Prig* in one Hat than in another?
 " If the Public should be weak enough to in-
 " terest themselves in your Quarrels, and to
 " prefer one Pack to the other, while both are
 " aiming at their Purses; it is your Business
 " to laugh at, not imitate their Folly. What
 " can be more ridiculous than for Gentlemen
 " to quarrel about Hats, when there is not
 " one among you, whose Hat is worth a Far-
 " thing. What is the Use of a Hat, farther
 " than to keep the Head warm, or to hide a
 " bald Crown from the Public? It is the Mark
 " of a Gentleman to move his Hat on every
 " Occasion; and in Courts and noble Assem-
 " blies, no Man ever wears one. Let me
 " hear no more therefore of this Childish Dis-
 " agreement, but all toss up your Hats toge-
 " ther with one Accord, and consider that
 " Hat as the best, which will contain the lar-
 " gest Booty." He thus ended his Speech,
 which was followed by a murmuring Applause,
 and immediately all present tossed up their Hats
 together, as he had commanded them.

S P E E C H III.

Equal to the foregoing, about Liberty and
 Property, when in Newgate.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

" T H E Cause which I am to mention to
 " you this Day, is of such mighty Im-
 " portance,

“ portance, that when I consider my own small
 “ Abilities, I tremble with an Apprehension,
 “ least your Safety may be rendered precarious
 “ by the Weakness of him who is representing
 “ to you your Danger. Gentlemen, the Li-
 “ berty of *Newgate* is at Stake: Your Privi-
 “ leges have been long undermined, and are
 “ now openly violated by one Man; by one
 “ who hath engrossed to himself the whole
 “ Conduct of your Trials, under Colour of
 “ which, he exacts what Contributions on you
 “ he pleases: But are these Sums appropriated
 “ to the Uses for which they are raised? Your
 “ frequent Convictions at the *Old Baily* must
 “ too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the
 “ contrary. What Evidence doth he ever
 “ produce for the Prisoner, which he of him-
 “ self could not have provided, and often bet-
 “ ter instructed? How many noble Youths
 “ have there been lost, when a single *Alibi*
 “ would have saved them! Should I be silent,
 “ nay, could your own Injuries want a Tongue
 “ to remonstrate, the very Breath, which by
 “ his Neglect hath been stopped at the *Cheat*,
 “ would cry out loudly against him. Nor is
 “ the Exorbitancy of his Plunders visible only
 “ in the dreadful Consequences it hath produced
 “ to the *Prigs*, nor glares it only in the Mi-
 “ series brought on them: It blazes forth in the
 “ more desirable Effects it hath wrought
 “ for himself, in the rich Perquisites acquired
 “ by it: Witness that Silk Night-Gown, that
 “ Robe of Shame, which to his eternal Dis-
 “ honour he publickly wears; that Gown,
 “ which I will not scruple to call the Wind-
 “ ing-

" the Chief of the Liberties of *Newgate*. Is
 " sure a *Prig* who hath the Interest and Ho-
 " nour of *Newgate* so little at Heart, that he
 " can refrain from blushing when he beholds
 " that Trophy, purchased with the Breath of
 " so many *Prigs*! Nor is this all. His White-
 " coat embroidered with Silk, and his Velvet
 " Cap, bought with the same Price, are En-
 " signs of the same Disgrace. Some would
 " think the Rags which covered his Naked-
 " ness, when first he was committed hither,
 " well exchanged for these gaudy Trappings;
 " but in my Eye, no Exchange can be profita-
 " ble when Dishonour is the Condition. If,
 " therefore, *Newgate*—" Here the only
 Copy which we could procure of this Speech
 breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure
 the Reader from very authentic Information,
 that he concluded with advising the *Prigs* to
 put their Affairs into other Hands. After
 which, one of his Party, in a very long Speech,
 recommended him (*Wild* himself) to their
 Choice.

NEWGATE was divided into Parties on this
 Occasion; the *Prigs* on each Side writing to
 one another, and representing their Chief or
 GREAT Man to be the only Person by whom
 the Affairs of *Newgate* could be managed with
 Safety and Advantage. The *Prigs* had indeed
 very different Interests; for both Parties were
 permitted by their Leader to have their Share
 in the Plunder, which the Friends of *Johnson*
 had already enjoyed, and which those of *Wild*
 expected on his Exaltation; what may seem
 more remarkable was, that the Debtors, who
 were

were entirely unconcerned in the Dispute, and who were the destined Plunder of both Parties, should interest themselves with the utmost Violence, some on Behalf of *Wild*, and others in Favour of *Johnson*. So that all *Netogats* resounded with *WILD for ever, JOHNSON for ever*. And such Quarrels and Animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the People of two Countries, long at War with each other, than the Inhabitants of the same Castle.

WILD's Party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the Place and Power of *Johnson*, whom he presently stript of all his Finery; but when it was proposed that he should sell it, and divide the Money for the Good of the Whole; he waved that Motion, saying, it was not yet time, that he should find a better Opportunity, that the Clothes wanted cleaning, with many other Pretences, and, within two Days, to the Surprize of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other Apology than, that they fitted him much better than they did *Johnson*, and that they became him in a much more elegant Manner.

THIS Behaviour in *Wild* greatly incensed the Debtors, particularly those by whose Means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great Indignation against *Wild*; when one Day a very grave Man, and one of much Authority among them, bespoke them as follow: :

“ NOTHING sure can be more justly ridiculous than the Conduct of those, who, like
 “ Children, lay the Lamb in the Wolf's Way,
 “ and

“ and then lament his being devoured. What
 “ a Wolf is in a Sheep-fold, a GREAT Man
 “ is in Society. Now, when one Wolf is in
 “ Possession of a Sheepfold, how little would
 “ it avail the simple Flock to expel him, and
 “ place another in his stead? Of the same Be-
 “ nefit to us is the overthrowing one *Prig* in
 “ Favour of another. And for what other
 “ Advantage was your Struggle? Did you not
 “ all know, that *Wild* and his Followers were
 “ *Prigs*, as well as *Johnson* and his? What
 “ then could the Contention be among such,
 “ but that which you have now discovered it
 “ to have been? Perhaps some would say, Is
 “ it then our Duty tamely to submit to the
 “ Rapine of the *Prig* who now plunders us,
 “ for fear of an Exchange? Surely No: But
 “ I answer, it is better to shake the Plunder
 “ off than to exchange the Plunderer. And by
 “ what Means can we effect this, but by a to-
 “ tal Change in our Manners? Every *Prig* is
 “ a Slave. His own *Priggish* Desires, which
 “ enslave him themselves, betray him to the
 “ Tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore,
 “ the Liberty of *Newgate*, is to change the
 “ Manners of *Newgate*. Let us, therefore,
 “ who are confined here for Debt only, sepa-
 “ rate ourselves entirely from the *Prigs*; nei-
 “ ther drink with them, nor converse with
 “ them. Let us, at the same time, separate
 “ ourselves farther from *Priggism* itself. In-
 “ stead of being ready, on every Opportunity,
 “ to pillage each other, let us be content with
 “ our honest Share of the common Bounty,
 “ and with the Acquisition of our own In-
 “ dustry.

“ dustry. When we separate from the *Prigs*,
 “ let us enter into a closer Alliance with one
 “ another. Let us consider ourselves all as
 “ Members of one Community, to the public
 “ Good of which we are to sacrifice our pri-
 “ vate Views ; not to give up the Interest of
 “ the whole for the least Pleasure or Profit
 “ which shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is
 “ consistent with no Degree of Honesty infe-
 “ rior to this, and the Community where
 “ this abounds, no *Prig* will have the Impu-
 “ dence or Audaciousness to endeavour to en-
 “ slave ; but, while one Man pursues his Am-
 “ bition, another his Interest, another his Safe-
 “ ty ; while one hath a Roguery (a *Priggism*
 “ they here call it) to commit, and another a
 “ Roguery to defend, they must naturally fly
 “ to the Favour and Protection of those, who
 “ have Power to give them what they desire,
 “ and to defend them from what they fear ;
 “ nay, in this View it becomes their Interest,
 “ to promote this Power in their Patrons.
 “ Now, Gentlemen, when we are no longer
 “ *Prigs*, we shall no longer have these Fears
 “ or these Desires. What remains, therefore,
 “ for us, but to resolve bravely to lay aside
 “ our *Priggism*, our Roguery in plainer
 “ Words, and preserve our Liberty, or to
 “ give up the latter, in the Preservation and
 “ Preference of the former.”

Several

*Several incomparable Maxims, or Rules,
whereby to attain to Greatness, which
the Great Wild himself constantly ob-
served.*

1. **N**EVER to do more Mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his Purpose ; for that Mischief was too precious a Thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no Distinction of Men from Affection ; but to sacrifice all with equal Readiness to his Interest.
3. **N**EVER to communicate more of an Affair than was necessary, to the Person who was to execute it.
4. **N**OT to trust him, who had deceived him, nor who knew he had himself been deceived by him.
5. To forgive no Enemy ; but to be cautious and often dilatory in Revenge.
6. To shun Poverty and Distress, and to ally himself, as close as possible, to Power and Riches.
7. To maintain a constant Gravity in his Countenance and Behaviour, and to affect Wisdom on all Occasions.
8. To

8. To foment eternal Jealousies in his Gang, one of another.

9. NEVER to reward any one equal to his Merit; but always to insinuate, that the Reward was above it.

10. THAT all Men were Knaves or Fools, and much the greater Number a Composition of both.

11. THAT a good Name, like Money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the Owner any Advantage.

12. THAT Virtues, like precious Stones, were easily counterfeited; that Counterfeits in both Cases adorned the Wearer equally, and that very few had Knowledge or Discernment sufficient, to distinguish the Counterfeit Jewel from the real.

13. THAT many Men were undone by not going deep enough in Roguery, as in Gaming any Man may be a Loser, who doth not play the whole Game.

14. THAT Men proclaim their own Virtues, as Shopkeepers expose their Goods, in order to profit by them.

15. THAT the Heart was the proper Seat of Hatred, and the Countenance of Affection and Friendship.

A pro-

*A probable Account of the modern Way of
keeping Christmas.*

AS the Time of the Year is now approach-
ing, when *Old Father Christmas*, with his
twelve Holyday Attendants, is about to make his
Appearance, we will endeavour, for the Enter-
tainment of our Readers, to give them a short
Sketch of the Reception he is like to meet with
amongst us ; which we may be the better able
to do, without any Danger of being much mis-
taken, by relating only the Treatment he has
constantly found here, for several Seasons last
past ; there being no great Room to hope it
will be very different for many Years to come ;
at least, unless the Times should alter mightily
for the better, whereof there is at present but
very little Prospect.

It was formerly the Custom, indeed, for the
good old Father, to frequent equally the Houses
of the Rich and the Poor ; nay, he used gene-
rally to be reckoned a better Friend, and to be
more welcome to the latter than the former ;
and to speak the Truth, were he to follow his
own Inclinations, he would be so still ; but,
alas ! *Luxury, Rapine and Oppression*, have now
banish'd the *good old English Hospitality*, and
Charity, almost out of the Nation ; insomuch
that it is very well if he can find Entertainment
for a few Days, even amongst the most Wealthy ;
and the *seemingly kind* Reception he meets
with from them is more owing to *Form* and
Ostentation, than to any *Veneration* for the *good
old Father*, or any real Principle of *Hospitality*
or

or *Charity* ; as is very evident, by their *inviting none* but their rich *Neighbours* and *Acquaintance*, from whom they expect suitable *Returns*.

NOT but there are still some Remains of the *true English open Heartedness* and *Generosity* ; but so few are they, that you may almost as soon find *Honesty* in a *Lawyer*, *Chastity* and *Moderesty* in the *Hundreds of Drury*, *Sincerity* in a *Courtier*, or *Integrity* and *Bowels of Compassion* in a *Prime Minister* : In effect, were it not more in *Regard* to *Form* and *Ceremony*, as was observed before, than to any *real Value* for the *Old Father* himself, or to the *Occasion* of his coming, (altho' it ought to be *Matter of the greatest Joy* to all Men) it is much to be feared, in most Places, they would be ready to *kick the old antiquated Wretch out of Doors*.

ACCORDINGLY, he is so *sensible* of this, from the *Usage* he has met of late Years, that were it not *inseparable* from his Nature, to bear a *constant Good-will* to all Men, and to refuse *no Invitation*, though never so *faint*, in *Hopes* of *Amendment* for the Time to come, there are few *elegant Tables*, at which he would care to make his *Appearance* ; and, indeed, it is not at the Houses either of the *Rich* or the *Great*, that he seems to be *best pleased* ; as is evident from his seldom carrying thither, with him, his most *agreeable Companions*, *good Fellowship*, *innocent Mirth*, *chearful Gayety*, and *good Humour* ; who generally leave him at the Door, where they wait his coming out, and substitute *Disimulation*, *good Manners* and *Ceremony*, as their *Deputies*, to introduce him.

As

As a farther Proof of this, it is observable, that though it is not in his Temper to be *rude*, *ill-natured*, or *uncivil*, yet his *first Visits* are not made to the *Court End* of the Town, but he takes up his Abode, for some Days, in the City, amongst the *industrious Merchants* and *Tradesmen*; well knowing, it is to their *Labours* and *Diligence* chiefly, that *Wealth* is owing, without which his Entertainment would be *but cold* any where; and that it is amongst them he may expect the *most hearty Welcome*: And, in Effect, on the 23^d of *October*, he never fails to make them the first Visit, when to do him the greater Honour, the Lord Chancellor, and Judges, are sure to give him their Company, as they do also, indeed, for the two Days following; but he never appears with so much Splendor, or seems so *highly delighted*, as when he visits the *Chief Magistrate* of the City, at *Guild-Hall*, on the Day of his being sworn into his Office. It is on that Occasion, indeed, that he appears truly in his *Element*, and in his *full Glory*; and that not only on Account of the *plenteous* or rather *magnificent Reception* himself meets with, but because of the *general Hospitality* that then reigns throughout this *great Metropolis*; and the *Poor*, to whom he is a constant Well-wisher, partaking in some Measure of the *good Effects* of it: In short, it greatly rejoices the *good old Father's Heart*, to see such a Profusion of Chines of Pork, Barons and Sirloins of Beef, Venison Pasties, and Goose Pies, as well knowing one half of them can't be devoured by the *Rich*, and that consequently,

sequently, great Part will fall to the Share, of those who want it more.

The next Day, that he may not be reckoned *disloyal*, or *disaffected*, the *Old Father* makes his first Appearance at Court, but *alas!* how different is his *Treatment*, and how cold his Reception there, to what he met with the Day before? Instead of that *Plenty*, that *plain*, *wholesome*, *substantial Fare*, wherewith he is so nobly regaled in the City, he finds nothing but a few small Dishes, or rather Plates, of disguised *Kickshaws*, and *luxurious Soups*, calculated rather to *provoke Lust*, than to *satisfy Hunger*, and of which the *Poor* are sure never to partake a *Morsel*: It is no Wonder, therefore, if the *good old Father*, after paying his Complements there, makes what haste he can back again into the City, where he remains *incog.* visiting only a few *trusty* and *bearty Friends*, till the 25th of *December*; when he again appears in *full Glory* in divers Places, and keeps *open House* till the 7th of *January*.

In Effect, it is not then the *Rich only*, but the *middling Housekeepers*, and even the *poorer Sort*, all strive to shew their Respect to him, at least for that Day; nay, the very *Prisoners* fare the *better* for him, and rejoice at his Arrival; and Mirth and good Humour reign for the Generality throughout the Town; though, *alas!* all this is but a *faint Imitation* of what was practised in the *golden Days* of our *good Fore-fathers*. 'Tis true, the *Beef* is still stuck with *Rosemary* in our Markets, and our Churches are still adorned with *Holly*, *Ivy*, and *Bays*; the Apprentices and Journeymen con-

tinue still to go a Boxing for two or three Days, and to get drunk and quarrel at Night; nay, which used not to be in former Times, especially with Boys, some of our *hopeful Youths* will even get clapt or pox'd, and after having their Pockets pick'd, are to be found in *Bridewell*, the Compters, or some other of his Majesty's Strong-Holds, with *empty Purses*, *aching Heads*, and *heavy Hearts* next Morning.

BUT this is not the Way our honest *Antecessors* used to celebrate *Christmas*; no, no, *open Houses*, *Spits always turning*, *Pots always boiling*, the *Cloth continually laid*, *Plenty ever upon the Table*, and the *Poor always relieved*, whilst the *Black Jack*, *Silver Flaggon*, or *cheerful Bowl* perpetually went about, and the whole crowned with *heartly Welcome*, was the *agreeable Sight*, one might have beheld in most *Gentlemen's Houses*; insomuch, that during the whole twelve Days, it used to be one continual Scene of *innocent Mirth* and *Jollity* throughout the Kingdom; and it would have done any One's Heart good, to hear the *Halls ring* all over the Country, with the *diverting Frolicks*, and *Arch-Gambols*, that set every Company *on a roar*, and banished *Sorrow* and *Care* from every Face.

BUT, have we any Thing like this now-a-Days, no no, far from it, we mean for the Generality; for, unless it be at some *overgrown Placeman's* or *Pensioner's*, that has *fatten'd* upon the *Spoils* of the *Publick*, *Old Christmas* meets but with a *very scurvy Reception*; so that in most Places, a Man may much sooner *break his Neck* than *his Fast*; but, whether in the

Town or Country, the Gates are either kept shut, or a surly Porter stands at the Door to forbid Entrance; nay, if you get Admittance, you find hardly any *Smoak* in the *Kitchen*, or *Beer* in the *Cellar*; all the Servants being kept at *Board-wages*, forsooth! for good *Husbandry*; whilst the Master and Mistress, content themselves with *piddling* upon two or three *Plates*, so *disguised*, and perhaps with such a *Haut-Gout* (the fashionable Term for *stinking*) that they would *starve* a *Dog*, and almost *poison* a *Cat*, though it is said to have *nine Lives*. This good *Husbandry*, however, as they affect to call it, would be the more excusable, if what they spared from old *Christmas*, were to be bestowed upon his constant *Pensioners*, the *Poor*, but this is far from being the Case; great Care being taken that none of the *Rich* should be *disturb'd* by their *Importunities*, on Pain of being sent to the *Workhouse*, if in their own *Parish*, or *pass'd* from *Bridewel* to *Bridewel*, if *Strangers*, till they come to their own *Home*, though in the most distant Part of *Scotland*, or *Ireland*, nay, though they are dying at that very Instant. To what End, then, is this admirable new-fashioned *Oeconomy*? Why truly, that they may have the more to spend, upon *Embroidery*, *Lace*, *Equipage*, *Italian Eunuchs*, *Signiora's*, or *Fidlers*, with *Harlequines*, *Pantomimes*, kept *Mistresses* for the *Gentlemen*, and perhaps noble *Stallions*, if they can afford to maintain them, or else *spruce Footmen*, for the *high-fed Ladies*; all which, together with the important *Business* of *Whist*, *Hazard*, and *Quadrille*, drains their Pockets so compleatly, they

they have not a *Shilling* to spare for *Hospitality*, or *Charity*, at this usually hospitable Season. Whilst this is the *hopeful Example* set by the better Sort, can it be expected it should be very well with their *Inferiors*; No, like *Free-Britons* in that alone, as it has always been their *Weakness* to copy after the *Follies*, and *Vices* of the *Great*, just as *Footmen* do servilely after their *Superiors*, what with the *Expence* of *Cloathes*, *Equipage*, and *Gaming*, in which they stupidly endeavour to mimick them, together with that of the *Table*, (in which also they Copy after them so far, that nothing but *French Wine* will go down,) whilst *Bills* come in fast upon them from their *Creditors*, and their own from the *Gentry* are unpaid, all that should go towards *Hospitality*, and *Charity*, at *Christmas*, is swallowed up, and it is well if they can make a shift to keep their *Doors* open; inso-much that, to see a young *Trader* stand his *Ground* for seven *Years*, is a sort of a *Miracle*; nothing being more common, than for a *Tradesman* to shut up *Shop* on *Christmas-Eve*, and never open it after. Nay, so far is the *Contagion* spread, and so universal is it grown, that the very *Apprentices* must ape their *Masters*, as they do the *Gentry*, and will not stir out of *Doors* without their *Ruffles*; nor, if they are bound to a topping *Trade*, without their laced *Waistcoats*, though they rob the *Till*, or *Compting-House* for it, and run the *Hazard* of the *Gallows*, or *Transportation* for their *Pains*. We are not, however, to imagine, for all this, that *Christmas* does not still continue to be a *Time* of *Jollity*, or that the

Company of the *Good Old Father* is not as welcome, and the Profusion as great as ever, though in a very different Manner. For, instead of that chearful Gaiety, and *those sociable and neighbourly Merry-makings* that used to be formerly, nothing but *Drunkenness, Gaming, Luxury, and Riot*, reigns in every Street, but then it is only at *Taverns, and Publick-Houses*; from whence the Poor are sure to reap no Benefit; not but that there are still some *Honest-Cocks, and Good-Fellows, some few true Hearts, and sound Bottoms*, to use for once that significant Expression of the Ladies of Pleasure, who continue to treat the *Good Old Father*, according to his Mind, and as he used to be treated formerly; whose Houses and Hearts are then open to their poor Friends and Relations, as well as to the Rich; and who entertain them with Plenty of good wholesome and substantial Fare, according to the Custom of *Old England*, before the Sirloins of Beef, and Venison Pasties, were banished to the Side Table, to make Room for *French Soups, Ragouts, and Fricassees, or Spanish Olio's*; but then we must not look for these *honest Souls* at Court, nor yet amongst the *Nobility* and Gentry, unless it be here and there a plain Country Squire, but amongst the *industrious Merchants, and Tradesmen*, whose Minds never were corrupted with the *Vices* of Courts, who *abhor Slavery, and Oppression*, and would as soon pick a Pocket as take a Bribe. Amongst such as these, and the meanest Mechanicks, with some *jovial-Sailors, and Masters of Ships*, and also the *honest Country Farmers*, we may still find some Traces of the
Old

Old English Hospitality; and may it never be banished thence, till Time shall be no more, but let all chearfully join in the following Song:

When *Christmas-Day* approacheth nigh,
Trip up the House with Holly;
Hang Sorrow, Care will pay no Debts,
Why shou'd we not be jolly?
We'll spend what Summer did us lend,
In feasting our good Neighbours,
Hang all such Churls as dare not taste
The Profit of their Labours.

In ev'ry Room where Chimneys be,
Let Coals and Logs be burning;
Heat hot the Oven, put on the Pot,
And let the Spits be turning?
Let minc'd Pies, Pasties, and Roast Beef,
Abound on ev'ry Table;
With Puddings full of Plumbs to stuff
As long as we are able.

Let Nappy Ale, and Beer that's stale,
And brown as any Berry,
With the full Bowl, round about trowl,
Until we all are merry.
Let Gates and Doors stand open wide,
That all may enter free;
Nor let the Cook nor Butler rest,
Till *Christmas* ended be.

In short let us all be of the same hearty and social Disposition, with the honest Cobler, who welcom'd *Christmas* as follows;

The COBLER's Song.

I Am a Jovial Cobler, Sir,
 Although I am but poor,
 And always to relieve my Friend
 I kept a Groat in store :
 According to my Substance I
 Am bountiful and free :
Then welcome merry Christmas,
Come sit thee down by me.

My Father and my Grandfather,
 Did love thee very dear ;
 And I myself have known thee well,
 This six and forty Year :
 Ever since I've a Prentice been,
 I've been in Love with thee :
Then welcome merry Christmas,
Thrice welcome unto me.

'Tis known I am no Quaker,
 Nor yet no Papist bold ;
 Nor am I like to Judas,
 The which his Master sold :
 But a true honest Protestant
 I am, and mean to be :
Then welcome merry Christmas,
Thrice welcome unto me.

And now kind Friend I tell thee,
 Whilst we do live together ;
 Come once a Year and spare not,
 Thou shalt be welcome hither :

Whilst

Whift Ivy bears Red-Berries,
 And Holly grows on Tree :
 My loving kind Friend Christmas,
 I'll still make much of thee.

We shall next present our Readers with a humorous Dissertation on *Christmas Pye*.

Dissertation on *Christmas Pye*.

I Need not say any Thing of its grateful Flavour, which is so well known ; but it seems surprizing there should be such a Thing as a Fricasee, or Ragout in the Kingdom ; and that we should be so foolishly fond of Fashions, as to imitate the Cookery of a fantastical Nation, whose natural Scarcity of Provisions puts them upon tossing up the little they have an hundred Ways.

In the Crust may be observed the Regularity of the Figures into which it is usually raised ; which seem to owe their Original to the martial Genius of our Nation. The Rules of military Architecture are observed, and each of them would serve for the Model of a Fortification. It might have been antiently the Amusement of our Heroic *British* Ladies, while their Spouses and Lovers were engaging their Enemies Abroad, to describe in Paste the Draughts of the Towns and Castles besieged, to have the Pleasure of storming them in Effigy.

That this Dish is most in Vogue at this Time of Year, some think is owing to the Barrenness of the Season, and the Scarcity of Fruit and

Milk,

Milk, to make Tarts, Custards, and other Desserts, this being a Compound that furnishes a Dessert itself.

But I rather think, it bears a religious Kind of Relation to the Festivity from which it takes its Name. Our Tables are always set out with this Dish just at the Time, and probable for the same Reason, that our Windows are adorned with Ivy. I am the more confirm'd in this Opinion, from the zealous Opposition it meets with from the Quakers, who distinguish their Feasts by an heretical Sort of Pudding, known by their Name, and inveigh against *Christmas Pye*, as an Invention of the Scarlet Whore of *Babylon*, and Hodge-Podge of Superstition, Popery, the Devil and all his Works.

Another Sort of People who deserve Re-proof, are those who indulge themselves in this excellent Food, but would cut out the Clergy from having any Share in it, under Pretence that a sweet Tooth and liquorish Palate, are inconsistent with the Sanctity of their Character. Against such the famous *Bickerstaff* rose up, and with a becoming Zeal defended the Chaplains of Noblemen in particular, and the Clergy in general. *The Christmas-Day*, says he, *is in its own Nature, a Kind of consecrated Cake, and a Badge of Distinction; and yet 'tis often forbidden to the Druid of the Family. Strange! that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost Depredations and Incisions; but if minced into small Pieces, and tossed up*
with

with Plumbs and Sugar, changes its Property, and forsooth is Meat for his Master.

This must be allow'd unfair Treatment. But if in the Composition the Neat's Tongue be used instead of the Sirloin, and if that Part of our Bodies receives a greater Proportion of the Nutriment, which answers to that Part of the Creature whereof we eat, then this Sort of Food is the properest in the World for the Clergy, as it must be a Strengthner of the great Instrument of Speech, the Volubility of whose Motion is of the greatest Consequence, both to themselves and the Publick; and when improved with Plumbs, &c. it must sweeten the Speech into the most perswasive Eloquence.

Now, if the Ladies think I have invaded their Province, they may take their Revenge of me, and bring my Dissertation nearer to its Subject, by putting it under the next *Christmas* Pye they make.

PHILO-CLERICUS.

SPEECHES, &c.

Serjeant DRILL's Speech to the Mob.

GOOD PEOPLE,

YOU have heard my Drum, and now 'tis my Turn; 'tis a common Saying, that the King can't make a Gentleman: But look you, he that uttered it first, whether Herald to *Tom Thumb*, or *Jack the Giant-Killer*, ly'd in his Throat; for whoever can bestow Arms, can

make a Gentleman.—Now, simple as I stand here, the King has bestowed Arms on me, — wherefore I am a Gentleman, and, if it is my good Will and Pleasure, I can translate a Score or two of you to the same Honour.—And what can you do better ?—You are now a Pack of dirty, meagre, Ragamuffin Scoundrels; Slaves to your Masters, Drudges to your Wives, and the Property of Gin-shops, Ale-houses, Pawn-brokers, and Excisemen; whereas, take but this Piece of Gold, and handle this brown Musket, your Debts are discharged, the King's your Pay-master, your Wives may hang themselves, and you may live at free Quarter upon other People's.—To make short of my Story, you become as good Gentlemen as I am, and, on the Strength of your Sword, may take the Wall of a better Man, when you please.—But perhaps you have no great Stomach for fighting; you may fancy the *Spaniards* season their Olives with *Englishmen's* Ears, and so forth.—Never fear!—Threatned Folks live longest. And I myself have been in the Service, Man and Boy, these five and twenty Years, and never once look'd an Enemy in the Face.—Lord help you, if *Chelsea* College was to be filled with none but such as had lost their Eyes, Ears or Noses, in the Field of Battle, the Income might, in Time, be turned over to *Greenwich* Hospital, and the Building itself be occupied by *Nurses* and *Foundling* Children.—Don't be afraid of fighting then.—My Life for yours, you'll have no Reason.—The *Power* above, to whom we owe our *Being*, has taken us into his Protection and Favour, and has determined that

that not a Hair of our Heads shall fall to the Ground—Nay, if we seem to be in *Danger*, he makes it his Business to deliver us, and if our *Enemies* plot our *Destruction*, he never fails to confound them.—Oh! but the *Wags* make themselves merry with *Masters*, and *Reviews*, *Powder* and *Cochades*, and so forth.—Why let them; they pay dear enough for their Jokes, God knows.—And, if they have Wit and Common Sense on their Side, we have Abuse and *Billingsgate* on ours;—Among Friends, a whole Legion of *Gazetters*, Gentlemen who *indite curiously*, are bound, by their Articles, to defend us: To defend us from being disbanded in Time of Peace, and from being employed in Time of War: Nay, more, to pen *Chronicles* of our *Exploits*, and take their *Bible Oaths* that a *Cockle-shell* is a *Spanish Pistol*.

But, good People, Gentlemen I would call you, but, as I said before, you must first *hear Arms*: Not to lead you beyond your Depth; fleece or be fleeced is the Word! And whether it is best to be the Sheep or the Shearer, judge for yourselves! You see, we Land Officers don't *press* People into the Service, nor clap them under Hatches, or stow them in *Infirmaries*: But I say no more.—Step to the Parade! Attend a Review!—There you'll see us in our Glory! Let clean Spatterdashies, powdered Hair, Drums and Colours, speak for themselves; and, if you have a Mind to wet your Whistles with his Majesty's double Beer in the mean while, follow me!

A NURSE's Speech to an Alderman's Child, while she was undressing it; taken down in writing from her own Mouth.

Child cries, *? Lully Baby bunting,*
Nurse sings, *! Father's gone a bunting,*

Dids 'em, dids 'em vex my Child? what does my Child cry for? Did 'em take my Child's Hobby-horse? O de blessing on it, 'tshall have it den again, and ride abroad with its nown Pappa; —Go naughty Daddy, go; what ride abroad, and not take its nown Child with it; we'll tell Mamma.—It shall be a Lord Mayor itself some time or other, and ride in its nown Coach; ay, that it shall, and its old Nurse shall ride with it. [*Child cries louder*] Hush-aden! Hush-aden! Won't it be a Lord Mayor? It shan't be a Lord Mayor? it shall be any thing so it won't cry so. Hush-aden, did I say it should be a Lord Mayor, and 'front mine nown Child? It shan't be a Lord Mayor, it shall be a Judge or Bishop; for I'm sure my Child would make as good a Judge or Bishop as any Judge or Bishop whatever.—Dod a blefs it, 'tis quieter now: Ay, ay, it shall be a Bishop, and old Nurse will make it so. Hush-aden, what if an old Woman should make it so? [*Nurse having strip'd it, it cries louder than before.*] Well, Lord ha' Mercy on me, who'd be a Nurse? Oh thee'rt a tiresome Brat; what, never leave crying? —Well, I won't huff it no more, come den, piss in the Fire like a Man.

He



He adds, that this Nurse is thought to have been the Wife of a Butcher in *Newport-market*; and to have frequented the Oratory, where she imbibed these Sentiments concerning Judges and Bishops; and improved her natural Strain of Eloquence.

Antonio in Venice Preserv'd.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. HUM, hum, hah.

H Signior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord: How we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord—Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let him Fiddle—I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-House, and I'll be there too, soon enough for some body. Odd—here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance—Would I had it without Book; let me see.—

Most Reverend Senators,
That there is a Plot, surely by this time, no Man that hath Eyes or Understanding in his Head will presume to doubt; 'tis plain as the Light in the Cucumber——no——hold there——Cucumber does not come in yet——'tis as plain as the Light in the Sun, or the Man in the Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot, which just as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like
a pick-

a pickled Cucumber out at the Window ; No: That it is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot ; but it is, as I may so say, a sawcy Plot ; and we all know, most Reverend Fathers, that which is Sawce for a Goose is Sawce for a Gander : Therefore, I say, as those Blood-thirsty Ganders of the Conspiracy, would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them ; so I humbly move for Hanging——Hah, hurry durry——I think this will do ; though I was something out at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Pretty Miss's Catechism.

Q. WHO are you ?

A. A Lady fair of Nineteen.

Q. 'Tis pretty difficult to understand what that is ; therefore explain yourself a little.

A. No very keeping Ware, I promise you ; —our Constitution won't permit it. *Encrease and multiply* we hold to be as good a Maxim here, as they do in *Turky* ; and it's a very orthodox Tenet among us too, as well as in *Spain*, to take Opportunity by the Forelock ; *Stale Maids, and stinking Fish* is, you know, a Saying never a whit the less true, because of its Antiquity.

Q. Is this the View you proceed upon ?

A. Yes, truly ; at 16 we commence thinking, at 17 love, at 18 whine, and at 19, if we can get the Man in the Mood, (which, by the by, is a difficult Task) we e'en cry,
Adieu,

Adieu, *Daddy*, and go off with our Spark. Rather than fail a *Post* will go down with us ; for, were we once to pass our Prime, we should run a very great Risque of taking up with some paltry, antique, undeserving Wretch of a most forbidding Physiognomy.

Q. Let me hear the Articles of thy Creed.

A. First, then, I do believe, I came into the World by Mamma's Means, but not that I am one Jot obliged to her for that.—In the next Place, I do hereby acknowledge myself bound (not in Duty tho') to mind whatsoever she bids me, as also to obey that old Hunks, *Yack pay for all*, my suppos'd Father ; but for this very Reason only, that should I say nay, they'd force me to wear these scurvey Two-months-out-of-fashion Silks for half a Year longer, to my very great Mortification.—And lastly, as for my Husband, that I shall hereafter condescend to bubble, I do verily believe he ought not to have the least Superiority over me ; therefore am determined, that tho' Quadrille be my Religion, and Cuckoldom ev'ry Sabbath's Meditation ; tho' I ruin him in Plays, Masquerades, Fashions, House-keeping, &c. tho' I should even accept of my very Butler as a Coadjutor to him,—he shall be—mum. These are the chief Articles of my Creed, which I love, and will adhere to, to my dying Day.

Q. Have you any other Principles to steer by ?

A. I act just as I've a Fancy, right or wrong, upon the Strength of my Beauty ; follow all the new Fashions, be they never so ridiculous ; devote myself entirely to Pride, Pleasure, and

Extra-

Extravagance ; pray as often as a Lord pays his Debts ; frequent the Theatre, &c. more than the Church ; and laugh at every Body that go thither for their Devotions, believing it to be all Hypocrisy.—'Tis as natural for me to do all this, as for a Peacock to spread its Tail.

Q. But ought you not to listen to the Preacher with all Reverence ? Did not your Godfather and Godmothers promise to enjoin you this ?

A. No, o' my Conscience, I see no Necessity for it ; as to the Gossips at my Christ'ning, they never troubled their Heads about me afterwards ; and if they had, indeed, I should not at all think myself obliged to do it ; for, according to the very best Accounts I ever heard of them, they seem to me to have been three very ridiculous old Fools.

Q. 'Tis your Duty to retire into your Closet Morning and Evening, to say your Prayers ; do you punctually observe this Injunction ?

A. Yes, verily ; in the Morning to pray for fine Cloaths and *Brussel's* Heads ; at Night for a Husband.

Q. Very right ; but however, you know there is a World to come, should you not often consider of it ?

A. No, not at all ; because such Reflections are apt to give the Vapours ; and Ladies ought never to molest themselves with any Thing serious, but only build their Faith on what an humourous Fancy suggests.

Q. But are Ladies then of no particular Religion ?

A. No,

A. No, indeed ; for, at that Rate, we should be the most unfashionable Creatures breathing. — Variety makes every Thing agreeable ; and so for one half Hour, it may be, we assume the Christian, at other Times are *Pagans, Jews, Mahometans*, or whatever best suits with our Conveniency.

Q. But what are those Principles, which, if adhered to, will make a Lady's Life agreeable ?

A. To pamper herself, her Monkey, or Lap-dog ; to rail at and ridicule her Neighbours ; to regard no Body ; but to cozen and defraud the Poor, and to quit Scores with the Rich, at the Expence of a neglected Husband's Reputation. — To lie in Bed till Noon, and to chase away the Night at dear Quadrille.

Q. Hold, Hold—If you read the Form of Matrimony, you'll see 'tis the Duty of Ladies to *Honour and Obey*, and at least, to respect and oblige their Husbands.

A. Marriage Form and Duty !—A pretty Story ! That Form's all of the Parson's contriving, and therefore not minded. Ladies regard only the Articles drawn up by the Lawyers, Covenants for Pin Money, or Allowance for separate Maintenance, and how to get an Addition to them with a good Grace. 'Tis quite out of Fashion to stand obliging an easy Fool of an Husband ; but perfectly right and according to the Mode, instead of mending on their Kindness to insult them the more.

Q. But is there any Reason for this Mode ?

A. Yes, sure, and a very good one ;—We claim our *Wills* while we live, because we make none when we die.

The

The WILL of a Virtuoso.

I *Nicholas Gimcrack*, being in sound Health of Mind, but in great Weakness of Body, do, by this my last Will and Testament, bestow my wordly Goods and Chattles in Manner following :

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth*,
My Receipt for preserving dead Caterpillars.
As also my Preparations of Winter
May-Dew, and Embryo-Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny*,
Three Crocodiles Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her first Child, if she marries with her Mother's Consent,
The Nest of an Humming Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an Acknowledgement for the Lands he has vested in my Son *Charles*, I bequeath
My last Year's Collection of Grasshoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Susanna*, being his only Child, I bequeath my
English Weeds pasted on Royal Paper.
With my large Folio of *Indian Cabbage*.

Item,

Item, To my learned and worthy Friend Dr. *Johannes Elserickius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my Associate in the Studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my Affection and Friendship for him, I bequeath

My Rat's Testicles, and
Whale's Pizzle,

To him and his Issue Male; and in Default of such Issue in the said Dr. *Elserickius*, then to return to my Executor and Heirs for ever.

HAVING fully provided for my Nephew *Isaac*, by making over to him some Years since,

A horned *Scarabæus*,

The Skin of a Rattle-Snake, and

The Mummy of an *Egyptian King*,

I make no further Provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest Son *John*, having spoke disrespectfully of his little Sister, whom I keep by me in Spirits of Wine, and in many other Instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any Part of this my personal Estate, by giving him a single Cockle-Shell.

To my second Son *Charles*, I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers and Vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monsters, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, he paying, or causing to be paid,

paid, the aforefaid Legacies within the Space of fix Months after my Decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues and Water-Works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains and Country-Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all Sides of them; being the Moveables of *Ch--- F---d*, Esq; who is breaking up House-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the Hours of Six and Ten in the Evening.

The *INVENTORY*.

SPIRITS of right *Nantz* Brandy, for Lamentable Flames and Apparitions.

THREE Bottles and an Half of Lightning.

ONE Shower of Snow in the whitest *French* Paper.

Two Showers of a browner Sort.

A Sea, consisting of a Dozen large Waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A Dozen and a Half of Clouds, trimm'd with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow, a little faded.

A set

A Set of Clouds after the *French* Mode,
streaked with Lightning, and furbelow'd.

A New Moon, something decayed.

A Pint of the finest *Spanish* Wash, being
all that is left of two Hogheads sent over last
Winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little used,
with a Pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a Pennyworth.

AN Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the*
Great, and worn by *Julius Cæsar*, *Bajazet*,
King *Harry* the Eighth, and Signior *Val-*
entini.

A Basket-hilted Sword, very convenient to
carry Milk in.

ROXANA's Night-Gown.

OTHELLO's Handkerchief.

THE Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn
but once.

A wild Boar, kill'd by Mrs. *Tofis* and *Dis-*
clefian.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard-Bowl to make Thunder with.

ANOTHER of a bigger Sort, by Mr. *D---is's*
Directions, little used.

SIX Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-
Dances, with six Flower-Pots for their Part-
ners.

THE Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

THE Complexion of a Murderer in a Band-
Box ; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork,
and a Coal-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a bloody
Shirt, a Doublet curiously pink'd, and a Coat
with

with three great Eyelet-Holes upon the Breast.
A Bale of red *Spanish* Wool.

MODERN Plots, commonly known by the Name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard-Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

THREE Oak-Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree ; all bought for the Use of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

MATERIALS for Dancing ; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

AURENGEZEER's Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never used but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Essex*.

THERE are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbans, Drums, Gallipots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, an Helmet, a Back-Piece, a Breast-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed-Baby.

A Beau's INVENTORY.

A Very rich Tweezer-Case, containing twelve Instruments for the Use of each Hour in the Day.

FOUR Pounds of scented Snuff, with three gilt Snuff-Boxes ; one of them with an invisible Hinge, and a Looking-glass in the Lid.

Two more of Ivory, with the Portraits on their Lids of two Ladies of the Town ; the Originals to be seen every Night in the Side-Boxes of the Playhouse.

A Sword with a Steel Diamond Hilt, never drawn but once at *May-Fair*.

SIX clean Packs of Cards, a Quart of Orange Flower-Water, a Pair of *French* Scissars, a Tooth-pick-Case, and an Eye-brow Brush.

A large Glass-Case, containing the Linen and Clothes of the Deceased; among which are, two embroider'd Suits, a Pocket Perspective, a Dozen Pair of red-heel'd Shoes, three Pair of red Silk Stockings, and an Amber-headed Cane.

THE strong Box of the Deceased, wherein were found, five Billet-doux, a *Bath* Shilling, a crooked Six-pence, a Silk Garter, a Lock of Hair, and three broken Fans.

A Press for Books; containing on the upper Shelf,

THREE Bottles of Diet Drink.

Two Boxes of Pills.

A Syringe, and other Mathematical Instruments.

On the Second Shelf are several Miscellaneous Works; as,

LAMPOONS.

PLAYS.

TAYLOR's Bills.

AND an *Almanack* for the Year Seventeen Hundred.

On the Third Shelf,

A Bundle of Letters unopened, indorsed, (in the Hand of the Deceased) *Letters from the old Gentleman*.

LESSONS for the Flute.

TOLAND's

TOLAND's Christianity not Myſterious :
And a Paper fill'd with Patterns of ſeveral
fashionable Stuffs.

On the Loweſt Shelf,

ONE Shoe.

A Pair of Snuffers.

A *French* Grammar.

A Mourning Hatband ; and half a Bottle of
Uſquebaugh.

THERE will be added to theſe Goods, to
make a compleat Auction, a Collection of Gold
Snuff-Boxes and clouded Canes, which are to
continue in Faſhion for three Months after the
Sale.

THE whole are to be ſet up and prized
by *Charles Bubbleboy*, who is to open the
Auction with a Speech.

TAR-WATER,

REcreates the Brain, and exhilarates the
Animal Spirits, rejoiceth the Sight, openeth
the Appetite, delighteth the Taſte, comforteth
the Heart, tickleth the Tongue, cheareth the
Countenance, ſtriking a freſh and lively Colour,
ſtrengthening the Muſcles, tempers the Blood,
refresheth the Liver, de-obſtructs the Spleen,
eaſeth the Kidneys, ſuppleth the Reins, quick-
ens the Joints of the Back, cleanſeth the Urine
Conduit, dilates the Spermatick Veſſels, purg-
eth the Bladder, puffeth up the Genitals,
correcteth the Prepuce, hardens the Nutt, and
rectifies the Members, it will make you have
a currant

a currant Belly to Fart, Dung, Pifs, Sneeze, Cough, Spit, Belch, Spew, Yawn, Snuff, Blow, Breathe and Sweat, with a thousand other Advantages.

To the Right Honourable Sir *Richard Poynes*, Knt. Lord Judge of the Assizes for the Province of *Munster*.

The humble Petition of Mr. Dermott Falvey, a well and most accomplished Gentleman.

MOST humbly, and most obsequiously, and most obediently, and most submissively, and most dutifully, and most respectfully shewing, and expressing, and declaring, and setting forth to your Lordship, That whereas, and whereby, and wherewith, and wherein, and whereout, and whereupon; the most Major, most Greater, the most Bigger, and most Stronger, and the most Braver Part of the most Ablest, and most Mightiest Sort of the People of the Barrony of *Iverab*, finding, and knowing, and certifying, and acquainting Themselves, both heretofore, and the Time past, and the Time to come; and now, and there, and then, and every where, and at the present Time, to be very much and greatly oppressed, suppressed, distressed, and overcharged, in all Manner of Taxes and Quit-Rent, and all other Levys and accidental Applotments and Collections, Gather

ings together in the County of *Kerry*; And, for the future Prevention of all and every such, henceforth, and heretofore, and for the Time to come, and the Time past, and now, and at this Time, and for ever, the aforesaid, most Major, most Bigger, and the most Stronger, and the most Braver Part, of the most best Sort of the People of the Barony aforesaid HATH NOMINATED, Appointed, Constituted, Ordained, Declared, Elected, and Made Me, Mr. *Dermott Falvey* to Sollicit and make Motion to your Lordship, looking upon ME Mr. *Dermott Falvey*, now, and then, and there, and every-where, to be the most fittest, the most meetest, and most ablest, realest, and best, and the most accomplisht, and most eloquent *Spokesman* within the said Barrony, their *Grand, and Wise, and Well-beloved, and Well-bestowed, and better Merited Agent and Solicitor*, to Represent Oppression, Suppression, and for all such, and for all much, and whereby, and where-with, and wherein, and whereout, and where-upon your *Petitioner* is fairly and finely, and handsomely, and ingeniously, and deservedly Appointed and Nominated, and Constituted, and Ordained, and Elected, and Approved of, and made Choice of, as an Agent, Solicitor, to undergo, overgo, and Manage this Now, and Big, and Mighty important Service.

May it please your very Good, and very Great, and very Big, and very Bravest, and very Worshipful, and very Honourable Lordship, very Graciously, and very Goodly, and very Greatly, and very Bigly, and very Bravelly,

ly, and very Worshipfully, and very Honourably to consider, and to think upon, and to remember, and to keep in Mind the great Oppressions, Suppressions, and Distresses and Overcharges aforesaid, of the said most Major, and most Greater, and the most Bigger, and most Stronger, and most Braver part ; and also of the most Gooder Part of the Barrony aforesaid ; And graciously to grant such Relief, and such Kindness, and such Goodness in the Premisses, to this most Obsequious, and most Obedient, and most Submissive, and most Dutiful, and most Respectful Petitioner, as to your Lordship, in the greatest Wisdom shall seem meet.

And your Petitioner will Pray, &c.

L E T T E R S.

Loving Hub,

Brandford.

‘ I Hop you got safe to Toun, for they says
 ‘ there are Rogues upon the Rode. I long
 ‘ till you come back, for ’tis vary unked to ly
 ‘ alone. The Children be all vary well ; but
 ‘ Biddy have a sad sore I. Pray by a Necklase
 ‘ at the Ould Exchang for Fanny : Her Gooms
 ‘ swell, and she is very teechy and froard ;
 ‘ may hap it may make her cut her Teeth.
 ‘ Mr. Snag’s Child had one, and she was born,
 ‘ as I take it, about last Pescod-time, and yet
 ‘ have all her Teeth almost, thof some be for-
 ‘ warder than others, so it does not follow.
 ‘ Nikin has dealy Kibe Heels this cold Wea-
 ‘ ther ; so that he cannot go to Skole. His

‘ Mistress was here last Night, and says how
 ‘ that he comes on finely : He has got as far
 ‘ as ef already, and have been but ten Weeks
 ‘ at Skole ; ’tis pittty he should lose his Lar-
 ‘ ning. I promust *Dilly* a fine Plaything. I
 ‘ would have something bought that will cost
 ‘ but a Shillun. I believe you may have the
 ‘ Man that plays upon the Music, with the
 ‘ Hounds and Stag for that Money. Pray
 ‘ don’t forget the seven Pound of Gingerbred ;
 ‘ and if you could get but the two first Letters
 ‘ of my Name in Gold upon it, it would look
 ‘ well. Remember to buy the Cradle, the Go-
 ‘ Cart, and the Magpy-Cage, of all Love :
 ‘ They may be braut by the Coach, if you
 ‘ wool promise the Man a full Pot at the Pack-
 ‘ horse. Give my Service to my Cousin *Mevis*,
 ‘ and to *Alse Snorfsdale*, and remember my
 ‘ kind Love to Mr. *Thornaby* and his Wife.
 ‘ You forgot your woollen Sox, your quilted
 ‘ Cap, and your Showing Horn. You shall
 ‘ be sure to have them ; which concludes all,
 ‘ being,

Dear Hubby,
Yours till Death,

Judith Corkin.

‘ Pray send me wórd what Day of the Munt
 ‘ it is : There is a Wagar between my Neigh-
 ‘ bour *Pocklinton* and I of a Tankard of but-
 ‘ tur’d Ale about it. I say ’tis the Third of
 ‘ *Febry*, she says ’tis the last of *Genury*, and
 ‘ that our *Aufminac* don’t go well, and yet
 ‘ ’twas bran nu but two Year ago.’

To

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; Censor of Great Britain, Student in Physick, &c.

S I R, *Wadham-College, Oxon, Febr. 3.*

‘ T H O’ I happen to be descended from a
 ‘ melancholy Father, and a Hypochon-
 ‘ driack Mother, I was not till my fortieth
 ‘ Year made sensible that Infirmities of this
 ‘ kind are communicated from Parents to
 ‘ their Children. ’Twas about that time that
 ‘ the College-Clock running mightily in my
 ‘ Head, I could not help fancying myself to be
 ‘ so nearly related to it, that I was obliged not
 ‘ to speak but when that strook. My Cousin,
 ‘ the Clock, happening soon after to be down
 ‘ with a Disorder, I heard nothing of him for
 ‘ a Week together, during which time I could
 ‘ not be prevailed upon to speak one Syllable;
 ‘ and it being my turn to read a publick Lec-
 ‘ ture, I was forced to send my Excuse in
 ‘ writing.

‘ T H I S Fit going off, I was myself for half
 ‘ a Year afterwards; but sitting much by the
 ‘ Common-Room Fire, I had a strange Fancy
 ‘ that I was a Poker, and if any Body talk’d
 ‘ of filling a Pipe, I immediately moved off, for
 ‘ fear they should make use of me to light it.
 ‘ Upon the least Indisposition, I had no Notion
 ‘ of going to any Body but the Smith to be
 ‘ mended. After this, I took myself for the
 ‘ College Gate, and lay under a constant Ap-
 ‘ prehension of being severely thumped at all
 ‘ Hours in the Night, Would you think it;

‘ Sir ! At last this Whim went so far, that I
 ‘ verily believed myself to be your Paper, the
 ‘ *Tatler*. Then, though I had sometimes the
 ‘ Pleasure of thinking that I was mightily com-
 ‘ mended, at others I had inexpressible Fears. I
 ‘ fancied, that a Friend of mine who had taken
 ‘ Physic, was looking for me high and low on
 ‘ a very unworthy Occasion, and was wonder-
 ‘ fully delighted when my Brother, the *Gazette*,
 ‘ was made use of in my stead. I was often
 ‘ vexed at my Heart, to be hung almost all
 ‘ over with Advertisements of Insurances, Morn-
 ‘ ing-Gowns, Lap-Dogs, and Lottery-Tick-
 ‘ ets, and now and then had terrible Uneasiness
 ‘ for having made bold with my Betters. Be-
 ‘ ing at length pretty well recovered of this
 ‘ Fit, I thought it adviseable to come to *Lon-*
 ‘ *don*, and take care of my Health : But as I
 ‘ was going to the Coach, to my great Sur-
 ‘ prise, I found myself turn’d into a Foot-ball,
 ‘ and at the Mercy of a Pack of Scoundrels,
 ‘ who without any Regard to the Dignity of my
 ‘ former Characters, kicked me from one End
 ‘ of the *High-street* to the other. During this
 ‘ last Misfortune, I have been made the un-
 ‘ willing Instrument of breaking many Win-
 ‘ dows, and once of flying in the Face of a
 ‘ Civil Magistrate. For this Reason I am, as
 ‘ you may very well imagine, ashamed to shew
 ‘ my Head ; and being from my Spherical Fi-
 ‘ gure incapable of writing myself, I have
 ‘ begged a Friend to consult you in my Name
 ‘ upon this my deplorable Condition, and to tell
 ‘ you, that I hope in some time I shall be able
 ‘ to

to assure you of my being my own Man,
' and,

*Your most obliged
and most humble Servant,*

PETER PROTEUS.

*Are you then now Auditor, my Dear ?
Here is a Letter for you, Dear Jey.*

MASTER AUDIT,

DO you know, my Dear, that I am just come from *Tipperary* ? and I do intend to furnish you with some Speculations ; for I have two Ears on both sides my Head, and am qualified to be your Cronie. Shall I tell you I am of a great Family ? My Father was a great Man, and so was my Mother too ; and they have a great Estate upon the Bog in my Country ; and they did want to put the Drain upon their Bog, but had no Money : *Moreover*, I did borrow some upon the Road, and did leave my Estate to save my Neck ; for they would hang me for trying to drain the Bog, and then my Family would expire, for it is very numerous, viz. the *Tiptops*, *Tipxies*, *Tippets*, *Tiplings*, and *Tipstasts* ; then the next Generation did put the Change upon it, and did call themselves any Thing but *Tip* ; so that no body having that Name, my Family might preserve it to themselves. You see now I am qualified to write when I can find a Subject. Arrah, my Dear, now what is my Subject ? Shall I tell you I only send this Letter to show you an

Irish Man can write, and not make *Bulls*? I
am, *Dear Master Audit*,

Your Servant always, *TIP.*

Tipperary, Jan.

25. 1733.

*A Love Letter from a WELCHMAN to his
Sweet-heart, a Virgin of Sixty, in the City
of Bristol.*

Dear Dear Meary,

I Am sorry I could not sent my Mind to you,
by Mrs. C---, but I did herken when *Shonney
Fellips* is poat wa come to *Pristo* that I might
tell you how thick my Hart have been sence
left *Corosways*, for there is none but you can
give *Plastore* to cure the Wound, that you
made in my Hart, wha would I suffer if I coued
but gain you I would go to the farthest Part
of *Pristo*, and *Penprok*, and over *England* and
Wales iff I thot I could bo gain your Favour.
I doea dream efery Night that there is some-
Body dea loak to teake you away from me,
and I pul you one Way, and the dooa pul you
another Way, and at last my thinks I dooa
loase you quite, but I hope my Dreams woa
not come treve, and that *Shonney* will be the
happy Man at last. For I wood willingly searve
seaten Years for you, and not think itt as long
as one Day in my Mind you know my pest be-
loved, and my only Joy and confer in this
World. To beshoure for that Night in the
Kitchen

Kitchen no one cood show you móor Love than I did, when I did shitt at your Feet for a creat while to crave your Favaur but you did look so scornful pon me an so hard Harted as if you had not card wheather I was live or dy, you went away from me thát I had not so mutch as to embrace you and to teak a parting Kiss; but as for your Countrey Woman she did meake her worst for I desier'd of her when you did run away from me to tell you to com to the bak dower, and to meet me att the Plump, for her was know trick, for you do know that she doa use to com through the back Doax to Curtty with *Will Watter* and it wood not have been mutch for her to concider by herself how clad I should have been to see you pefore you went so far from me, but I hope when you do receive this my dear Jowill and joy of my Hart, that you wil sent me a line or too of Confor, to make means for your last Cruelti which will lenthen my Days. I desier you wright soone and sent py the same Poat and til I have Answer from you I shall be by *Pantwine* and *Cagleeking* staring my Eyes out for the Poats which is all at pressant loving sweat *Molly* fro your wonded Slave.

SHONNY.

My Dear *Molly* if you think fit I well com looke hear now and be marred in *Pristo* and settle there and thinck that will be pest way for soe mony Trade, I am, lookey here now for I can Plead lookey heare and draw Toothe and Bone-setter, and cure Horses, and Cattels, and Sheaps, loockey heare now and cure Pig

and cure Dog that have the mange and creeat
 mony things Elce, loockey I can doa to get
 Monies for you my dear sweat Lip tha is sweater
 than Sugar Candy to me and iff I could have
 one Kifs from you now I would pay grete deale
 in mind pray dont forget to Answer me, pray
 kive my peft Love and Duty to Madam P---/
 and Familee and I gif her great many thancks
 for making mutch of you for she was always
 love me always, I belonge to the Familee al-
 ways my dear Sugar Plum twas most forgot to
 say I dont want any thing of tackling either
 Iron or Steele for I have afs good pul toothe and
 Skrutooth as ever was in Doctor's hands and
 as good Flains as ever was struck pon Horses
 neck, and ferey good spring Flain and Joyners
 and Masons tools and iff I was fors to by them
 now dee see my Deer toot cost coode creat
 deal of Monies now my sweetin my Deare I
 meane I dont know what is the matter their is
 nothing put dear pon my Toangue day all
 long but I have something that is petter then all
 this for when my Father is dy, I have verey
 goot Hoas and Urchard and Gardens and too or
 three Pounds state at least, I am sure and will
 pretty well doa with what you have my Deare
 love I was find trusty frind to Writ this for me
 and when I have a Letter from you I will get
 the same to Read it for me. *Farm* is wheare I
 live now.

*The following Letter from Anglesey,
with the Verses, contains, as we are
assured, Matter of Fact.*

Gued Meister,

I Kepe a creat tafern for ail in my house,
and sum time a coocking; my gests as uial
after brase drunkin, fell into quarelings apout
there Peticrees: after many plows given Capt.
Cack—, and stunked, so brasely, that all the
cogs and shentlemen leaved him soul mister of
the pit; wherepon hur frend did wrote the
following vurses; which hur bags you to print,
that they may be ashamed of their practisings,
and shave my shugs and shamberpots.

*Porthaethwy, Anglesey,
28 May, 1731.*

*Yours till deth,
Stopeth hur breth,
RHIVIART AP HUW,*

I.

Well broke, brave MATT! at length we
know,

Why TALLARD and his troops gave
way;

And where, at Mons some years ago.

Your boasted strength and fury lay.

2.

Monseieur advanc'd with daring pride,

Regardless of each sweeping blast;

'Till you turn'd short and warmly ply'd

Your bum artillery at last.

3. Can

3.

Can any Virtuoso find,
From what strange force this volley flies;
That, Parthian like, so wounds behind,
And mauls our noses, more than eyes?

4.

Cannons and mortars can't compare
With magazines in bowels pent,
When fir'd amidst the heat of war,
They force the touch-hole for a vent.

5.

Let TORRES bluster as he will,
He must retire with foul disgrace;
If SABINE has but learn'd your skill,
To spout it in his Donship's face.

6.

Your Front could not the battle win,
Tho' arm'd with brags to face your foes;
But soon as e'er your Rere came in,
It took whole squadrons by the nose.

7.

In short, you boldly may despise
The pow'r of all the Devils in hell:
Full in their face your engine plie,
You'll rout them all, if they can smell.

The

*The following is a Copy of a Bill from
a Welch Surgeon to one of his Patients.*

S I R,

I Affure you it is Matter of Fact, the original Bill (of which this is a Copy) being in a Lawyer's Hands ; so that, in all Probability, a Law-suit will commence between our ancient Briton and the Lady ; who has a heavy Charge laid against her of *Hatred, Malice, Envy, &c.* and running away from and breaking the Windows of hur Surgeon, which has consequently put hur Welch Blood in a ferment.

Yours unknown, B. S.

Dr. DAVEY SHONES his Bill, at Oswestrey,
for Mrs. SUESANNA MADOX.

Nov. 9, 1729.

F OR dressing hur mortify'd	l.	s.	d.
Elcere upon hur Lege, and	}		
clen it from stinkin, with Sprits			
of Chamfire, Tinct. Myrhe, an			
udder dings prapor for 49 Tims.			
15 Tims it cost me 2s. 6d. evry			
Tim before I cow'd get the stink-	3	1	6
in Flesse away, and the oder 34			
Tims.			

For lancin and scallin the	}	0	10	0
Boune.				

Carried over ---- l. 3 11 6
For

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Beought over -----	3	11	6
For ungt, ols, and linimt. to } anointe the stinkin Lege	0	7	6
For Pills Aurea guilded with } gould.	0	7	6
For Drams and Cordiolls for } hur and hur Companions.	0	7	6
For Lodgen, Care and Attend- } ance uppon hur.	1	12	6
For running away, and hindrin } me to have Tim to make hur Cure } to Purfisteon.	2	10	0
For Envy, Hatred, and Mallis, } and Ill-Wil in spaakin uttrin and } purnouncin fevrall Reflecshons, } and fals Storees uppon me and my } Hous.	1	12	0
For brekin my Glas in the Glas } Windos with hur Hors is Nos.	0	1	0
	l.	10	9 6

*A true Copy of a Letter from a Lady to
her Apothecary.*

SUR,

I Have a filent Pain in my Back, which flies
up into my Stomak and thare it fixes and
thare it holdes me al Nite, and this Mornin it
has purg me upordes and downwordes and I
have a was dele of Pain in my wourin and fro-
brin when I make Water, and all the Wittales
that

that I have et since *Fridey* I have not disgusted,
and I beg that yould mack som thing that tis
proper for me, and you shal here forder from
me in the mornin.

*A Love Letter from a Country School-
Master to the Lady of his Affections.*

Dear Madam,

IF there be yet no *Proposition* towards a *Con-
junction* with you, be pleased to accept of
this *Interjection* of my Pretences: For I do
Pronouns Ad verbum, that I desire to be *Ad-
jective* to you in all *Cases*; for *Positively* I
declare, that *Comparatively* speaking, I should
be *Superlatively* happy might I *Engender* with
you in all *Moods* and *Tenses*. I hope you
will not think me so *Singular*, as not to de-
sire to have the *Plural Number* in my Fa-
mily; or that I am too *Masculine*, to be
Neuter in regard to the *Fæminine*: Where-
fore, Dear Madam, let us have our Affections
in *Common of Two*. Far be it from you to
decline this *Conjugation*, though I am not the
First Person, nor the *Second*, nor the *Third*,
that have solicited you to be *Subjunctive*
to his Love. I presume you will not be in
the *Imperative*, whilst I pass from the *Opta-
tive* to the *Potential*; and that will permit
me to make a *Conjunction Copulative* of my
Propria quæ Maribus, with your *As in Præ-
senti*; this will make a *Participle* of Happi-
ness,

ness, if you please *Actively* to give your Voice
 to be *Passive* herein : Be you but *Supine*,
 and I'll be *Deponent* : Thus you will find it
 the *Optative* Part of my Soul, to be a lawful
Concord with the *Genitive* ; my whole Income
 shall be a *Dative* to you for the *Present* :
 Nothing shall be *Accusative* against you for
 the *Future* ; and your dear Name shall ever
 be my *Vocative*, till Death, the great *Abla-*
tive of all Things, part us.

I am, Dear Madam,
 Your most Obsequious Adorer.

*The following Letter may afford such of our
 Readers as are House-Keepers, Matter
 of some Speculation.*

MR. BAVIVS,

WE are inclined to think, that Extravagance
 in Feasting was never at such a Height
 as now, and, perhaps, that Conjecture may be
 right in the General. But if you look into
 FULLER's *History of the Church*, p. 92, you
 will find an Account of such a Feast, as surely
 HELIOGABALUS himself never could boast of,
 and would have put him to the Blush. It was
 made by GEORGE NEVIL, Brother to the great
 Earl of *Warwick*, at his being made Archbi-
 shop of *York*, in the Year 1470, in the 10th
 Year of King *Edward IV.*

IN

IN which Feast was expended 300 Quarters of Wheat ; 330 Tons of Ale ; 104 Tons of Wine ; one Pipe of spiced Wine ; 80 fat Oxen ; six wild Bulls ; 1004 Weathers ; 300 Hogs ; 300 Calves ; 3000 Geese ; 3000 Capons ; 300 Pigs ; 200 Peacocks ; 200 Cranes ; 200 Kids ; 2000 Chickens ; 4000 Pidgeons ; 400 Rabbits ; 204 Bitterns ; 4000 Ducks ; 400 Herons ; 200 Pheasants ; 500 Partridges ; 400 Woodcocks ; 400 Plovers ; 100 Curlews ; 100 Quails ; 1000 Egrets ; 200 Rees ; above 400 Bucks, Does, and Roe-Bucks ; 1056 hot Venison Pasties ; 4000 cold Venison Pasties ; 1000 Dishes of Jellies parted ; 4000 Dishes of plain Jellies ; 4000 cold Custards ; 2000 hot Custards ; 300 Pikes ; 300 Breames ; 8 Seales ; 4 Porpoises ; 400 Tarts ; 1000 Servants to attend ; 62 Cooks ; and 515 Kitchiners. Of which Feast the Earl of *Warwick* was Steward ; the Earl of *Bedford* Treasurer ; the Lord *Hastings* Controulour ; with many more noble Officers.

THIS was a Feast more befitting a King, than an Archbishop ; but, perhaps, he did it to let the People see, that he was *given to Hospitality*. But my Wonder is not only raised at the Extravagance of the Cost, but also where they could procure all the Particulars both from Sea and Land ; where they got Kitchens and Ovens to dress all this ; where they found Places to eat it in ; and lastly, where they got People to eat it all, unless they invited all the Nation. But this Archbishop was the Phoenix Glutton of that Age ; for others were as frugal as he had

had been profuse ; as will appear by the following Bill of Fare, of a Feast had by the Wax-Chandler's Company, the 28th of *October*, 1478, in the 18th Year of King *Edward IV.* which was but 8 Years after the Former, *viz.*

Two Loins of Mutton, and two	}	
Loins of Veal, cost		0 1 4
A Loin of Beef		0 0 4
A Leg of Mutton		0 0 2½
A Pig		0 0 4
Which the Master of the Company complained of as 1d too dear.		
A Capon		0 0 6
A Coney		0 0 2
One Dozen of Pigeons		0 0 7
One hundred Eggs		0 0 8½
A Goose		0 0 6
A Gallon of Red-Wine		0 0 8
A Kilderkin of Ale		0 1 8
		0 7 0

From whence may be inferr'd, that their Worshipps were special Poor ; or that Money was not very Plenty ; or Provisions were very reasonable ; or that People in those Days lived more within Bounds than they do now, and, perhaps, paid their Debts somewhat better also.

DEMOCRITUS.

S O N G S.

SONGS.

1.

PRithee foolish Boy give o'er,
Cease thy Bosom to torment ;
Prithee figh and whine no more,
Come with me and taste Content ;
Love's a Foe of thine and mine,
Let us drown the God in Wine.

2.

Leave the silly gaudy Train,
And believe me when I say,
All the Joys they give are vain,
Leave them then and come away.
Love's a Foe, &c.

3.

Leave their beauteous Face and Eyes,
Charms too lovely to behold ;
Let us seek to crown our Joys,
Where the best Champaign is sold.
Love's a Foe, &c.

Bumper

Bumper 'Squire Jones.

I.

YOU good Fellows all
 Who love to be told, where there's Claret
 good Store ;
 Attend to the Call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted
 With six Bottles more.
 Befure you don't pass,
 The good House Money-Glass,
 Which the Jolly red God so peculiarly
 owns.
 'Twill well suit your Humour,
 For pray what wou'd you more,
 Than Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers
 'Squire JONES.

2.

Ye Lovers who pine
 For Lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair ;
 Who whimper and whine
 For Lillies and Roses,
 With Eyes, Lips and Noses,
 Or Tip of an Ear.
 Come hither, I'll shew you
 How *Phillis* and *Chloe*,
 No more shall occasion such Sighs and such
 Groans :
 For what Mortal so stupid,
 As not to quit *Cupid*,
 When call'd by good Claret and Bumpers
 'Squire JONES.

Ye

3.

Ye Poets who write

And brag of your drinking fam'd *Helicon's*
Brook ;

Tho' all you get by't

Is a Dinner oft-times,

In Reward for your Rhymes,

With *Humphrey* the Duke.Learn *Bacchus* to follow,And quit your *Apollo*,Forfake all the Muses, those senseless old
Crones.

Our jingling of Glasses,

Your Rhyming surpasses,

When crown'd with good Claret and Bum-
pers 'Squire JONES.

4.

Ye Soldiers so stout,

With Plenty of Oaths, tho' no Plenty of
Coin,

Who make such a Rout

Of all your Commanders,

Who serv'd us in *Flanders*,And eke at the *Boyne*.

Come leave off your Rattling,

Of Sieging and Battling,

And know you'd much better to sleep in
whole Bones :Were you sent to *Gibraltar*,

Your Notes you'd soon alter,

And wish for good Claret, and Bumpers
'Squire JONES.

Ye

5.

Ye Clergy so wise,

Who Mysteries profound can demonstrate
clear;

How worthy to rise,

You preach once a Week,

But your Tythes never seek

Above once in a Year.

Come here, without failing,

And leave off your Railing

'Gainst Bishops providing for dull stupid
Drones:

Says the Text so Divine,

What is Life without Wine?

Then away with the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire

JONES.

6.

Ye Lawyers so just,

Be the Cause what it will, who so learnedly
plead;

How worthy of Trust,

You know Black from White,

You prefer Wrong to Right,

As you are chanc'd to be fee'd.

Leave musty Reports,

And forsake the King's Courts,

Where Dulness and Discord have set up their
Thrones;

Burn SALKEILD and VENTRIS,

With all your damn'd Entries,

And away with the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire

JONES.

Ye

7.

Ye Physical Tribe,
 Who's Knowledge consists in hard Words
 and Grimace ;
 When e're you prescribe,
 Have at your Devotion,
 Pills, Bolus, or Potion,
 Be what will the Case ;
 Pray where is the Need,
 To purge, Blister, or Bleed,
 When ailing yourselves, the whole Faculty
 owns ;
 That the Forms of Old GALEN,
 Are not so prevailing,
 As Mirth with good Claret, and a Bumper
 'Squire JONES.

8.

Ye Fox-Hunter's eke,
 That follow the Call of the Horn and the
 Hound ;
 Who your Ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the Brake,
 Where the Vermin is found ;
 Leave PIPER and BLUEMAN,
 Shrill DUTCHESS and TRUMAN,
 No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones,
 Wou'd you ravish your Ears,
 With the Songs of the Spheres,
 Hark ! Away to the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire
 JONES.

I. As

1.

AS *Chloe* on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,
 She sigh'd to the Breeze, and made *Collin*
 her Theme ;
 Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling
 the Breeze,
 And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted
 for Ease,
 And the Flowers, &c.

2.

The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,
 It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer
 wou'd stay ;
 Tho' beauteous, inconstant ; and faithless,
 tho' fair,
 Ah! *Collin* look in and behold thyself there.
 Ah! *Collin* look in, &c.

3.

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
 Now rose to a Tempest, and dark'ned the
 Day ;
 As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,
 Is *Collin* when angry, and *Collin* when kind.
 Is *Collin*, &c.

4.

The Flowers when gather'd, so beauteous and
 sweet,
 Now fade on her Bosom, and die at her feet.

As



And we want to these days and

And no more, come with me and take Content

There's a Foe of thine and mine, let us drown

Let us drown the God in Wine

Handwritten title and first system of musical notation.

Second system of musical notation with lyrics: "told where the good Song..."

Third system of musical notation with lyrics: "Call of song who's ne're frightened but great..."

Fourth system of musical notation with lyrics: "lighted with six Bottles more; Be sure you..."

Fifth system of musical notation with lyrics: "pass, the good House Money Glafs; which..."



God is peculiarly

let your Humour for pray what will

more than Mirth with good Claret and

part Squire JONES

Stanza 1. The first stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 2. The second stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 3. The third stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 4. The fourth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 5. The fifth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 6. The sixth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 7. The seventh stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 8. The eighth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 9. The ninth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.

Stanza 10. The tenth stanza of the poem, written in a cursive script.





Lullies in vire

...ng Day; The Lark forsakes his

...Nest, the Fields a--round



gaily drest, A-rise my Love and

play and play A-rise my Love and

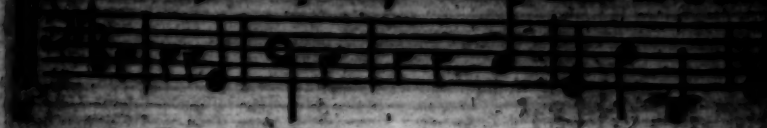
play



nothing they know Nor they've nothing



nothing they know Such such is Life of a Bear a Bear Such Such is Life of a Bear



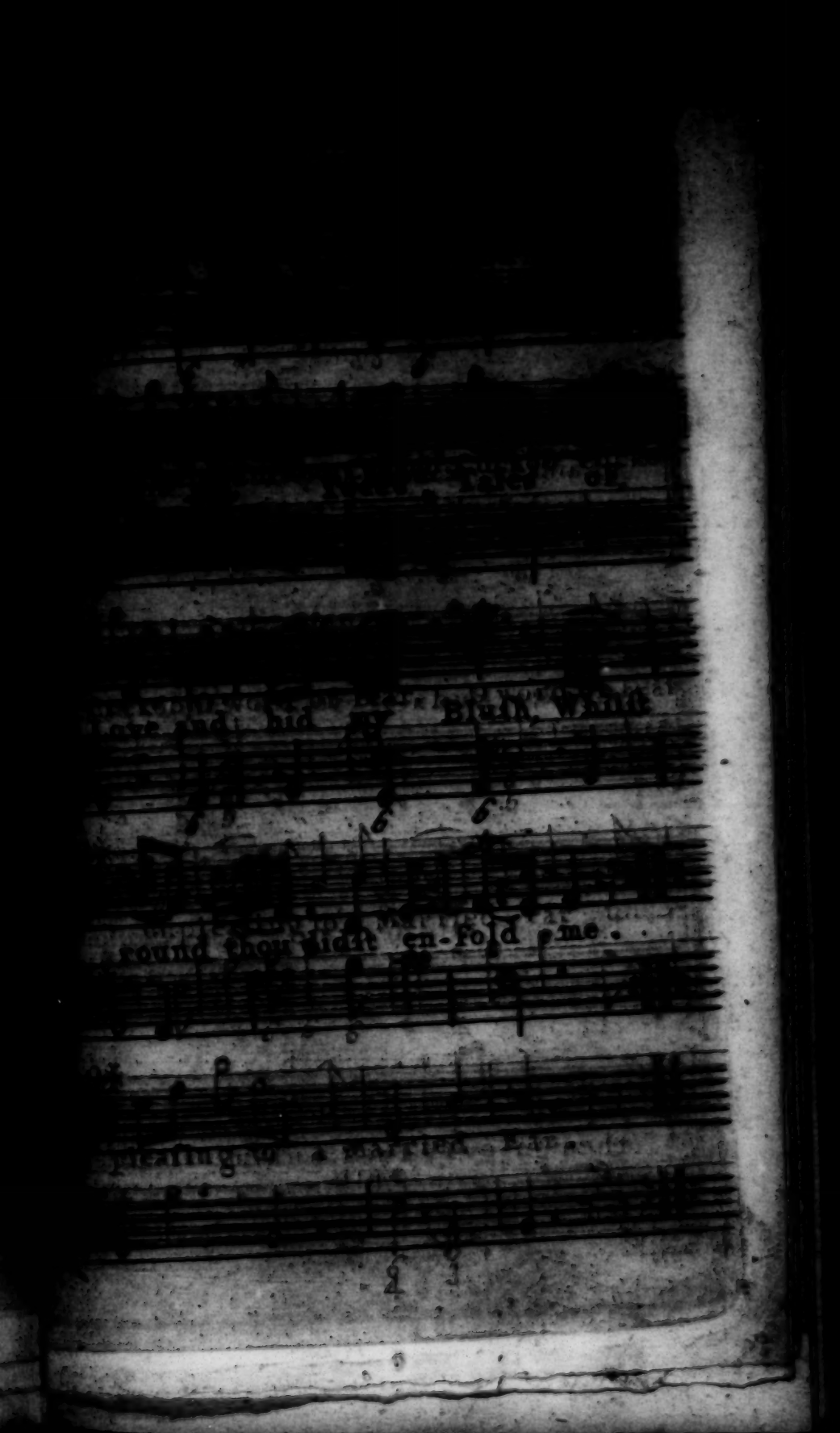
...ly look a bonny fellow with tears in

...him out to roan Young Thomas when he was old

...ll her, he left his heart with her at Home,

...he view'd y^e Seas from of y^e fall, and at the

...nd her Spinning Wheel sing her Bonny Thomas



...the and



... .. all



Clickoo Buds of Yellow hue do paint



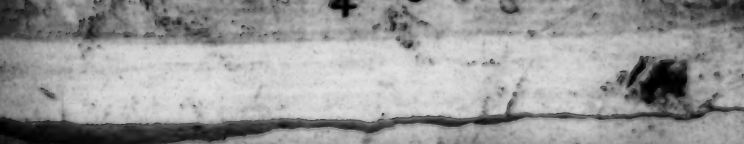
Meadows with delight The Cuckoo



then on ev'ry Tree mocks married men



THE MARRIED EYE SINGS A MARRIED EYE SONG



Handwritten text at the top of the page, likely a title or introductory note, which is mostly illegible due to fading and darkness.

Handwritten text, possibly a first line of lyrics or a musical instruction, located below the first system of notes.

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Handwritten text, possibly a seventh line of lyrics or a musical instruction, located below the seventh system of notes.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or a concluding note, which is mostly illegible.



She lov'd him again and I wonder to know



offer would move her she lov'd him so dear



offer could move her she lov'd him so dear



6 6 6 6 3

The Rag



² Barley Cakes



the Strain once



Pattys Delight



The Lottery



The Dusty Miller



The Drouth



Andrew Carr



Lenox Love to Blantyre



I'll have a Wife of my own



Liberty



Robt Moore



Betty's Delight



The Humours of Dublin.





As fair in the Bloom, and as foul in Decay,
Is *Collin* when present, and *Collin* away,
Is *Collin*, &c.

5.

In Rage and Despair, from the Ground she
arose,
And from her the Flowers, so faded she
throws,
She weeps in the Stream, and she sighs to the
Wind,
And resolves to drive *Collin* quite out of her
Mind,
And resolves to, &c.

6.

But what her Resolves when her *Collin* appear'd,
The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest
was heard,
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was
true,
She found he was, &c.

I.

SEE *Phillis* in yonder Bower,
With ev'ry beaut'ous Flower,
And twining Green array'd;
Sweet Tonquills, Daffa-dillies,
Carnations, Roses, Lillies,
Invite us to the Shade.

Q

There

2.

There clasping thee my Treasure,
In Extasy 'bove Measure,
I'll on your Bosom lie;
While you're with Looks expiring,
My blissful Death desiring,
My Soul with Joy shall fly.

3.

With balmy melting Kisses,
I'll crown my dying Bliss,
Whilst you in Pity cry;
My Love I'll not be cruel,
But in this am'rous Duel,
We'll both together die.

1.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,
New gilds the smiling Day;
The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,
The Fields around are daily drest,
Arise my Love and play; and play,
Arise my Love and play.

2.

Come forth my Fair, come forth, bright Maid,
And bless the Shepherds Sight;
Lend ev'ry folded Flower thy Aid,
Unveil the Roses blushing Shade,
And give them sweet Delight; Delight,
And give them sweet Delight.

3. Thy

3.
 Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,
 Thy Smiles her Charms improve ;
 Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguiles,
 And as invite, reward their Toil,
 And tune their Notes to Love ; to Love,
 And tune their Notes to Love.

4.
 Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,
 The Flow'ry Wreath I'll twine ;
 E'er other Eyes their Beauties see,
 They on thy Brow adorn'd shall be,
 The happy Task be mine ; be mine,
 The happy Task be mine.

The Life of a BEAU.

HOW brim-full of Nothing's the Life of
 a Beau,

They have nothing to think of, they've no-
 thing to do ;

Nor they've nothing to talk of, for nothing
 they know :

Such, Such, is the Life of a Beau, a Beau,
 a Beau,

Such, Such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh
 Air,

Spend the Morning in nothing, but curling
 their Hair ;

And do nothing all Day, but Sing, Saunter and
 Stare. Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing at Night, to the Playhouse they
croud,

For to mind nothing done there, they al-
ways are proud ;

But to bow, and to grin, and talk ---- nothing
aloud,

Such, Such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball,

And for nothing at Cards a fair Partner call;

For they still must be beasted who've ---- No-
thing at all,

Such, Such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing on Sundays at Church they appear,

For they've nothing to hope, nor they've
nothing to fear ;

They can be nothing no where, who ---- no-
thing are here,

Such, Such, is the Life of a Beau.

I.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny Sailor,
With Tears she sent him out to roam,
Young Thomas when he went, did tell her,
He left his Heart with her at Home :
She view'd the Seas from off the Hill,
And as she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel ;
Sung of her bonny Sailor.

2. The

2.

The Wind grew loud, and shew grew paler,
 To see the Weather-cock turn round ;
 When lo ! she 'spied her bonny Sailor,
 Come whistling o'er the fallow Ground ;
 With nimble Haste, he leapt the Stile;
 And *Sally* met him with a Smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

3.

About the Waste he took his *Sally*,
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he ;
 Like homebred Sparks he could not dally,
 But kist and prest her with a Glee ;
 Thro' Winds and Waves, and dashing Rain,
 Cry'd he, thy *Tom's* return'd again,
 Return'd again to *Sally*.

4.

Welcome she cry'd, my constant *Thomas*,
 Tho' out of Sight, ne'er out of Mind ;
 Tho' cruel Seas have kept thee from me,
 Yet still my Heart to thee inclin'd ;
 So much my Thoughts took *Tommy's* Part,
 That Time nor Absence from my Heart,
 Cou'd drive my bonny *Thomas*.

5.

This Knife the Gift of lovely *Sally*,
 For thy dear Sake I still have kept ;
 A thousand Times in am'rous Folly,
 Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck ;
 Again this happy Pledge returns,
 To shew how truly *Thomas* burns,
 How truly burns for *Sally*.

Q3

6. This

This Thimble didst thou give to *Sally*,
 When this I saw, I thought of you,
 Then why should *Tom* stand shilly shally,
 While yonder Steeple stands in View ;
Tom never to Occasion blind,
 Soon took her in the willing Mind
 And went to Church with *Sally*.

1.

AT setting Day, and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee ;
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee ;
 I'll visit oft the Berkin Bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me ;
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

2.

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood, Shaw, or Fountain ;
 Or when the Summer's Day I'd share,
 With thee upon yon Mountain ;
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;
 By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
 A Heart that ne'er can wander.

WHEN

1.

WHEN Daisies py'd, and Violets Blue,
 And Lady Smocks all Silver White ;
 When Cuckoo Buds of Yellow Hue,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
 The Cuckoo then on every Tree,
 Mocks married Men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo ; O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.

2.

When Shepherds Pipe on Oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Ploughmans Clocks ;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summers Smocks ;
 The Cuckoo then, &c.

TELL me lovely Shepherd where,
 Thou feed'st at Noon thy Fleecy Care ;
 Direct me to the sweet Retreat,
 That guards me from the Mid-day Heat :
 Left by the Flocks, I lonely stray,
 Without a Guide and lose my Way ;
 Where Rest at Noon thy bleating Care,
 Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.

1.
THERE liv'd long ago, in a Country
Place,

A clever young Lad, and he lov'd a young
Lass;
She lov'd him again, and O wonder to hear;
No Offers cou'd move her, she lov'd him
so dear,
No Offers cou'd, &c.

2.
The Lord of the Village, took it into his
Head,

To tempt her to leave him, and come to
his Bed;
He offer'd her Jewels, and Baubles, and Rings,
But she slighted her Love, and refus'd his
gay Things,
But she slighted, &c.

3.
He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her Gown shou'd be Silk, and her Cap
Colberteen;

She said Linsay Woolsey, and Bone-lace wou'd
serve,
And rather than please him, she venture to
starve,
And rather than, &c.

4. He

He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
 Or a Coach if she lik'd it to visit about :
 She thank'd him, and said, she cou'd very
 well walk,
 For shou'd she have a Coach, how the
 Neighbours wou'd talk,
 For shou'd she, &c.

5.
 As for the Neighbours he'd make it his Care,
 That not even the Parson on Sundays should
 dare,
 To censure her Conduct, or offer to blame,
 Her Manner of Living, or blast her good
 Name,
 Her Manner, &c.

6.
 She told him in short, he must e'en be con-
 tent,
 That Jewels, nor Gold, shou'd ne'er bribe
 her Consent ;
 Her Heart was another's, and so shou'd re-
 main,
 And she scorn'd to be false, for the Lucre
 of Gain,
 And she scorn'd, &c.

The wanton Gods.

THE first Couple cast off one Couple, and whole Figure with the second Couple ÷ The second Couple do the same ∴ cross over round the second Couple, and half Figure with the third Couple, cast up to the Top, and Right Hand and Left into the second Couple Place ÷ the Last strain once.

The Ragg.

THE first Couple cast off two Couple at once, and lead up to the Top ÷ Right Hands a Cross, all four half round Left Hands back again ∴ The first and second Couple foot it and clap to your Partners ÷ Foot it all Four again, and Right Hand and Left half round ∴

Barley Cakes.

THE first Couple lead thro' the second Couple, and go round the Couple and turn Hands ÷ Do the same back again ∴ Foot it contrary Sides and turn cross over, and turn your Partner ÷

PATTEY'S

PATTEY'S *Delight.*

THE first Man foot it to the second Woman;
 then the first Woman turn the second Man
 ÷ The first Woman foot it to the second Man,
 then the first Man turn the second Woman ÷
 The first Couple foot it half round, then the first
 Man turn the second Woman, the first Wo-
 man turn the second Man at the same Time
 into the Couples Place ÷ second Foot it all
 Four and turn Hands all Four quite round ÷
 The first Man whole Figure at Bottom, the
 first Woman whole at Top at the same Time
 ÷ Then the first Man whole Figure at Top,
 the first Woman whole at Bottom at the same
 Time ÷ The first Couple lead below the third
 Couple, foot it and cross up into the second
 Couples Place ÷ lead up to the Top, foot it
 and cross over one Couple ÷

Liberty.

THE first Couple foot it, and cast below the
 second Couple ÷ The first Couple foot it
 again and cast below the third Couple ÷
 Cross over up below the third Couple, and
 turn Partners ÷ Right Hand and Left quite
 round ÷

St. Duff's Millar.

FIRST had thro' the second Couple, and on the outside of the third Couple meet and turn :: the same up again :: turn Corners, and turn :: The first Man feet it to the third Woman and turn her :: the first Woman set to the second Man, feet it and turn him :: Cross over and half Figure :: Right Hand and Left half round, and turn ::

The Drouth.

THE first and second Couple set all Four and turn single :: then both Couple Back to Back with their Partners :: then the first Couple cross over and turn, and the second Couple cross over and turn :: then Hand 2. Cross quite round, and turn Partners.

The Lottery.

CRoss over down one Couple, and turn Hands :: Then cross over below the third Couple, and turn :: Turn Corners, and turn your Partner with both Hands in second Couples Place.

The

The Person of Feltham.

THE first Man cast off and the second Woman cast up at the same Time, and hands round Four :: The first Woman and second Man do the same :: Lead down two Couple, foot it and cast up one Couple, lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off :: Foot it to your Partner, the Man cast off and the Woman cast up. Foot it again, and turn it out ::

The Unfortunate Joak.

THE first Couple foot it to the second Woman, and hands round three :: The same to the second Man :: Cross over and half Figure :: The Man set to the third Woman, and Woman set to the third Man at the same Time, and turn Sides :: The Man cross over round the third Couple, and the Woman round the second Couple at the same Time :: Right Hand and Left quite round with the second Couple :: The Man foots it to the second Woman and turn her, the Woman do the same with the second Man at the same Time :: The Man fall in between the third Couple, and the Woman between the second Couple and foot it, and turn it out with your Partner ::

New Camargo. W.P.

THE first Couple foot it and cast off one Couple, foot it and cast off again. Do the same back again. Foot it contrary Sides, and turn. Cross over at Top, and turn your Partner.

Andrew Kerr.

THE first Couple cross over one Couple, and turn. cross over again, and turn. lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off one Couple. Right Hand and Left quite round with the third Couple. Foot it Corners, and turn. Foot it the other Corners, and turn your Partner. Hands all Six quite round. Right Hand and Left quite round at Top.

My Lady Anne Hamilton's Rant.

THE first Man set to the second Woman, the Man cast off the Woman, cast up at the same Time, the same back again. The first Woman and second Man do the same. The first and second Man lead thro' the two Women, and turn on their own Sides. The first and second Woman do the same.

The

The first Man Hey with the two Women ÷
 Then the first Woman Hey with the two Men
 ÷ Change Places and clap Hands all Four
 quite round ÷ Foot it all Four Right and
 Left half round ÷

Black as a Coal.

THE first Couple foot it and turn ÷ Foot
 it contrary Sides and turn ÷ Gallop
 down, up again, and cast off Right Hand and
 Left quite round ÷

Lenex Love to Blantyre.

HANDS a Cross quite round with the se-
 cond Couple, and cast off ÷ Hands a
 Cross with the third Couple, and cast off again
 ÷ Foot it and cast up to the Top ÷ Right
 Hand and Left into the second Couples Place
 ÷ Foot it Corners and turn ÷ Foot it
 the other Corners and turn ÷ Hey contrary
 Sides ÷ Foot it to your Partner and turn ÷

I'll have a Wife of my own.

THE first Couple foot it and cast off two Couple $\therefore$ Foot and cast up again $\therefore$ Cross over and foot it $\therefore$ The Man cast off and the Woman cast up at the same Time and foot it $\therefore$ Turn Corners and turn your Partner $\therefore$ Turn the other Corners and turn your Partner again $\therefore$ lead thro' the Man Side and turn $\therefore$ lead through the Woman Side and turn $\therefore$

Ross Moors.

THE first Man foot it to the second Woman, the first Woman foot it to the second Man at the same Time and turn into the second Couples Place $\therefore$ Then the first Man foot it to the third Woman, the first Woman foot it to the third Man at the same Time, and turn into the third Couples Place $\therefore$ The first Couple cross up one Couple and foot it, cross up again and turn, leave your Partner on the Man Side $\therefore$ Right Hand and Left all Six quite round till you come into the second Couples Place $\therefore$

The Humours of Dublin.

THE first Couple cast off $\therefore$ Cast up again $\therefore$ Cross over and half Figure $\therefore$ Hands a Cross half round $\therefore$ Back again $\therefore$ Right Hand and Left quite round $\therefore$

A Trip

A Trip to Bath.

THE first Couple foot it and cast off one Couple, foot it again, and cast off another Couple ÷ lead up to the Top, foot it and cast off one Couple ÷ lead down all four a Breast, foot it and cast up into the second Couples Place ÷ lead up all four a Breast, foot it and cast off into the second Place ÷

The Miller of Mansfield.

THE first Couple foot it and turn Hands ÷ Foot it contrary Sides and turn Hands ÷ The first Man fall in between the second and third Woman; the first Woman fall in between the second and third Man at the same Time, foot it three and three, and turn Hands three and three quite round ÷ Then foot it all Six again, and turn all Six quite round and turn your Partner ÷

COMICAL TRICKS.

To shew a pretty Trick with a Ring.

PRepare a Ring made of Copper, fill it with Quicksilver, and stop close the Hole again, that the Quicksilver may not find any Vent. This Ring put upon an Iron Plate with Coals underneath to make it very hot, and you will see with Surprise, how the Quicksilver in the Ring, when it feels the Heat, will make the Ring jump and dance; there was a great Wager won with that Trick.

To put a Piece of Money under a Pot, and to take it away without lifting up the Pot.

THIS is but a *Hocus-pocus* Trick, to make the Company laugh, for if you lay a Wager with any in the Company to put a Piece of Money under the Pot, and that you will take it away without removing the Pot. To perform this, lay before the whole Company the Money under the Pot, make some *Hocus-pocus*, beat with one Hand upon the Top of the Pot, and with the other Hand bring a Piece of Money from under the Table like the other Piece that is under the Pot, so
the

the simple Spectator will think it be the Piece under the Pot. But the wiser Sort will look better in the Matter, and will take away the Pot to see if the Money be really gone or not: Then you take this Opportunity, and take away the Money, with Assurance that you have won the Money of the Wager, having taken away the Money without touching or removing the Pot in the least.

To make a painted Crow to croke.

MAKE a round Hole in the Wall, put a Frog in it backwards, hang the painted Crow or Raven over it, so that the Beak comes just over the Hole to stand wherein the Frog is. *Note*; it must be painted upon Oily Paper, to be transparent. Now if you will surprize the Spectators, hold a lighted Candle to the Raven's Beak; the Frog as soon as he sees it, will begin to croke, so that the By-Standers won't think otherwise but the Voice comes from the Crow or Raven.

To sing any Body out of, or from underneath a Basket.

Desire your Friend to sit under a Basket, and lay a Wager with him, that against his Will you will make him come forth; the same Time go singing about the Basket, and at last pour some Water over him, he will soon be weary of your singing, and crawl from underneath the Basket.

Another

Another of the same Trick.

TAKE a Pewter Dish, fill it full of Water, and tell the By-standers, there are all Sorts of Figures and Images to be seen in it; when they look nearly upon the Water, dash your flat Hand in the Dish to wet them all, they will represent all Sorts of Figures and Images to themselves, and you may laugh at them.

Another of the same.

IF you have a Mind to play one a very good Trick, tell him, that in the Time any Body can walk 100 Paces to and fro, or will stay so long out of the Room or Kitchen, you will order a Pair of Tongs that Parsley shall grow of it, if he squeezes hard with his Hands the Tongs together. In the mean Time now he walks about, put the Tongs in the Fire till it be pretty hot, then call him, and desire him to squeeze out the Parsley; where the whole Company will soon laugh at him, and he himself will be burned handsomely.

Of Rope-dancers, how to imitate 'em.

GREAT many People are surprized at the Rope-Dancers Performances, thinking it to be Witchcraft, whereas their whole Art consists only in fixing a Rope firm and straight, rubbed

rubbed with Chalk, and likewise besmear the Soles of their Shoes with Chalk, dress themselves light and alry, holding a Pole in their Hand bias'd with Lead behind and before, and so perform their Steps and Leaps.

And when it happens that their Bodies begin to fall or sink too much on the Right Side, then they sink the greatest Part of the Pole to the left Hand, to keep themselves in a Ballance, and as long as they observe this Advantage, they can never get a Fall.

Besides, they fix their Eyes constantly upon the Cross on which the Rope is fastened, not to be out of their Way if the Rope should slacken.

Thirdly, the Roughness of the Chalk doth not serve a little to their Activity, taking away the Smoothness of the Shoes and makes 'em dry.

At last the Firmness of the Rope is a great Help to their jumping so high, and cutting several Capers in the Air.

To make an Egg fly in the Air.

All such Tricks are pretty enough till we know them; after we don't much care for them.

TAKE an Egg make a Hole in it, and let the White run out of it; put in the Egg a little May-dew, saved in the Month of May, stop up the Hole again with white Wax, throw the Egg in the Air, it will fall very slow down again, which may be continued as long as the Spectators are pleased with it.

*To make any Body in dancing look like
a Negro.*

TAKE some white Powder, call'd the Jest-
ing Powder, strew some unawares in the
Person that dances, his Handkerchief, which,
when they begin to sweat, and wipe themselves
with, will make them as black as a Chimney-
Sweeper, and which will cause a great Laugh-
ter among the Spectators, who are ignorant of
the Reason.

To make any Person continually farting.

THIS Trick it better practised on Persons
that walk continually, then those that sit
always; for the former must, so oft as they
make a Step, let strike a Fart at the same
Time.

To perform this and to prepare it, take
only some Dust of a Horse out of a Curry-
comb, mix it with a little Alum, both as much
as may lie upon a Nail.

Give this to drink to somebody, it may be
in Wine or Beer, he will in Time of half an
Hour be forced to let more than 200 Farts,
nay, he would fart till he was kill'd, if you
don't give him some Vinegar.

F I N I S.



